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THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of the

NEW-TESTAMENT,

And applied to the

Chriſtian State and Worſhip.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

LUKE xxiv. 44. All Things muſt be fulfilled which were written in——the PSALMS concerning me.

HEB. xi. 32. DAVID, SAMUEL, and the Prophets.——Ver. 40. That they without us ſhould not be made perfect.

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY MANNING & LORING,

FOR THOMAS & ANDREWS, and MANNING & LORING.

**

1803.

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NEW YORK

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To find any PSALM by the first Line.

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THE

PSALMS OF DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE

OF THE

NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 BLEST is the man who ſhuns the place
Where ſinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the ſcoffer's ſeat:

2 But in the ſtatutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 [He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters ſet,
Safe from the ſtorms and blaſting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful ſtate.]

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profeſſion ſhine;
While fruits of holineſs appear
Like cluſters on the vine.

5 Not ſo the impious and unjuſt;
What vain deſigns they form!
Their hopes are blown away, like duſt,
Or chaff before the ſtorm.

6 Sinners in judgment ſhall not ſtand
Amongſt the ſons of grace,
When Chriſt the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his ſaints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread;
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of ſinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The ſaint happy, the ſinner miſerable.

1 THE man is ever bleſt
Who ſhuns the ſinners' ways,
Amongſt their councils never ſtands,
Nor takes the ſcorner's place:

2 But makes the law of God
His ſtudy and delight,
Amidſt the labours of the day
And watches of the night.

3 He, like a tree, ſhall thrive,
With waters near the root:
Freſh as the leaf his name ſhall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not ſo th' ungodly race,
They no ſuch bleſſings find:
Their hopes ſhall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to ſtand
Before that judgment-ſeat,
Where all the ſaints at Chriſt's right hand
In full aſſembly meet?

6 He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But ſinners and their works ſhall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

1 HAPPY the man, whoſe cautious feet
Shun the broad way which ſinners go,
Who hates the place where atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as ſcoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Amongſt the ſtatutes of the Lord;
And ſpends the wakeful hours of night
With pleaſure, pond'ring o'er his word.

3 He, like a plant, by gentle ſtreams,
Shall flouriſh in immortal green;
And heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin.

4 But ſinners find their counſels croſt:
As chaff before the tempeſt flies;
So ſhall their hopes be blown and loſt,
When the laſt trumpet ſhakes the ſkies.

5 In vain the rebel ſeeks to ſtand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with ſtern command,
Divides him to a diff'rent place.

6 "Straight is the way my ſaints have trod;
I bleſs'd the path, and drew it plain;
But you would chooſe the crooked road,
And down it leads to endleſs pain."

PSALM II. Short Metre.

Tranſlated according to the divine pattern.

Acts iv. 24, &c.

Chriſt dying, riſing, interceding, and reigning.

1 [MAKER and ſov'reign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and ſeas,

Thy providence confirms thy word,
And anſwers thy decrees.

2 The things ſo long foretold
By David, are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join to ſlay
Jeſus, thine holy child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord,
Bend all their counſels to deſtroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain deſign;
Againſt the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Againſt his Chriſt they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will ſupport his throne:
He who hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's aſcended high,
And aſks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

7 He aſks, and God beſtows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remoteſt ends
His kingdom ſhall advance.

8 The nations that rebel
Muſt feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate thoſe honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

9 [Be wiſe, ye rulers, now,
And worſhip at his throne;

With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath ariſe,
Ye periſh on the place;
Then bleſſed is the ſoul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM II. Common Metre.

1 WHY did the nations join to ſlay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they caſt his laws away,
And tread his goſpel down?

2 The Lord, who ſits above the ſkies,
Derides their rage below,
He ſpeaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And ſtrikes their ſpirits through.

3 "I call him my eternal Son,
And raiſe him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom ſpread.

4 "Aſk me, my Son, and then enjoy
The utmoſt Heathen lands:
Thy rod of iron ſhall deſtroy
The rebel who withſtands."

5 Be wiſe, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love addreſs his throne:
For, if he frown, ye die:
Thoſe are ſecure, and thoſe alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

Chriſt's death, reſurrection and aſcenſion.

1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans, why their ſwords employ?
Againſt the Lord their pow'rs engage,
His dear Anointed to deſtroy.

2 "Come, let us break his bands," they ſay,
"This man ſhall never give us laws:"
And thus they caſt his yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the croſs.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls,
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And ſpeak in thunder to their ſouls.

4 "I will maintain the King I made,
On Zion's everlaſting hill;
My hand ſhall bring him from the dead,
And he ſhall ſtand your Sov'reign ſtill."

5 [His wondrous riſing from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth,
"This day have I begot my Son.

6 "Aſcend, my Son, to my right hand,
There thou ſhalt aſk, and I beſtow
The utmoſt bounds of Heathen land,
To thee the Northern iſles ſhall bow."]

7 But nations, that reſiſt his grace,
Shall fall beneath his iron ſtroke;
His rod ſhall cruſh his foes with eaſe,
As potter's earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now ye who ſit on earthly thrones,
Be wiſe, and ſerve the Lord the Lamb;

Now at his feet ſubmit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love addreſs the Son,
Leſt he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealouſy.

10 His ſtorms ſhall drive you quick to hell!
He is a God, and ye but duſt;
Happy the ſouls that know him well,
And make his grace their only truſt.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

Doubts and fears ſuppreſſed: or, God our defence from ſin and Satan.

1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How faſt my foes increaſe!
Conſpiring my eternal death,
They break my preſent peace.

2 The lying tempter would perſuade
There's no relief in heav'n;
And all my ſwelling ſins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my glory and my ſtrength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shalt ſilence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raiſe my drooping head.

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a liſt'ning ear;
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he ſubdu'd my fear.

5 He ſhed ſoft ſlumbers on mine eyes,
In ſpite of all my foes;

I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace
Which guarded my repoſe.]

6 What though the hoſts of death and hell
All arm'd againſt me ſtood!
Terrors no more ſhall ſhake my ſoul;
My refuge is my God.

7 Ariſe, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory ſing:
My God has broke the ſerpent's teeth,
And death has loſt his ſting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can ſave:
Bleſſings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM III. 1—5. Long Metre.

A Morning Pſalm.

1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak ſtate of fleſh and blood!
My peace they daily diſcompoſe,
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:
Thou heard'ſt when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and ſlept ſecure:
Not death ſhould make my heart afraid,
Though I ſhould wake and riſe no more.

4 But God ſuſtain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to ſee the light,
And makes his praiſe my morning ſong.

PSALM IV. 1,2,3,5,6,7. Long Metre.

Hearing of prayer; or, God our portion, and Chriſt our hope.

1 O GOD of grace and right'ouſneſs,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou haſt enlarg'd me in diſtreſs,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye ſons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into ſhame:
How long will ſcoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his ſaints
From all the tribes of men beſide;
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear ſake of Chriſt who dy'd.

4 When our obed'ent hands have done
A thouſand works of right'ouſneſs,
We put our truſt in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many ſay,
Who will beſtow ſome earthly good?
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our ſouls deſire this heav'nly food.

6 Then ſhall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
At grace and favour ſo divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn and all their wine.

PSALM IV. 3,4,5,8. Common Metre.

An Evening Pſalm.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine,

I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to ſin.

2 And while I reſt my weary head,
From cares and buſ'neſs free,
'Tis ſweet converſing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this ev'ning ſacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to ſleep;
Thy hand in ſafety keeps my days,
And will my ſlumbers keep.

PSALM V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's-day morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou ſhalt hear
My voice aſcending high:
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills, where Chriſt is gone,
To plead for all his ſaints,
Preſenting at his Father's throne
Our ſongs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whoſe ſight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand:
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of right'ouſneſs!
Make every path of duty ſtraight
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet aſtray;
They flatter with a baſe deſign,
To make my ſoul their prey.

7 Lord, cruſh the ſerpent in the duſt,
And all his plots deſtroy;
While thoſe, who in thy mercy truſt,
For ever ſhout for joy.

8 The men, who love and fear thy name,
Shall ſee their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compaſs them
With favour as a ſhield.

PSALM VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in ſickneſs: or, diſeaſes healed.

1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful ſtorm;
Nor let thy fury grow ſo hot
Againſt a feeble worm.

2 My ſoul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My fleſh with pain oppreſs'd;
My couch is witneſs to my tears,
My tears forbid my reſt.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waſte the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they paſs,
Till the ſlow morning riſe.

4 Shall I be ſtill tormented more?
Mine eyes conſum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thy hand affords relief?

5 He hears when duſt and aſhes ſpeak;
He pities all our groans;
He ſaves us for his mercy's ſake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his ſov'reign word
Reſtores our fainting breath;
But ſilent graves praiſe not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in ſickneſs overcome.

1 LORD, I can ſuffer thy rebukes
When thou with kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
O let it not againſt me riſe!

2 Pity my languiſhing eſtate,
And eaſe the ſorrows which I feel;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3 See how I paſs my weary days
In ſighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief conſumes and dims my ſight.

4 Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When ſhall thine hour of grace return?
When ſhall I make thy grace my ſong?

5 I feel my fleſh ſo near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to deſpair:

But graves can never praiſe the Lord,
For all is duſt and ſilence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my ſoul;
And all deſpairing thoughts, depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will eaſe my fleſh and cheer my heart.

PSALM VII. Common Metre.

God's care of his people, and puniſhment of perſecutors.

1 MY truſt is in my heav'nly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Riſe, and my helpleſs life defend
From thoſe who ſeek my blood.

2 With inſolence and fury they
My ſoul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliv'rer's near.

3 If I had e'er provok'd them firſt,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to duſt,
And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I ſhould not dare appeal to thee,
Nor aſk my God to riſe.

5 Ariſe, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my ſoul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let ſinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the duſt:

Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the juſt?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His ſharpeſt arrows he ordains
Againſt the ſons of ſpite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themſelves are caſt;
My God makes all their miſchief light
On their own heads at laſt.]

9 That cruel, perſecuting race
Muſt feel his dreadful ſword;
Awake, my ſoul, and praiſe the grace
And juſtice of the Lord.

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

God's ſovereignty and goodneſs; and man's dominion over the creatures.

1 O LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
And o'er the heav'ns they ſhine:

2 When to thy works on high
I raiſe my wond'ring eyes,
And ſee the moon complete in light
Adorn the darkſome ſkies:

3 When I ſurvey the ſtars,
And all their ſhining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthleſs thing,
A-kin to duſt and worms!

4 Lord, what is worthleſs man,
That thou ſhould'ſt love him ſo!

Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beaſts like ſlaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fiſh that cleave the ſea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:
Of duſt and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praiſe.

7 [Out of the mouths of babes
And ſucklings, thou canſt draw
Surpriſing honours to thy name!
And ſtrike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
And o'er the heav'ns they ſhine.]

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

Chriſt's condeſcenſion and glorification; or, God made man.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly ſtate
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon which rules the night,
And ſtars that well adorn the ſky,
Thoſe moving worlds of light:

3 Lord, what is man or all his race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him with grace,
And love his nature ſo!

4 That thine eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To ſave a dying worm!

5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient ſeas and fiſhes own
His Godhead and his pow'r.

6 The waves lay ſpread beneath his feet;
And fiſh, at his command,
Bring their large ſhoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

7 Theſe leſſer glories of the Son
Shone through the fleſhly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confeſs him God.]

8 Let him be crown'd with majeſty
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours founded high,
By all things that have breath.

9 Jeſus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name;
The glories of thy heav'nly ſtate
Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM VIII. ver. 1, 2. *Paraphraſed.*

Firſt part. Long Metre.

The hoſanna of the children; or, infants praiſing God.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the ſkies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is ſpread;
And thine eternal glories riſe
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raiſe;
And babes, with uninſtructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praiſe.

3 Thy pow'r aſſiſts their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To ſtill the bold blaſphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidſt thy temple throng
To ſee their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their ſong,
And young hoſannas fill the place.

5 The frowning ſcribes and angry prieſts
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge ſits ſilent in their breaſts
While Jewiſh babes proclaim their king.

PSALM VIII. ver. 3, &c. *Paraphraſed.*

Second part. Long Metre.

Adam *and* Chriſt, *lords of the old and new creation.*

1 LORD, what was man when made at firſt?
Adam the offſpring of the duſt!
That thou ſhould'ſt ſet him and his race
But juſt below an angel's place!

2 That thou ſhould'ſt raiſe his nature ſo,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beaſt and bird ſubmit,
And lay the fiſhes at his feet!

3 But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the ſecond Adam's ſtate!
What honours ſhall thy Son adorn,
Who condeſcended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made!
See him in duſt among the dead,
To ſave a ruin'd world from ſin:
But he ſhall reign with pow'r divine!

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries which attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM IX. *Firſt Part.*

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-ſeat.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raiſe my ſong,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou ſov'reign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to ſhame.

2 I'll ſing thy majeſty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteouſneſs,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then ſhall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppreſs'd?
To ſave the people of his love,
And give the weary reſt.

4 The men, who know thy name, will truſt
In thy abundant grace;
For thou haſt ne'er forſook the juſt,
Who humbly ſought thy face.

5 Sing praiſes to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. ver. 12. *Second Part.*

The wiſdom and equity of Providence.

1 WHEN the great Judge, ſupreme and juſt,
Shall once inquire for blood;
The humble ſouls, who mourn in duſt,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raiſe;
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They ſing their Father's praiſe.

3 His foes ſhall fall, with heedleſs feet,
Into the pit they made;
And ſinners periſh in the net
Which their own hands had ſpread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counſels known:
When men of miſchief are deſtroy'd,
The ſnare muſt be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked ſhall ſink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Againſt thy known commands.

6 Though ſaints to ſore diſtreſs are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries ſhall never be forgot,
Nor ſhall their hopes be vain.

7 [Riſe, great Redeemer, from thy ſeat,
To judge and ſave the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder ſhall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confeſs that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

PSALM X. Common Metre.

Prayers heard, and ſaints ſaved; or, pride, atheiſm, and oppreſſion puniſhed.

For a humiliation-day.

1 WHY doth the Lord ſtand off ſo far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep diſtreſs?

2 Lord, ſhall the wicked ſtill deride
Thy juſtice and thy pow'r?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And ſtill thy ſaints devour?

3 They put thy judgments from their ſight,
And then inſult the poor;
They boaſt in their exalted height,
That they ſhall fall no more.

4 Ariſe, O God, lift up thine hand;
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy ſhall dare to ſtand
When God aſcends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And ſay, with fooliſh pride,
The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's ſide?

6 But thou forever art our Lord;
And pow'rful is thine hand,

As when the Heathens felt thy ſword,
And periſh'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cauſe thine ear to hear;
Hearken to what thy children ſay,
And put the world in fear.

8 Proud tyrants ſhall no more oppreſs;
No more deſpiſe the juſt;
And mighty ſinners ſhall confeſs
They are but earth and duſt.

PSALM XI. Long Metre.

God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.

1 MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes inſult and cry,
Fly, like a tim'rous, trembling dove,
To diſtant woods or mountains fly?

2 If government be all deſtroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make juſtice void,
Where ſhall the righteous ſeek redreſs?

3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne;
His eyes ſurvey the world below;
To him all mortal things are known;
His eyelids ſearch our ſpirits through.

4 If he afflicts his ſaints ſo far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold tranſgreſſors fear!
His very ſoul abhors their ways.

5 On impious wretches he ſhall rain
Tempeſts of brimſtone, fire and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous ſouls,
Whoſe thoughts and actions are ſincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

The ſaints' ſafety and hope in evil times; or, ſins of the tongue complained of, viz. *blaſphemy, falſehood,* &c.

1 LORD, if thou doſt not ſoon appear,
Virtue and truth will flee away;
A faithful man among us here
Will ſcarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole diſcourſe, when neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with trifles looſe and vain;
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long:
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaſpheming tongue.

4 *Yet ſhall our words be free,* they cry,
Our tongues ſhall be control'd by none:
Where is the Lord will aſk us why?
Or ſay our lips are not our own?

5 The Lord, who ſees the poor oppreſs'd,
And hears th' oppreſſor's haughty ſtrain,
Will riſe to give his children reſt,
Nor ſhall they truſt his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit ſhall ſtill appear;
Not ſilver, ſev'n times purify'd
From droſs and mixture, ſhines ſo clear.

7 Thy grace ſhall, in the darkeſt hour,
Defend the holy ſoul from harm;
Though when the vileſt men have pow'r,
On ev'ry ſide will ſinners ſwarm.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general corruption of manners; or, the promiſe and ſigns of Chriſt's coming to judgment.

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail;
Religion loſes ground!
The ſons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promiſes they break,
Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they ſpeak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove ſome hateful lie,
How is their fury ſtirr'd!
Are not our lips our own, they cry,
And who ſhall be our Lord?

4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry ſide,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to ſeats of pow'r and pride,
And bear the ſword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blaſphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold;

6 Is not thy chariot haſt'ning on?
Haſt thou not giv'n the ſign?
May we not truſt and live upon
A promiſe ſo divine?

7 "Yes, ſaith the Lord, now will I riſe,
And make oppreſſors flee;
I ſhall appear to their ſurpriſe,
And ſet my ſervants free."

8 Thy word, like ſilver ſev'n times try'd,
Through ages ſhall endure:
The men who in thy truth confide
Shall find thy promiſe ſure.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

Pleading with God under deſertion; or, hope in darkneſs.

1 HOW long, O Lord, ſhall I complain,
Like one who ſeeks his God in vain?
Canſt thou thy face forever hide,
And I ſtill pray and be deny'd?

2 Shall I forever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardeſt not?
Still ſhall my ſoul thy abſence mourn?
And ſtill deſpair of thy return?

3 How long ſhall my poor troubled breaſt
Be with theſe anxious thoughts oppreſs'd?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to ſee me ſunk ſo low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death concludes my grief;
If thou withhold'ſt thy heav'nly light,
I ſleep in everlaſting night.

5 How will the pow'rs of darkneſs boaſt,
If but one praying ſoul be loſt!
But I have truſted in thy grace,
And ſhall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes ſuggeſt,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt;
My heart ſhall feel thy love, and raiſe
My cheerful voice to ſongs of praiſe.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under temptations of the devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When ſhall I feel thoſe heav'nly rays
Which chaſe my fears away?

2 How long ſhall my poor lab'ring ſoul
Wreſtle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And eaſe my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkneſs tries
All his malicious arts;
He ſpreads a miſt around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my ſun, be thou my ſhield;
My ſoul in ſafety keep;
Make haſte, before mine eyes are ſeal'd
In death's eternal ſleep.

5 How would the tempter boaſt aloud
If I become his prey?
Behold the ſons of hell grow proud
At thy ſo long delay!

6 But they ſhall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head:
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt diſplay that ſov'reign grace
Where all my hopes have hung;
I ſhall employ my lips in praiſe,
And vict'ry ſhall be ſung.

PSALM XIV. *Firſt Part.* Com. Met.

By nature all men are ſinners.

1 FOOLS in their hearts believe and ſay,
"That all religion's vain;
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts ſo dreadful and profane,
Corrupt diſcourſe proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celeſtial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that ſought his grace,
Or did his juſtice know.

4 By nature all are gone aſtray;
Their practice all the ſame:
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to ſpeak deceit;
Their ſlanders never ceaſe;
How ſwift to miſchief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such ſeeds of ſin (that bitter root)
In ev'ry heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM XIV. 2d *Part.* Com. Met.

The folly of perſecutors.

1 ARE ſinners now ſo ſenſeleſs grown,
That they the ſaints devour;
And never worſhip at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?

2 Great God! appear to their ſurpriſe,
Reveal thy dreadful name!
Let them no more thy wrath deſpiſe,
Nor turn our hope to ſhame.

3 Doſt thou not dwell among the juſt?
And yet our foes deride,
That we ſhould make thy name our truſt:
Great God! confound their pride.

4 O that the joyful day were come,
To finiſh our diſtreſs!
When God ſhall bring his children home,
Our ſongs ſhall never ceaſe.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

Characters of a ſaint; or, a citizen of Zion: or, the qualifications of a Chriſtian.

1 WHO ſhall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holineſs?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands,
That truſts his Maker's promiſes,
And follows his commands.

3 He ſpeaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor ſlanders with his tongue;

Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n secure.

PSALM XV. Long Metre.

Religion and justice, goodness and truth; or, duties to God and man: or, the qualifications of a Christian.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]

4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:

While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For thoſe that curſe him to his face:
And doth to all men ſtill the ſame,
That he would hope or wiſh from them.

7 Yet, when his holieſt works are done,
His ſoul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face ſhall ſee,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM XVI. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

Confeſſion of our poverty, and ſaints the beſt company; or, good works profit men, not God.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For ſuccour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodneſs cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confeſt,
How empty and how poor I am;
My praiſe can never make thee bleſt,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy ſaints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
Theſe are the company I keep,
Theſe are the choiceſt friends I know.

4 Let others chooſe the ſons of mirth,
To give a reliſh to their wine;
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whoſe thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM XVI. *2d Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's All-Sufficiency.

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god;
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right;
And, be his name forever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM XVI. *3d Part.* Long Metre.

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There ſtreams of endleſs pleaſure flow,
And full diſcov'ries of thy grace,
(Which we but taſted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

PSALM XVI. 1–8. *1ſt Part.* C. Metre.

Support and counſel from God, without merit.

1 SAVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe:
In thee my truſt I place,
Though all the good, that I can do,
Can ne'er deſerve thy grace.

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The ſaints may profit by't;
The ſaints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3 Let Heathens to their idols haſte,
And worſhip wood or ſtone;
But my delightful lot is caſt
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my conſtant food;
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with preſent good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy!
His counſels are my light:
He gives me ſweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My ſoul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-ſeeing eye:
Not death nor hell my hopes ſhall move,
While ſuch a friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. 2d *Part.* Com. Metre.

The death and reſurrection of Chriſt.

1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
"He bears my courage up;
"My heart and tongue their joys expreſs,
"My fleſh ſhall reſt in hope.

2 "My ſpirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave,
"Where ſouls departed are;
"Nor quit my body to the grave,
"To ſee corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
"And raiſe me to thy throne:
"Thy courts immortal pleaſure give;
"Thy preſence, joys unknown."

4 [Thus, in the name of Chriſt the Lord,
The holy David ſung,
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jeſus, whom ev'ry ſaint adores,
Was crucify'd and ſlain;
Behold the tomb its prey reſtores!
Behold, he lives again!

6 When ſhall my feet ariſe and ſtand
On heav'n's eternal hills?
There ſits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father ſmiles.]

PSALM XVII. ver. 13, &c. Short M.

Portion of ſaints and ſinners; or, hope and deſpair in death.

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chaſtiſing rod
To drive thy ſaints to thee.

2 Behold, the ſinner dies,
His haughty words are vain:
Here in this life his pleaſure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boaſt of all his ſtore;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My ſoul can wiſh no more.

4 I ſhall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs,
Waſh'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,
Dreſt in the likeneſs of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath!

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

The ſinner's portion and the ſaint's hope; or, the heaven of ſeparate ſouls, and the reſurrection.

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of ſpite againſt me join,
They are the ſword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happineſs they know;
'Tis all they ſeek: they take their ſhares,
And leave the reſt among their heirs.

3 What ſinners value, I reſign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs.

4 This life's a dream, an empty ſhow;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I 'wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near and like my God;
And fleſh and ſin no more control
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

6 My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound:
Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And in my Saviour's image riſe.

PSALM XVIII. *1ſt Part.* Long Met.

Ver. 1—6, 15—18.

Deliverance from deſpair; or, temptations overcome.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my ſtrength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm ſhall be my truſt,
For I have found ſalvation thence.

2 Death and the terrors of the grave
Stood round me with their diſmal ſhade;
While floods of high temptations roſe,
And made my ſinking ſoul afraid.

3 I ſaw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endleſs pains and ſorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurry'd to deſpair.

4 In my diſtreſs, I call'd my God,
When I could ſcarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint;
Then did his grace appear divine.

5 [With ſpeed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning ſhone
The face of my deliv'rer, God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blaſt of his almighty breath;
He ſent ſalvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great;
Much was their ſtrength, and more their rage;
But Chriſt, my Lord, is conqu'ror ſtill,
In all the wars that devils wage.

8 My ſong forever ſhall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

PSALM XVIII. 20–26. 2*d Part.* L. M.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 LORD, thou haſt ſeen my ſoul ſincere,
Haſt made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I ſet thy laws,
And thou haſt own'd my righteous cauſe.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face:
Or, if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

3 What ſore temptations broke my reſt!
What wars and ſtrugglings in my breaſt!
But through thy grace, that reigns within,
I guard againſt my darling ſin:

4 That ſin that cloſe beſets me ſtill,
That works and ſtrives againſt my will;

When ſhall thy Spirit's ſov'reign pow'r
Deſtroy it, that it riſe no more?

5 [With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful ſoul ſhall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 The juſt and pure ſhall ever ſay,
Thou art more pure, more juſt than they:
And men that love revenge ſhall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

PSALM XVIII. *3d Part.* Long Metre.

Ver. 30, 31, 32, 46, &c.

Rejoicing in God; or, ſalvation and triumph.

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my ſecure abode:
Who is a God, beſide the Lord?
Or, where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy ſword to wield;
And, while with ſin and hell I fight,
Spreads his ſalvation for my ſhield.

3 He lives (and bleſſed be my rock)
The God of my ſalvation lives:
The dark deſigns of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the ſcoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the ſhame.

5 To David and his royal ſeed
Thy grace forever ſhall extend;
Thy love to ſaints, in Chriſt their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XVIII. *1ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm reveal'd:
Thou art our ſtrength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark and our ſhield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a ſure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw ſalvation thence.

3 When God, our leader, ſhines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his ſpear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels, in array,
In millions wait, to know his mind,
And ſwift as flames obey.

5 He ſpeaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are diſmay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our gen'rals for the field,
With all their dreadful ſkill,
Gives them his awful ſword to wield,
And makes their hearts of ſteel.

7 [He arms our captains to the fight,
Though there his name's forgot;
(He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.)

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations bleſt,
For his own church's ſake;
The pow'rs, that give his people reſt,
Shall of his care partake.]

PSALM XVIII. *2d Part.* Com. Met.

The conqueror's ſong.

1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their ſtrength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;
Or burn their boaſted fleets, or ſcale
The proudeſt of their tow'rs.

3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy ſalvation was our ſhield;
But they no ſhelter found!

4 In vain to idol ſaints they cry,
And periſh in their blood:
Where is a rock ſo great, ſo high,
So pow'rful as our God?

5 The Rock of Iſr'el ever lives;
His name be ever bleſt;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives;
And gives his people reſt.

6 On kings that reign as David did,
He pours his bleſſings down;
Secures their honours to their ſeed,
And well ſupports their crown.

PSALM XIX. 1*st Part.* Short Metre.

The books of nature and ſcripture.

For a Lord's-Day morning.

1 BEHOLD the lofty ſky
Declares its maker, God,
And all his ſtarry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkneſs and the light
Still keep their courſe the ſame;
While night to day, and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They ſhew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Chriſtian lands, rejoice!
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His ſtatutes and commands
Are ſet before our eyes;
He puts his goſpel in our hands,
Where our ſalvation lies.

6 His laws are juſt and pure;
His truth without deceit:
His promiſes forever ſure,
And his rewards are great.

7 [Not honey to the taſte
Affords ſo much delight;
Nor gold, that has the furnace paſs'd,
So much allures the ſight.

8 While of thy works I ſing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praiſe, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM XIX. 2d *Part.* Short Metre.

God's word moſt excellent; or, ſincerity and watchfulneſs.

For a Lord's-Day morning.

1 BEHOLD the morning ſun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the goſpel comes,
It ſpreads diviner light;
It calls dead ſinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their ſight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments juſt;
Forever ſure thy promiſe, Lord,
And men ſecurely truſt.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, leſt I ſtray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?

Yet with a bold preſumptuous mind
I would not dare tranſgreſs.

7 Warn me of every ſin;
Forgive my ſecret faults,
And cleanſe this guilty ſoul of mine,
Whoſe crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I ſpread thy praiſe abroad,
Accept the worſhip and the ſong,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

The books of nature and of ſcripture compared; or, the glory and ſucceſs of the goſpel.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines:
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling ſun, the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy pow'r confeſs;
But the bleſt volume thou haſt writ
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and ſtars convey thy praiſe
Round the whole earth, and never ſtand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading goſpel reſt
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Chriſt has all the nations bleſt,
That ſee the light, or feel the ſun.

5 Great Sun of Righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark world with heav'nly light:

Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd, and ſins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanſe my ſins, my ſoul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM XIX. Particular Metre.

The books of nature and ſcripture.

1 GREAT God, the heav'n's well-order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name:
There thy rich works of wonder ſhine:
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there,
A thouſand radiant marks appear
Of boundleſs pow'r and ſkill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heav'nly wiſdom read;
With ſilent eloquence they raiſe
Our thoughts to our Creator's praiſe,
And neither ſound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine inſtructions run
Far as the journies of the ſun,
And ev'ry nation knows their voice;
The ſun, like ſome young bridegroom dreſt,
Breaks from the chambers of the eaſt,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he ſpreads his beams abroad,
He ſmiles, and ſpeaks his maker, God;
All nature joins to ſhew thy praiſe.
Thus God in ev'ry creature ſhines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy thoſe leaves afford
To ſouls benighted and diſtreſt!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to ſtray;
Thy promiſe leads my heart to reſt.

6 From the diſcov'ries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw:
Theſe are my ſtudy and delight;
Not honey ſo invites the taſte,
Nor gold, that has the furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the ſight.

7 Thy threat'nings wake my ſlumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed goſpel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conſcience clean,
Converts my ſoul, ſubdues my ſin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my ſecret faults,
And from preſumptuous ſins reſtrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praiſe,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

PSALM XX. Long Metre.

Prayer and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

1 NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Iſr'el prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than ſhields or brazen walls;
He from his ſanctuary ſends
Succour and ſtrength, when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our ſighs;
His love exceeds our beſt deſerts;
His love accepts the ſacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his ſalvation is our hope,
And in the name of Iſr'el's God
Our troops ſhall lift their banners up,
Our navies ſpread their flags abroad.

5 Some truſt in horſes train'd for war,
And ſome of chariots make their boaſts;
Our ſureſt expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hoſts.

6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inſpire our armies for the fight!
Our foes ſhall fall and die with ſhame,
Or quit the field with ſhameful flight.]

7 Now ſave us, Lord, from ſlaviſh fear;
Now let our hope be firm and ſtrong,
Till thy ſalvation ſhall appear,
And joy and triumph raiſe the ſong.

PSALM XXI. Com. Metre. *Altered.*

Our country the care of Heaven.

1 OUR land, O Lord, with ſongs of praiſe
Shall in thy ſtrength rejoice;
And, bleſt with thy ſalvation, raiſe
To heav'n their cheerful voice.

2 Thy ſure defence, through nations round,
Has ſpread our wondrous name;
And our ſucceſsful actions crown'd
With dignity and fame.

3 Then let our land on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy, which adorns his throne,
Shall all our wants ſupply.

4 But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm ſhall find out thoſe
Who hate all juſt command.

5 When thou againſt them doſt engage,
Thy juſt, but dreadful doom
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them conſume.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous pow'r declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilſt we glad ſongs of praiſe prepare,
For thine almighty name.

PSALM XXI. ver. 1—9. Long Met.

Chriſt exalted to the kingdom.

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his ſtrength,
Rais'd to the throne by ſpecial grace;
But Chriſt the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praiſe.

2 How great is the Meſſiah's joy
In the ſalvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou haſt rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodneſs grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the leaſt requeſt withhold;
Bleſſings of love prevent him ſtill,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honour and majeſty divine
Around his ſacred temples ſhine;
Bleſt with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlaſting days.

5 Thine hand ſhall find out all his foes;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So ſhall thy wrath devour their ſouls.

PSALM XXII. 1*ſt Part.* Com. Metre.

Ver. 1—16.

The ſufferings and death of Chriſt.

1 "WHY has my God my ſoul forſook,
"Nor will a ſmile afford?"
(Thus David once in anguiſh ſpoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praiſing ſaints,
Yet thou canſt hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers truſted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;
But I'm a worm, deſpis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head, they paſs me by,
And laugh my ſoul to ſcorn;
"*In vain he truſts in God,*" they cry,
"*Neglected and forlorn.*"

5 But thou art he who form'd my fleſh,
By thine almighty word:

And ſince I hung upon the breaſt,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face
When foes ſtand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep diſtreſs,
And not a helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Baſhan, fierce and ſtrong,
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my ſorrows meet,
To multiply the ſmart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy ſov'reign hand let looſe
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruiſe
The Son he loves ſo well?

10 My God, if poſſible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I reſign my will to thee,
And drink the ſorrows up.

11 My heart diſſolves with pangs unknown;
In groans I waſte my breath;
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down
Low as the duſt of death.

12 Father, I give my ſpirit up,
And truſt it in thy hand:
My dying fleſh ſhall reſt in hope,
And riſe at thy command.

PSALM XXII. 2d *Part.* Com. Metre.

Ver. 20, 21, 27—31.

Christ's sufferings and kingdom.

1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
"O Lord, protect thy Son;
"Nor leave thy darling to engage
"The pow'rs of hell alone."

2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears:
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship, or shall die.

4 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all, that seek the Lord, shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations, yet unborn, profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,

When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forſaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And ſhook their heads, and laugh'd in ſcorn;
"He reſcu'd others from the grave,
"Now let him try himſelf to ſave.

3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his Father and his Friend;
"If God the bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Barbarous people! cruel prieſts!
How they ſtood round like ſavage beaſts,
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till ſtreams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God his Father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteouſneſs,
And humble ſinners taſte his grace.

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

God our ſhepherd.

1 MY ſhepherd is the living Lord:
Now ſhall my wants be well ſupply'd:
His providence and holy word,
Become my ſafety and my guide.

2 In paſtures where ſalvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me reſt;

There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely bleſt.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways miſtake,
But he reſtores my ſoul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's ſake,
In the fair paths of righteouſneſs.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope ſhall never fail,
For God my ſhepherd's with me there.

5 Amidſt the darkneſs and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my ſtay;
Thy ſtaff ſupports my feeble ſteps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The ſons of earth and ſons of hell
Gaze at thy goodneſs, and repine
To ſee my table ſpread ſo well,
With living bread, and cheerful wine.

7 [How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condeſcends to reſt!
'Tis a divine anointing, ſhed
Like oil of gladneſs at a feaſt.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his houſehold all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To ſeek his face and ſing his praiſe.]

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

1 MY ſhepherd will ſupply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In paſtures freſh he makes me feed,
Beſide the living ſtream.

2 He brings my wand'ring ſpirit back,
When I forſake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's ſake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the ſhades of death,
Thy preſence is my ſtay;
A word of thy ſupporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in ſight of all my foes,
Doth ſtill my table ſpread;
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The ſure proviſions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thine houſe be mine abode,
And all my work be praiſe.

6 There would I find a ſettled reſt,
(While others go and come)
No more a ſtranger or a gueſt,
But like a child at home.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

1 THE Lord my ſhepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

2 He leads me to the place,
Where heav'nly paſture grows,
Where living waters gently paſs,
And full ſalvation flows.

3 If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my ſoul reclaim,

And guides me in his own right way,
For his moſt holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I ſhould walk thro' death's dark ſhade,
My ſhepherd's with me there.

5 In ſight of all my foes
Thou doſt my table ſpread,
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy praiſe.

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

1 THE earth forever is the Lord's,
With Adam's num'rous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the ſeas.

2 But who among the ſons of men
May viſit thine abode?
He that has hands from miſchief clean,
Whoſe heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may riſe, and take
The bleſſings of his grace;
This is the lot of thoſe that ſeek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our ſouls' immortal pow'rs
To meet the Lord prepare;
Lift up their everlaſting doors,
The King of Glory's near.

5 The King of Glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints, is his delight.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in heaven: or, Christ's ascension.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker, God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh!
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord the Saviour he.

6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his ſaints a bleſt abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM XXV. 1*ſt Part.* Short Metre.

Ver. 1—11.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

1 I LIFT my ſoul to God,
My truſt is in his name:
Let not my foes that ſeek my blood
Still triumph in my ſhame.

2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell
Perſuade me to deſpair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'ſcape the ſnare.

3 From the firſt dawning light
Till the dark ev'ning riſe,
For thy ſalvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the ſins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is juſt and kind;
The meek ſhall learn his ways;
And ev'ry humble ſinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodneſs' ſake
He ſaves my ſoul from ſhame:
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XXV. 2d *Part.* Short Metre.

Ver. 12, 14, 10, 13.

Divine Inſtruction.

1 WHERE ſhall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God;
That loves the goſpel's joyful ſound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord ſhall make him know
The ſecrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant ſhow,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy ſtill,
With ſuch as to his cov'nant ſtand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their ſouls ſhall dwell at eaſe
Before their Maker's face:
Their ſeed ſhall taſte the promiſes
In their extenſive grace.

PSALM XXV. 3d *Part.* Short Metre.

Ver. 15—22.

Diſtreſs of ſoul; or, backſliding and deſertion.

1 MINE eyes and my deſire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promiſes,
And reſt upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my ſoul;
Bring thy ſalvation near;
When will thy hand releaſe my feet
Out of the deadly ſnare?

3 When ſhall the ſov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Reſtore me from thoſe dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod!

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my wo:
My ſpirit languiſhes, my heart
Is deſolate and low.

5 With ev'ry morning light
My ſorrow new begins;
Look on my anguiſh and my pain,
And pardon all my ſins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hoſts of hell;
How cruel is their hate!
Againſt my life they riſe, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 O! keep my ſoul from death,
Nor put my hope to ſhame,
For I have plac'd my only truſt
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To ſee thy face again;
Of Iſr'el it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
"He ſought the Lord in vain."

PSALM XXVI. Long Metre.

Self-examination; or, evidences of grace.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promiſe ſtays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to ſit
With men of vanity and lies;
The ſcoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongſt thy ſaints will I appear
With hands well waſh'd in innocence;
But when I ſtand before thy bar,
The blood of Chriſt is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There ſhall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my ſoul be join'd at laſt
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have paſt
Among the ſaints, and near my God.

PSALM XXVII. 1*ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 1—6.

The church is our delight and ſafety.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my ſalvation too;
God is my ſtrength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart deſires:
O! grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy ſaints,
The temples of my God.

3 There ſhall I offer my requeſts,
And ſee thy beauty ſtill;
Shall hear thy meſſages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles riſe and ſtorms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a ſtrong pavilion, where
He makes my ſoul abide.

5 Now ſhall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And ſongs of joy and victory
Within thy temple ſound.

PSALM XXVII. 2*d Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 8, 9, 13, 14.

Prayer and hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father ſay,
"Ye children, ſeek my grace;"
My heart reply'd without delay,
"I'll ſeek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my ſoul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a diſtreſſing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need ſupply.

4 My fainting fleſh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my ſoul believ'd
To ſee thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling ſaints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raiſe your ſpirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre.

Storm and thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye ſons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r;
Aſcribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He ſpeaks, and tempeſt, hail and wind
Lay the wide foreſt bare around;
The fearful hart and frighted hind
Leap at the terror of the ſound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the ſtately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noiſe,
The vallies roar, the deſerts quake.

5 The Lord ſits ſov'reign o'er the flood;
The Thund'rer reigns forever king:
But makes his church his bleſt abode,
Where we his awful glories ſing.

6 In gentler language there, the Lord
The counſels of his grace imparts;
Amidſt the raging ſtorm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

Sickneſs healed, and ſorrow removed.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diſeaſes fly;

Who but a God can ſpeak and ſave
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye ſaints of his,
And tell how large his goodneſs is:
Let all your pow'rs rejoice and bleſs,
While you record his holineſs.

3 His anger but a moment ſtays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-ſtar reſtores the joy.

PSALM XXX. 2d *Part.* Long Metre.

Ver. 6.

Health, ſickneſs, and recovery.

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I preſum'd 'twould ne'er be night:
Fondly I ſaid within my heart,
"Pleaſure and peace ſhall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was ſtrong,
Which made my mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
"What canſt thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the duſt, can I declare
"Thy truth, or ſing thy goodneſs there?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace, I ſaid,
"And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
Are turn'd to joy and praiſes now;

I throw my ſackcloth on the ground,
And eaſe and gladneſs gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy name;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound thro' earth and heav'n,
For ſickneſs heal'd, and ſins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. *1ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 5, 13—19, 22, 23.

Deliverance from death.

1 INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My ſpirit I commit;
Thou haſt redeem'd my ſoul from death,
And ſav'd me from the pit.

2 The paſſions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful ſtrife,
While ſorrow, pain, and ſin conſpir'd
To take away my life.

3 "My times are in thy hand," I cry'd,
"Though I draw near the duſt;"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I truſt.

4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy ſervant ſhine,
And ſave me for thy mercy's ſake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

5 ['Twas in my haſte my ſpirit ſaid,
"I muſt deſpair and die,
"I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou haſt heard my cry.]

6 Thy goodneſs, how divinely free!
How wonderous is thy grace
To thoſe that fear thy majeſty,
And truſt thy promiſes!

7 O love the Lord, all ye his ſaints,
And ſing his praiſes loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompenſe the proud.

PSALM XXXI. 2*d Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 7—13, 18—21.

Deliverance from ſlander and reproach.

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my truſt;
Thou haſt preſerv'd my face from ſhame,
Mine honour from the duſt.

2 "My life is ſpent with grief," I cry'd;
"My years conſum'd in groans;
"My ſtrength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
"And ſorrow waſtes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies, my name
Was a mere proverb grown:
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on ev'ry ſide
Seiz'd and beſet me round;
I to the throne of grace apply'd,
And ſpeedy reſcue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great deliv'rance thou haſt wrought
Before the ſons of men!

The lying lips to ſilence brought,
And made their boaſtings vain!

6 Thy children from the ſtrife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs;
And cruſh the ſons of pride.

7 Within thy ſecret preſence, Lord,
Let me forever dwell;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a ſaint ſo well.

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveneſs of ſin upon confeſſion.

1 O BLESSED ſouls are they,
Whoſe ſins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely bleſt, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies paſt,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith ſincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the feſt'ring wound;
Till I confeſs'd my ſins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let ſinners learn to pray,
Let ſaints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep diſtreſs
Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

Free pardon and ſincere obedience; or, confeſſion and forgiveneſs.

1 HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his ſin;
But waſh'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2 Happy, beyond expreſſion, he
Whoſe debts are thus diſcharg'd;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his ſoul enlarg'd!

3 His ſpirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all ſincere,
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conſcience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt ſuppreſt,
No quiet could I find:
Thy wrath lay burning in my breaſt,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confeſs'd my troubled thoughts,
My ſecret ſins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon ſeal'd.

6 This ſhall invite thy ſaints to pray;
When like a raging flood
Temptations riſe, our ſtrength and ſtay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM XXXII. 1*ſt Part.* Long Met.

Repentance and free pardon; or, juſtification and ſanctification.

1 BLEST is the man, forever bleſt,
Whoſe guilt is pardon'd by his God,

Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man, to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

PSALM XXXII. 2*d Part.* Long Met.

A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat:
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

PSALM XXXIII. 1*ſt Part.* C. Metre.

Works of creation and providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, juſt, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteouſneſs
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wiſdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches ſpread:
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their ſhining hoſts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing ſeas their limits know,
And their own ſtation keep.

5 Ye tenants of the ſpacious earth,
With fear before him ſtand:
He ſpake, and nature took its birth,
And reſts on his command.

6 He ſcorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain deſigns:
His counſel ſtands through ev'ry age,
And in full glory ſhines.

PSALM XXXIII. 2*d Part.* C. Metre.

Creatures vain, and God all-ſufficient.

1 BLEST is the nation, where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye with infinite ſurvey
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not reſcu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor ſpeed, nor courage of an horſe
Can the bold rider ſave.

4 Vain is the ſtrength of beaſts or men,
To hope for ſafety thence:
But holy ſouls from God obtain
A ſtrong and ſure defence.

5 God is their fear and God their truſt,
When plagues or famine ſpread;
His watchful eye ſecures the juſt,
Amongſt ten thouſand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And truſt thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. *1ſt Part.* Partic. M.

Works of creation and providence.

1 YE holy ſouls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praiſe becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your ſongs be new:
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature, and of grace,
How wiſe and holy, juſt and true!

2 Juſtice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodneſs proves:
His word the heav'nly arches ſpread;

How wide they ſhine from north to ſouth!
And by the ſpirit of his mouth
Were all the ſtarry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing ſeas,
(Thoſe wat'ry treaſures know their place)
In the vaſt ſtorehouſe of the deep:
He ſpake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires and ſeas, and heav'n and earth
His everlaſting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of ſuch reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counſel ſtands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. *2d Part.* Partic. M.

Creatures vain, and God all-ſufficient.

1 O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treaſure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world ſurveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their hoſt,
And of his ſtrength the champion boaſt;
In vain they boaſt, in vain rely:
In vain we truſt the brutal force,
Or ſpeed, or courage of an horſe
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compaſſion, Lord,
Doth more ſecure defence afford,
When death or dangers threat'ning ſtand:

Thy watchful eye preſerves the juſt,
Who make thy name their fear and truſt,
When wars or famine waſte the land.

4 In ſickneſs or the bloody field,
Thou our phyſician, thou our ſhield,
Send us ſalvation from thy throne:
We wait to ſee thy goodneſs ſhine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. 1*ſt Part.* Long Met.

God's care of the ſaints; or, deliverance by prayer.

1 LORD, I will bleſs thee all my days,
Thy praiſe ſhall dwell upon my tongue;
My ſoul ſhall glory in thy grace,
While ſaints rejoice to hear the ſong.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name:
I ſought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to ſhame.

3 I told him all my ſecret grief,
My ſecret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly ſhine;
A beam of mercy from the ſkies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that ſerve the Lord:
O fear and love him, all ye ſaints,
Taſte of his grace, and truſt his word!

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none ſhall ſeek the Lord in vain,
Nor want ſupplies of real good.

PSALM XXXIV. 2*d Part.* Long Met.

Ver. 11—22.

Religious education; or, inſtructions of piety.

1 CHildren, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counſels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you deſire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal ſtate,
Reſtrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from ſlander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his ſaints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He ſets his frowning face againſt
The ſons of violence and lies.

4 To humble ſouls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their ſouls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones:
They in his praiſe employ their breath.

PSALM XXXIV. 1*ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 1—10.

Prayer, and praiſe for eminent deliverance.

1 I'LL bleſs the Lord from day to day:
How good are all his ways!

Ye humble ſouls that uſe to pray,
Come, help my lips to praiſe.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor ſinner cry'd;
Nor was his hope expos'd to ſhame,
Nor was his ſuit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning ſorrows round me ſtood,
And endleſs fears aroſe,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;

4 I told the Lord my ſore diſtreſs,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my ſharpeſt torments eaſe,
And ſilenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 [O ſinners! come and taſte his love,
Come, learn his pleaſant ways;
And let your own experience prove
The ſweetneſs of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heav'nly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye ſaints of his!
His eye regards the juſt:
How richly bleſs'd their portion is,
Who make the Lord their truſt!

8 Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, roar,
And famiſh in the wood;
But God ſupplies his holy poor
With ev'ry needful good.]

PSALM XXXIV. *2d Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 11—22.

Exhortations to peace and holineſs.

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And, that your days be long,
Let not a falſe or ſpiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from miſchief, practiſe love,
Purſue the works of peace;
So ſhall the Lord your ways approve,
And ſet your ſouls at eaſe.

3 His eyes awake to guard the juſt,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken ſpirits dwell in duſt,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the ſorrows here they taſte
Are ſharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who ſaves them all at laſt,
Is their ſupporter now.

5 Evil ſhall ſmite the wicked dead,
But God ſecures his own,
Prevents the miſchief when they ſlide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When deſolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud ſinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their ſouls.

PSALM XXXV. *1ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 1—9.

Prayer and faith of perſecuted ſaints; or, imprecations mixed with charity.

1 NOW plead my cauſe, Almighty God,
With all the ſons of ſtrife;
And fight againſt the men of blood,
Who fight againſt my life.

2 Draw out thy ſpear, and ſtop their way,
Liſt thy avenging rod;
But to my ſoul in mercy ſay,
"I am thy Saviour God."

3 They plant their ſnares to catch my feet,
And nets of miſchief ſpread;
Plunge the deſtroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkneſs hide their way,
And ſlipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath ſhall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Purſues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whoſe malice is implacable
Againſt the Lord on high.

7 But if thou haſt a choſen few
Amongſt that impious race,

Divide them from the bloody crew,
By thy ſurpriſing grace.

8 Then will I raiſe my tuneful voice,
To make thy wonders known:
In their ſalvation I'll rejoice,
And bleſs thee for my own.

PSALM XXXV. 2d *Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 12—14.

Love to enemies; or, the love of Chriſt to ſinners typified in David.

1 BEHOLD! the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David ſhows;
Hark, how his ſounding bowels move,
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are ſick, his ſoul complains,
And ſeems to feel the ſmart;
The ſpirit of the goſpel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And faſting mortify'd his ſoul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet ſtill he pleads and mourns;
And double bleſſings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Chriſt the Lord appears:
While ſinners curſe, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Iſr'el's king,
Bleſt and belov'd of God,
To ſave us rebels, dead in ſin,
Paid his own deareſt blood.

PSALM XXXVI. 5—9. Long Met.

The perfections and providence of God; or, general providence and ſpecial grace.

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God!
Thy goodneſs in full glory ſhines;
Thy truth ſhall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy deſigns.

2 For ever firm thy juſtice ſtands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wiſe are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beaſt thy bounty ſhare;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But ſaints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort ſprings!
The ſons of Adam in diſtreſs
Fly to the ſhadow of thy wings.

5 From the proviſions of thy houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet repaſt;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings ſalvation to our taſte.

6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the preſence of my Lord;
And in thy light our ſouls ſhall ſee
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM XXXVI. Common Metre.

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. *Practical atheism exposed; or, the being and attributes of God asserted.*

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profess)
"God hath no wrath for them to fear,
"Nor will they seek his grace."

3 What strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!
But there's a hast'ning hour,
When they shall see, with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy pow'r.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above these heav'ns' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast:
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

7 [From thee, when creature streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM XXXVI. 1—7. Short Met.

The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God; or, practical atheism exposed.

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
"Nor fear before his eyes."

2 [He walks a while conceal'd
In a self-flatt'ring dream,
Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed,
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hands, and head,
To practise all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky;
In heav'n his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love!
Whence all our safety springs:
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

PSALM XXXVII. 1*st Part.* Com. M.

Ver. 1—15.

The cure of envy, fretfulness and unbelief: or, the rewards of the righteous, and the wicked: or, the world's hatred, and the saint's patience.

1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners, waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek, at last, the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n:

True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble ſouls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

7 Reſt in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger riſe,
Though Providence ſhould long delay
To puniſh haughty vice.

8 Let ſinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he ſees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning ſword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To ſlay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God ſhall break their bows, and burn
Their perſecuting darts;
Shall their own ſwords againſt them turn,
And pain ſurpriſe their hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. 2d *Part.* Com. M.

Ver. 16, 21, 26—31.

Charity to the poor; or, religion in words and deeds.

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boaſt,
And grow profanely bold?
The meaneſt portion of the juſt
Excels the ſinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er deſigns to pay;
The ſaint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms, with lib'ral heart, he gives
Amongſt the ſons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And bleſſed is his ſeed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To ſlander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and goſpel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet ſhall never ſlide.

6 When ſinners fall, the righteous ſtand,
Preſerv'd from ev'ry ſnare;
They ſhall poſſeſs the promis'd land,
And dwell forever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 3d *Part.* Com. M.

Ver. 23—37.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 MY God, the ſteps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they ſhould fall, they riſe again;
Thy hand ſupports them ſtill.

2 The Lord delights to ſee their ways,
Their virtue he approves:
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of bleſſings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye ſons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye ſhall confeſs their pride was vain,
When juſtice caſts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty ſinner have I ſeen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vaniſh'd from the ground,
Deſtroy'd by hands unſeen;
Nor root nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteouſneſs,
His ſev'ral ſteps attend;
True pleaſure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM XXXVIII. Common Met.

Guilt of conſcience and relief; or, repentance and prayer for pardon and health.

1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Reſtore thy ſervant, Lord,
Nor let a father's chaſt'ning prove
Like an avenger's ſword.

2 Thine arrows ſtick within my heart,
My fleſh is ſorely preſs'd;
Between the ſorrow and the ſmart,
My ſpirit finds no reſt.

3 My ſins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled ſea,
My head ſtill bending down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken ſore,
None of my pow'rs are whole;
The inward anguiſh makes me roar,
The anguiſh of my ſoul.

6 All my deſire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,
And ev'ry ſigh and ev'ry groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my ſpirit up
When Satan bids me die.

8 [My foot is ever apt to ſlide,
My foes rejoice to ſee't;
They raiſe their pleaſure and their pride,
When they ſupplant my feet.

9 But I'll confeſs my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my ſin;
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg ſupport divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies paſt,
And be forever nigh;
O Lord of my ſalvation, haſte,
Before thy ſervant die.]

PSALM XXXIX. *1ſt Part.* Com. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

Watchfulneſs over the tongue; or, prudence and zeal.

1 THUS I reſolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,

"Left I let ſlip one ſinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 And if I'm e'er conſtrain'd to ſtay
With men of lives profane,
I'll ſet a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll ſcarce allow my lips to ſpeak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Leſt ſcoffers ſhould th' occaſion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if ſome proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the ſcoffing ſinners hear
That I can ſpeak for God.

PSALM XXXIX. 2*d Part*. Com. M.

Ver. 4—7. *The vanity of man as mortal.*

1 TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and duſt,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like ſhadows o'er the plain;
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all their noiſe is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy ſhow,
Some dig for golden ore;

They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And ſtraight are ſeen no more.

5 What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From creatures, earth, and duſt?
They make our expectations vain,
And diſappoint our truſt.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond deſires recal;
I give my mortal int'reſt up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM XXXIX. *3d Part.* Com. M.

Ver. 9—13.

Sick-bed devotion; or, pleading without repining.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy will.

2 Diſeaſes are thy ſervants, Lord;
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Againſt thy chaſt'ning hand.

3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
"Remove thy ſharp rebukes;"
My ſtrength conſumes, my ſpirit dies,
Through thy repeated ſtrokes.

4 Cruſh'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the duſt;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our beauty's loſt.

5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How ſoon the bubble's broke!

Adam, and all his num'rous race,
Are vanity and ſmoke.]

6 I'm but a ſojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the ſummons hear.

7 But if my life be ſpar'd a while,
Before my laſt remove,
Thy praiſe ſhall be my buſineſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL. *1ſt Part.* Com. Metre.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17.

A ſong of deliverance from great diſtreſs.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He ſaw me reſting on his word,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praiſe the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful ſong.

4 I'll ſpread his works of grace abroad;
The ſaints with joy ſhall hear,
And ſinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy wo,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM XL. 2*d Part.* Com. Metre.

Ver. 6—9. *The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.*

1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt-offerings o'er;
"In dying goats and bullocks slain
"My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My God, to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
"Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
"I keep it near my heart;
"Mine ears are open'd with delight
"To what thy lips impart."

4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd ſinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a ſacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No blood of beaſts, on altars ſhed,
Could waſh the conſcience clean;
But the rich ſacrifice he paid,
Atones for all our ſin.

8 Then was the great ſalvation ſpread,
And Satan's kingdom ſhook;
Thus by the woman's promis'd ſeed,
The ſerpent's head was broke.

PSALM XL. Long Metre.

Ver. 5—10. *Chriſt our ſacrifice.*

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praiſe, ſurmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My ſpeech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beaſts on altars ſpilt,
Can cleanſe the ſouls of men from guilt;
But thou haſt ſet before our eyes
An all-ſufficient ſacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears!
To thy deſigns he bows his ears;
Aſſumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work ſo hard.

4 "Behold, I come," (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of ſins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
"I muſt fulfil the Saviour's part;
"And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my croſs I'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the ſky.

7 "The Spirit ſhall deſcend, and ſhow
"What thou haſt done, and what I do;
"The wond'ring world ſhall learn thy grace,
"Thy wiſdom, and thy righteouſneſs."

PSALM XLI. ver. 1, 2, 3. Long M.

Charity to the poor; or, pity to the afflicted.

1 BLEST is the man, whoſe bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whoſe ſoul, by ſympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-ſaints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His ſoul ſhall live ſecure on earth,
With ſecret bleſſings on his head,
When drought, and peſtilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languiſh on his couch,
God will pronounce his ſins forgiv'n,
Will ſave him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing ſoul to heav'n.

PSALM XLII. 1*ſt Part.* Com. Metre.

Ver. 1—5.

Deſertion and hope; or, complaint of abſence from public worſhip.

1 WITH earneſt longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taſte the cooling brook.

2 When ſhall I ſee thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an abſence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary ſoul,
And tears are my repaſt;
The foe inſults without control,
"And where's your God at laſt?"

4 'Tis with a mournful pleaſure, now,
I think on ancient days:
Then to thy houſe did numbers go,
And all our work was praiſe.

5 But why, my ſoul, ſunk down ſo far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge deſpair,
And ſin againſt my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whoſe mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I ſhall yet before him ſtand,
And ſing reſtoring love.

PSALM XLII. 6—11. 2*d Part.* L. M.

Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, hope in affliction.

1 MY ſpirit ſinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,

And times of paſt diſtreſs record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumult'ous noiſe,
Swell like a ſea, and round me ſpread;
Thy water-ſpouts drown all my joys,
And riſing waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I addreſs his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night ſhall hear me ſing and pray.

4 I'll caſt myſelf before his feet,
And ſay, "My God, my heav'nly rock!
"Why doth thy love ſo long forget
"The ſoul that groans beneath thy ſtroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that ſinks ſo low:
Why ſhould my ſoul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praiſe him too;
He is my reſt, my ſure relief.

6 Thy light and truth ſhall guide me ſtill;
Thy word ſhall my beſt thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine holy hill,
My God, my moſt exceeding joy!

PSALM XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15–26. C. M.

The church's complaint in perſecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days.

2 How thou didſt build thy churches here,
And make thy goſpel known;
Amongſt them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory ſhone.

3 In God they boaſted all the day;
And in a cheerful throng
Did thouſands meet to praiſe and pray,
And grace was all their ſong.

4 But now our ſouls are ſeiz'd with ſhame,
Confuſion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaſpheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falſely dealt with Heav'n;
Nor have our ſteps declin'd the road
Of duty thou haſt giv'n;

6 Though dragons all around us roar
With their deſtructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us ſore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy cauſe,
As ſheep, for ſlaughter bound, we lie,
By ſharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, ariſe, almighty Lord!
Why ſleeps thy wonted grace?
Why ſhould we look like men abhorr'd,
Or baniſh'd from thy face?

9 Wilt thou forever caſt us off,
And ſtill neglect our cries?
Forever hide thy heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the duſt our ſoul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;

Riſe for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual ſhame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM XLV. Short Metre.

The glory of Chriſt; the ſucceſs of the goſpel, and the Gentile church.

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with bleſſings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful ſword,
And ride in majeſty, to ſpread
The conqueſts of thy word.

3 Strike through thy ſtubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;
While juſtice, meekneſs, grace and truth
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne ſhall ever ſtand:
And thy victorious goſpel proves
A ſceptre in thy hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without meaſure ſhed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy ſacred head.]

6 [Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is ſeen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7 Fair bride, receive his love:
Forget thy father's houſe;
Forſake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

8 O let thy God and King
Thy ſweeteſt thoughts employ!
Thy children ſhall his honours ſing
In palaces of joy.

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

The perſonal glories and government of Chriſt.

1 I'LL ſpeak the honours of my King:
His form divinely fair;
None of the ſons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy ſpeech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is ſhed:
Thy God with bleſſings infinite
Hath crown'd thy ſacred head.

3 Gird on thy ſword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majeſtic ſway;
Thy terrors ſhall ſtrike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, forever ſtands;
Thy word of grace ſhall prove
A peaceful ſceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy ſaints by love.

5 Juſtice and truth attend thee ſtill,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy ſoul ſhall fill
With moſt peculiar joys.

PSALM XLV. *1ſt Part.* Long Met.

The glory of Chriſt, and power of his goſpel.

1 NOW be my heart inſpir'd to ſing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jeſus the Lord, how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the ſons of human race
He ſhines with a ſuperior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

3 Dreſs thee in arms, moſt mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of thy ſword!
In majeſty and glory ride,
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of ſtubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and ſweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, forever ſtands,
Grace is the ſceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head,
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the reſt.

PSALM XLV. 2*d Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt and his church; or, the myſtical marriage.

1 THE King of ſaints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majeſty and grace!
He comes with bleſſings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen, array'd in pureſt gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dreſs;
Her robe of joy and righteouſneſs.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and ſeats her near his throne;
Fair ſtranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native ſtate.

4 So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice:
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair palace in the ſkies,
And all thy ſons, (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endleſs honours crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praiſes ſpread;
While we, with cheerful ſongs, approve
The condeſcenſions of his love.

PSALM XLVI. 1*ſt Part.* Long Met.

The church's ſafety and triumph among national deſolations.

1 GOD is the refuge of his ſaints,
When ſtorms of ſharp diſtreſs invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him preſent with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their ſeats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and bury'd there;
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid world,
Our faith ſhall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In ſacred peace our ſouls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry ſhore
Trembles, and dreads the ſwelling tide.

4 There is a ſtream, whoſe gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy ſtill gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That ſacred ſtream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promiſes afford,
And give new ſtrength to fainting ſouls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. 2*d Part.* Long Met.

God fights for his church.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms riſe;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is ſtill our aid:
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What deſolations he has made!

3 From ſea to ſea, through all the ſhores,
He makes the noiſe of battle ceaſe;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the ſpear,
Char'ots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Keep ſilence all the earth, and hear
The ſound and glory of his name.

5 "Be ſtill, and learn that I am God,
"I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But ſtill my throne in Zion ſtands."

6 O Lord of Hoſts, almighty King,
While we ſo near thy preſence dwell,
Our faith ſhall ſit ſecure, and ſing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM XLVII. Common Metre.

Chriſt aſcending and reigning.

1 O FOR a ſhout of ſacred joy
To God the ſov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph ſing.

2 Jeſus our God aſcends on high!
His heav'nly guards, around,
Attend him riſing through the ſky,
With trumpet's joyful ſound.

3 While angels ſhout and praiſe their King,
Let mortals learn their ſtrains:
Let all the earth his honours ſing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearſe his praiſe with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the ſong;
Nor mock him with a ſolemn ſound
Upon a thoughtleſs tongue.

5 In Iſr'el ſtood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that choſen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taſte his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known,
While pow'rs and princes, ſhields and ſwords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM XLVIII. 1*ſt Part.* Short M.

Ver. 1—8.

The church is the honour and ſafety of a nation.

1 [GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praiſe be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His moſt delightful ſeat.

2 Theſe temples of his grace,
How beautiful they ſtand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in diſtreſs;
How bright has his ſalvation ſhone
Through all her palaces.

4 When kings againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the Lord was there,
In wild confuſion of the mind,
They fled with haſty fear.

5 When navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to ſpoil our peace,

He ſends his tempeſt, roaring loud,
And ſinks them in the ſeas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often ſeen,
How well our God ſecures the fold
Where his own ſheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new diſtreſs
We'll to his houſe repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And ſeek deliv'rance there.

PSALM XLVIII. 2*d Part.* Short M.

Ver. 10—14.

The beauty of the church; or, goſpel worſhip and order.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praiſe;
Thy ſaints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their ſongs of honour raiſe.

2 With joy let Judah ſtand
On Zion's choſen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counſels of thy will.

3 Let ſtrangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compaſs and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The orders of thy houſe,
The worſhip of thy court,
The cheerful ſongs, the ſolemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!

Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worſhip now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the ſky.

PSALM XLIX. 1ſt *Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 6—14.

Pride and death; or, the vanity of life and riches.

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To inſolence and pride,
To ſee his wealth and honours flow
With every riſing tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the poor with ſcorn,
Made of the ſelf-ſame clay,
And boaſt as though his fleſh was born
Of better duſt than they?]

3 Not all his treaſures can procure
His ſoul a ſhort reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 [Life is a bleſſing can't be ſold,
The ranſom is too high;
Juſtice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He ſees the brutiſh and the wiſe,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their poſſeſſions, cloſe their eyes,
And haſten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My houſe ſhall ever ſtand;

"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are loſt;
How ſoon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the duſt,
Where his own carcaſs lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their ſons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers ſay,
And act their works again.

9 Men void of wiſdom and of grace,
If honour raiſe them high,
Live like the beaſt, a thoughtleſs race,
And like the beaſt they die.

10 [Laid in the grave like ſilly ſheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the laſt trumpet breaks their ſleep,
In terror and deſpair.]

PSALM XLIX. 2d *Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 14, 15. *Death and the reſurrection.*

1 YE ſons of pride, that hate the juſt,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to duſt,
Your pomp ſhall riſe no more.

2 The laſt great day ſhall change the ſcene;
When will that hour appear?
When ſhall the juſt revive, and reign
O'er all that ſcorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked ſoul receive,
When ſep'rate from the fleſh;

And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heav'n is my everlasting home:
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.

1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell forever near my God.

PSALM L. 1—6. 1*ſt Part.* Com. Met.

The laſt judgment; or, the ſaints rewarded.

1 THE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the riſing ſun,
And near the weſtern ſky.

2 No more ſhall bold blaſphemers ſay,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuſe his long delay,
To impudence and ſin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God ſhall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call ſhall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell ſhall know and fear
His juſtice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my ſaints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's ſacrifice,
"And ſeal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confeſs
"My ſentence of reward is right,
"And heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM L. 2*d Part.* Common Met.

Ver. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.

Obedience is better than ſacrifice.

1 THUS ſaith the Lord, "The ſpacious fields,
"And flocks and herds are mine;

"O'er all the cattle of the hills
"I claim a right divine.

2 "I aſk no ſheep for ſacrifice,
"Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
"To hope and love, to pray and praiſe,
"Is all that I require.

3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,
"My hand ſhall ſet thee free;
"Then ſhall thy thankful lips declare
"The honour due to me.

4 "The man that offers humble praiſe,
"He glorifies me beſt:
"And thoſe, that tread my holy ways,
"Shall my ſalvation taſte."

PSALM L. 3*d Part.* Common Metre.

Ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22.

The judgment of hypocrites.

1 WHEN Chriſt to judgment ſhall deſcend,
And ſaints ſurround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 "Not for the want of bullocks ſlain
"Will I the world reprove;
"Altars and rites and forms are vain,
"Without the fire of love.

3 "And what have hypocrites to do
"To bring their ſacrifice?
"They call my ſtatutes juſt and true,
"But deal in theft and lies.

4 "Could you expect to 'ſcape my ſight,
"And ſin without control?

"But I ſhall bring your crimes to light,
"With anguiſh in your ſoul."

5 Conſider ye, that ſlight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his ſword,
There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM L. Long Metre.

Hypocriſy expoſed.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearſe his name
With lips of falſehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And ſooth and flatter thoſe they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to ſeek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuſe his grace.

4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with luſt, defil'd with blood;
By night they practiſe ev'ry ſin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow ſecure and ſin the more!
They think he ſleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 O dreadful hour, when God draws near,
And ſets their crimes before their eyes;
His wrath their guilty ſouls ſhall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to riſe.

PSALM L. 1*ſt Part.* Particular Met.

The laſt judgment.

1 THE Lord, the ſov'reign, ſends his ſummons forth,
Calls the ſouth nations, and awakes the north;
From eaſt to weſt the ſounding orders ſpread,
Through diſtant worlds, and regions of the dead:
No more ſhall atheiſts mock his long delay;
His vengeance ſleeps no more: Behold the day!

2 Behold! the Judge deſcends; his guards are nigh,
Tempeſt and fire attend him down the ſky:
Heav'n, earth and hell, draw near; let all things come
To hear his juſtice, and the ſinner's doom;
But gather firſt my ſaints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels, from their diſtant lands.

3 Behold my cov'nant ſtands forever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal ſacrifice in blood,
And ſign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worſhip, or the new;
There's no diſtinction here; come, ſpread their thrones,
And near me ſeat my fav'rites and my ſons.

4 I, their almighty Saviour, and their God,
I am their Judge: Ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad
My juſt eternal ſentence, and declare
Thoſe awful truths that ſinners dread to hear:
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks ſlain
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love: In vain the ſtore
Of brutal offrings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer beaſts and ſavage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and foreſts where they feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I aſk thee food?
When did I thirſt, or drink thy bullock's blood?

Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy ſolemn chatt'rings, and fantaſtic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy veſtments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7 Unthinking wretch! how could'ſt thou hope to pleaſe
A God, a Spirit, with ſuch toys as theſe?
While, with my grace and ſtatutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'ſt deceit, and doſt thy brother wrong;
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adult'rers are thy choſen friends.

8 Silent I waited with long-ſuff'ring love;
But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?
And cheriſh ſuch an impious thought within,
That God, the righteous, would indulge thy ſin?
Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty ſoul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wiſe;
Awake before this dreadful morning riſe;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;
Leſt like a lion his laſt vengeance tear
Your trembling ſouls, and no deliv'rer near.

PSALM L. 2*d Part.* Particular Met.

The laſt judgment.

1 THE God of glory ſends his ſummons forth,
Calls the ſouth nations, and awakes the north;
From eaſt to weſt the ſov'reign orders ſpread,
Through diſtant worlds, and regions of the dead.
The trumpet ſounds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more ſhall atheiſts mock his long delay;
His vengeance ſleeps no more: Behold the day!
Behold the Judge deſcends; his guards are nigh;
Tempeſt and fire attend him down the ſky.
When God appears, all nature ſhall adore him:
While ſinners tremble, ſaints rejoice before him.

3 "Heav'n, earth and hell, draw near: Let all things come,
"To hear my juſtice, and the ſinner's doom;
"But gather firſt my ſaints, (the Judge commands)
"Bring them, ye angels, from their diſtant lands."
When Chriſt returns, wake ev'ry cheerful paſſion;
And ſhout, ye ſaints! he comes for your ſalvation.

4 "Behold! my cov'nant ſtands forever good,
"Seal'd by th' eternal ſacrifice in blood,
"And ſign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
"That paid the ancient worſhip, or the new."
There's no diſtinction here; join all your voices,
And raiſe your heads, ye ſaints, for heav'n rejoices.

5 "Here (ſaith the Lord) ye angels, ſpread their thrones,
"And near me ſeat my fav'rites and my ſons:
"Come, my redeem'd, poſſeſs the joys prepar'd
"Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."
When Chriſt returns, wake ev'ry cheerful paſſion;
And ſhout, ye ſaints! he comes for your ſalvation.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6 "I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God;
"I am the Judge: Ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad
"My juſt eternal ſentence, and declare
"Thoſe awful truths, that ſinners dread to hear."
When God appears, all nature ſhall adore him:
While ſinners tremble, ſaints rejoice before him.

7 "Stand forth, thou bold blaſphemer, and profane,
"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain:
"Thou hypocrite, once dreſs'd in ſaints' attire,
"I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.

8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks ſlain
"Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
"Without the flames of love: In vain the ſtore
"Of brutal offrings that were mine before."
Earth is the Lord's; all nature ſhall adore him;
While ſinners tremble, ſaints rejoice before him.

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
"When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood?
"Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
"Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed."
All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation;
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

10 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
"Thy solemn chatt'rings, and fantastick vows?
"Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
"Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?"
God is the Judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
"A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
"While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
"Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong."
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
"Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends:
"While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits,
"His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."
God is the Judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

13 "Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love;
"But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
"And cherish such an impious thought within,
"That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?"
See, God appears, all nature joins t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 "Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
"And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.
"Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
"Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near."
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

15 "Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
"Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
"Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
"Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend."
Then join, ye saints, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM LI. 1*st Part.* Long Metre.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 SHEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet ſave a trembling ſinner, Lord,
Whoſe hope, ſtill hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on ſome ſweet promiſe there,
Some ſure ſupport againſt deſpair.

PSALM LI. 2d *Part.* Long Metre.

Original and actual ſin confeſſed.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in ſin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whoſe guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The ſeeds of ſin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my ſpirit pure and true;
O make me wiſe betimes, to ſpy
My danger and my remedy.]

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leproſy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beaſt,
Nor hyſſop branch, nor ſprinkling prieſt,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor ſea,
Can waſh the diſmal ſtain away.

6 Jeſus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r ſufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as ſnow;
No Jewiſh types could cleanſe me ſo.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

PSALM LI. 2d *Part.* Long Metre.

The backslider restored; or, repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inſpire my tongue!
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

PSALM LI. 3—13. 1*ſt Part.* Com. M.

Original and actual ſin confeſſed and pardoned.

1 LORD, I would ſpread my ſore diſtreſs
And guilt before thine eyes;
Againſt thy laws, againſt thy grace,
How high my crimes ariſe!

2 Should'ſt thou condemn my ſoul to hell,
And cruſh my fleſh to duſt,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth muſt own it juſt.

3 I from the ſtock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is ſhame,
And all my nature ſin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juſter prey for death.

5 Cleanſe me, O Lord, and cheer my ſoul
With thy forgiving love;

O make my broken ſpirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the ſons of men;
Backſliders ſhall addreſs thy throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM LI. 2d *Part.* Common Met.

Ver. 14—17.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Chriſt.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this ſeparating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the preſence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall ſpeak aloud thy righteouſneſs,
And make thy praiſe my ſong.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer ſlain,
For ſin could e'er atone;
The death of Chriſt ſhall ſtill remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A ſoul oppreſs'd with ſin's deſert,
My God will ne'er deſpiſe:
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our beſt ſacrifice.

PSALM LIII. 4—6. Common Met.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob, with all the tribes, shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM LV. Common Metre.

Ver. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22.

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is level'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-ſtrings ſound,
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beſet me round
Amongſt the ſhades of death.

4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all theſe reſtleſs things.

5 Let me to ſome wild deſart go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where ſtorms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'ſcape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can ſave me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll ſeek his face,
At noon repeat my cry:
The night ſhall hear me aſk his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God ſhall preſerve my ſoul from fear,
Or ſhield me when afraid;
Ten thouſand angels muſt appear,
If he command their aid.

9 I caſt my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord ſuſtains them all;
My courage reſts upon his word,
That ſaints ſhall never fall.

10 My higheſt hopes ſhall not be vain;
My lips ſhall ſpread his praiſe:
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM LV. Ver. 15–17, 19, 22. S. M.

Dangerous proſperity; or, daily devotion encouraged.

1 LET ſinners take their courſe,
And chooſe the road to death;
But in the worſhip of my God
I'll ſpend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts addreſs his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I ſeek his bleſſing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While ſinners periſh in ſurpriſe
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Becauſe they dwell at eaſe,
And no ſad changes feel,
They neither fear nor truſt thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll caſt my burden on his arm,
And reſt upon his word.

6 His arm ſhall well ſuſtain
The children of his love;
The ground, on which their ſafety ſtands,
No earthly pow'r can move.

PSALM LVI. Common Metre.

Deliverance from oppreſſion and falſehood; or, God's care of his people, in anſwer to faith and prayer.

1 O THOU! whoſe juſtice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppreſſor ceaſe;

Behold how envious ſinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The ſons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers riſe,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my truſt;
Nor will I fear what fleſh can do,
The offspring of the duſt.

4 They wreſt my words to miſchief ſtill,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Miſchief doth all their counſels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they eſcape without thy frown?
Muſt their devices ſtand?
O caſt the haughty ſinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

6 God counts the ſorrows of his ſaints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou haſt a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raiſe my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So ſwift is pray'r to reach the ſky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my truſt;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the duſt.

9 Thy ſolemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou ſhalt receive my praiſe;

I'll ſing, "How faithful is thy word!
"How righteous all thy ways!"
10 Thou haſt ſecur'd my ſoul from death;
O ſet thy priſoner free:
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII. Long Metre.

Praiſe for protection, grace, and truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the ſprings
Of boundleſs love and grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I ſend my cry,
The Lord will my deſires perform;
He ſends his angels from the ſky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning ſtorm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd: My ſong ſhall raiſe
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to ſound his praiſe,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt ſky;
His truth to endleſs years remains,
When lower worlds diſſolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. Particular Metre.

Warning to Magiſtrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye deſpiſe the righteous cauſe,
When th' injur'd poor before you ſtands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich ſinners 'ſcape ſecure,
While gold and greatneſs bribe your hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heav'ns his juſtice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And ſend your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conſcience in your chains.

3 A poiſon'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow ſharp, the poiſon ſtrong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counſels, cries or tears;
So the deaf adder ſtops her ears
Againſt the pow'r of charming ſounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Thoſe teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And cruſh the ſerpents in the duſt;
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds riſe,
Before the ſweeping tempeſt flies,
So let their hopes and names be loſt.

5 The Almighty thunders from the ſky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of ſnow diſſolve and run,
Or ſnails that periſh in their ſlime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births that never ſee the ſun.

6 Thus ſhall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to ſaints afford;
And all that hear ſhall join and ſay,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their ſuff'rings well repay."

PSALM LX. 1–5, 10–12. Com. Met.

On a day of humiliation for diſappointments in war.

1 LORD, haſt thou caſt the nation off?
Muſt we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our ſtrength away;
Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in diſmay.

3 "Our Zion trembles at thy ſtroke,
"And dreads thy lifted hand!
"Oh, heal the people thou haſt broke,
"And ſave the ſinking land."

4 Lift up a banner in the field
For thoſe that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy ſhield,
And put our foes to ſhame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confed'rate God;
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite
Againſt thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops ſhall gain a wide renown
By thine aſſiſting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble ſtand.

PSALM LXI. ver. 1–6. Short Metre.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpleſs, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My ſhelter and my ſhade.

3 Within thy preſence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou giveſt me the lot
Of thoſe that fear thy name;
If endleſs life be their reward,
I ſhall poſſeſs the ſame.

PSALM LXII. ver. 5—12. Long M.

No truſt in the creatures; or, faith in divine grace and power.

1 MY ſpirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my ſtraits,
My ſoul on his ſalvation waits.

2 Truſt him, ye ſaints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-ſufficient aid.

3 Falſe are the men of high degree,
The baſer ſort are vanity;

Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increaſing gold your truſt,
Nor ſet your hearts on glitt'ring duſt;
Why will you graſp the fleeting ſmoke,
And not believe what God has ſpoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
"He muſt be fear'd and truſted too."

6 For ſov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and juſtice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our laſt reward.

PSALM LXIII. *1ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *The morning of a Lord's-day.*

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haſte to ſeek thy face:
My thirſty ſpirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the ſcorching ſand,
Beneath a burning ſky,
Long for a cooling ſtream at hand,
And they muſt drink or die.

3 I've ſeen thy glory and thy pow'r
Through all thy temple ſhine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That viſion ſo divine!

4 Not all the bleſſings of a feaſt
Can pleaſe my ſoul ſo well,
As when thy richer grace I taſte,
And in thy preſence dwell.

5 Not life itſelf, with all its joys,
Can my beſt paſſions move,
Or raiſe ſo high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my laſt expiring day,
I'll bleſs my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to ſing.

PSALM LXIII. 2d *Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 6—10. *Midnight thoughts recollected.*

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r;
I kept thy lovely face in ſight
Amidſt the darkeſt hour.

2 My fleſh lay reſting on my bed;
My ſoul aroſe on high;
"My God, my life, my hope," I ſaid,
"Bring thy ſalvation nigh."

3 My ſpirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road:
But thy right hand upholds me ſtill,
While I purſue my God.

4 Thy mercy ſtretches o'er my head
The ſhadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid;
My tongue awakes and ſings.

5 But the deſtroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter ſhall forever ceaſe
And all my ſins be ſlain.

6 Thy ſword ſhall give my foes to death,
And ſend them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the depths of hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

Longing after God; or, the love of God better than life.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt;
The glories that compoſe thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by ſacred ties;
Thy ſon, thy ſervant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers, in thirſty lands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy ſaints, and ſeek thy face;
Oft have I ſeen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of ſov'reign grace.

5 Not fruits, nor wines that tempt our taſte,
Nor all the joys our ſenſes know,
Could make me ſo divinely bleſt,
Or raiſe my cheerful paſſions ſo.

6 My life itſelf, without thy love,
No taſte of pleaſure could afford;
'Twould but a tireſome burden prove,
If I were baniſh'd from the Lord.

7 Amidſt the wakeful hours of night,
When buſy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreſhment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raiſe my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praiſe;
This work ſhall make my heart rejoice,
And ſpend the remnant of my days.

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taſte thy love divine.

2 My thirſty fainting ſoul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers, in deſart lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4 For life without thy love
No reliſh can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To ſerve and pleaſe the Lord.

5 To thee I lift my hands,
And praiſe thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feaſt
Such food or pleaſure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;

I think how wiſe thy counſels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou haſt been my help,
To thee my ſpirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The ſhadow of thy wings
My ſoul in ſafety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he ſupports my ſteps.

PSALM LXV. 1*ſt Part.* Long Metre.

Ver. 1—5. *Public prayer and praiſe.*

1 THE praiſe of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praiſe becomes thy houſe:
There ſhall thy ſaints thy glory ſee,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whoſe mercy bends the ſkies
To ſave, when humble ſinners pray;
All lands to thee ſhall lift their eyes,
And iſlands of the northern ſea.

3 Againſt my will my ſins prevail,
But grace ſhall purge away their ſtain;
The blood of Chriſt will never fail
To waſh my garments white again.

4 Bleſt is the man whom thou ſhalt chooſe,
And give him kind acceſs to thee;
Give him a place within thy houſe,
To taſte thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
Babel prepare for long diſtreſs,

When Zion's God himſelf arrays
In terror, and in righteouſneſs.

6 With dreadful glory, God fulfils
What his afflicted ſaints requeſt;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches reſt.

7 Then ſhall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The riſing and the ſetting ſun
Shall ſee the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. *2d Part.* Long Met.

Ver. 5—13.

Divine providence in air, earth, and ſea; or, the God of nature and grace.

1 THE God of our ſalvation hears
The groans of Zion mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind deſigns,
Through all the way his terror ſhines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remoteſt ends,
Where the Creator's name is known,
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Addreſs their frighted ſouls to God,
When tempeſts rage, and billows roar,
At dreadful diſtance from the ſhore.

4 He bids the noiſy tempeſts ceaſe;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms, ſhaken by the ſtorm,
He ſettles in a peaceful form;
Mountains eſtabliſh'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations ſtand.

6 Behold his enſigns ſweep the ſky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with ſwift ſurpriſe,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command, the morning ray
Smiles in the eaſt, and leads the day:
He guides the ſun's declining wheels,
Over the tops of weſtern hills.

8 Seaſons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice
To ſee the earth made ſoft with ſhow'rs,
Laden with fruit, and dreſt in flow'rs.

9 'Tis from his wat'ry ſtores on high,
He gives the thirſty ground ſupply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops diſpenſe.

10 The deſart grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies ſhout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

11 The paſtures ſmile in green array;
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle, and the lamb,
Each in his language ſpeaks thy name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories ſhine:
Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodneſs crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. 1*ſt Part.* Com. Metre.

A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There ſhall our vows be paid:
Thou haſt an ear when ſinners pray,
All fleſh ſhall ſeek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine:
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and ſkill
To conquer ev'ry ſin.

3 Bleſt are the men whom thou wilt chooſe,
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thine houſe,
To feaſt upon thy grace.

4 In anſw'ring what thy church requeſts,
Thy truth and terror ſhine,
And works of dreadful righteouſneſs
Fulfil thy kind deſign.

5 Thus ſhall the wond'ring nations ſee
The Lord is good and juſt:
And diſtant iſlands fly to thee,
And make thy name their truſt.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When ſigns in heav'n appear;
But they ſhall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. 2*d Part.* Com. Metre.

The providence of God in air, earth, and ſea; or, the bleſſing of rain.

1 'TIS by thy ſtrength the mountains ſtand,
God of eternal pow'r!

The ſea grows calm at thy command,
And tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2 The morning light and ev'ning ſhade
Succeſſive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harveſt glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the ſpring.

3 Seaſons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds diſtil in fruitful ſhow'rs,
The Author is divine.

4 Thoſe wand'ring ciſterns in the ſky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treaſures well ſupply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirſty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with bleſſings ſtill,
Thy goodneſs crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. 3d *Part.* Com. Metre.

The bleſſings of the ſpring; or, God gives rain.

A Pſalm for the Huſbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Viſits the paſtures ev'ry ſpring,
And bids the graſs appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers, rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry bleſſings from the ſky,
To cheer the thirſty land.

3 The ſoften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to ſpring;

The vallies rich proviſion yield,
And the poor lab'rers ſing.

4 The little hills, on ev'ry ſide,
Rejoice at falling ſhow'rs;
The meadows, dreſs'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods, refreſh'd with rain,
Promiſe a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raiſe the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodneſs crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks ſpread o'er the downs,
And ſhepherds ſhout thy praiſe.

PSALM LXVI. *1ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Governing power and goodneſs; or, our grace tried by afflictions.

1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noiſe;
With melody of ſound record
His honours, and your joys.

2 Say to the Pow'r that ſhakes the ſky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy preſence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."

3 Come, ſee the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moſes' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted ſeas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Iſr'el paſs'd the flood;

There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his reſiſtleſs might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 O bleſs our God, and never ceaſe;
Ye ſaints, fulfil his praiſe;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou haſt prov'd our ſuff'ring ſouls,
To make our graces ſhine;
So ſilver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways,
We march at thy command;
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVI. *2d Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 13—20. *Praiſe to God for hearing prayer.*

1 NOW ſhall my ſolemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Pow'r,
That heard the long requeſts I made
In my diſtreſsful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge ſorrows fell,
I ſought his heav'nly aid;
He ſav'd my ſinking ſoul from hell,
And death's eternal ſhade.

4 If ſin lay cover'd in my heart,
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had ſhewn me no regard,
Nor I his praiſes ſung.

5 But God (his name be ever bleſt)
Has ſet my ſpirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor requeſt,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM LXVII. Common Metre.

The nation's proſperity, and the church's increaſe.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on this our land,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coaſts,
And ſhew thy ſmiling face.

2 [Amidſt our States, exalted high,
Do thou our glory ſtand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.]

3 When ſhall thy name, from ſhore to ſhore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And diſtant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye diſtant lands,
Sing loud with ſolemn voice;
While thankful tongues exalt his praiſe,
And grateful hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the ſov'reign Judge,
That ſits enthron'd above,
Wiſely commands the worlds he made,
In juſtice and in love.

6 Earth ſhall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increaſe;
Our God will crown his choſen land
With fruitfulneſs and peace.

7 God the Redeemer ſcatters round
His choiceſt favours here;
While the creation's utmoſt bound
Shall ſee, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. 1*ſt Part.* Long Met.

Ver. 1—6, 32—35.

The vengeance and compaſſion of God.

1 LET God ariſe in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As ſmoke, that fought to cloud the ſkies,
Before the riſing tempeſt flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning flames;
Juſtice and vengeance are his names:
Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders through the ſky;
His name, JEHOVAH, ſounds on high:
Sing to his name, ye ſons of grace;
Ye ſaints, rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherleſs
Fly to his aid in ſharp diſtreſs;
In him the poor and helpleſs find
A judge that's juſt, a father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners ſee the light again;
But rebels, that diſpute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkneſs ſtill.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your ſong:
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearſe;
His honours ſhall enrich your verſe.

7 He ſhakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Isr'el are his mercies known,
Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him bleſt;
He's your defence, your joy, your reſt:
* When terrors riſe, and nations faint,
God is the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

PSALM LXVIII. 2d *Part.* Long Met.

Ver. 17, 18.

Chriſt's aſcenſion and the gift of the Spirit.

1 LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand angels fill'd the ſky:
Thoſe heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy ſtate.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thouſand ſouls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He ſent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXIX. *3d Part.* Com. Metre.

Chriſt's obedience and death; or, God glorified, and ſinners ſaved.

1 FATHER! I ſing thy wondrous grace,
I bleſs my Saviour's name;
He bought ſalvation for the poor,
And bore the ſinner's ſhame.

2 His deep diſtreſs has rais'd us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finiſh'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living ſongs,
Shall better pleaſe my God,
Than harp or trumpet's ſolemn ſound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.

4 This ſhall his humble follow'rs ſee,
And ſet their hearts at reſt;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live forever bleſt.

5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raiſe,
While lands and ſeas aſſiſt the ſky,
And join t' advance his praiſe.

6 Zion is thine, moſt holy God;
Thy Son ſhall bleſs her gates;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Iſr'el waits.

PSALM LXIX. *1ſt Part.* Long Met.

Chriſt's paſſion and ſinners' ſalvation.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper ſorrows of our Lord;

Behold! the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd:
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 O! for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM LXIX. *2d Part.* Long Met.

Ver. 7, &c. *Christ's sufferings and zeal.*

1 'TWAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

3 ["My Father's house," said he, "was made
"A place for worship, not for trade;"
Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]

4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Conſum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 [His friends forſook, his follow'rs fled,
While foes and arms ſurround his head;
They curſe him with a ſland'rous tongue,
And the falſe judge maintains the wrong.]

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blaſphemies:
They nail him to the ſhameful tree;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.

7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as ſtones,
Inſult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirſt with vinegar.]

8 But God beheld, and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead
Shall pour due vengeance on their head.

PSALM LXXI. 1*ſt Part.* Com. Metre.

Ver. 5—9. *The aged ſaint's reflection and hope.*

1 MY God, my everlaſting hope,
I live upon thy truth:
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And ſtrengthen'd all my youth.

2 My fleſh was faſhion'd by thy pow'r,
With all theſe limbs of mine:
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders ſeen,
Repeated ev'ry year:
Behold my days that yet remain,
I truſt them to thy care.

4 Caſt me not off when ſtrength declines,
When hoary hairs ariſe;
And round me let thy glory ſhine,
Whene'er thy ſervant dies.

5 Then in the hiſt'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praiſe.

PSALM LXXI. 2d *Part.* Com. Metre.

Ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.

Chriſt our ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praiſe,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
Thy goodneſs I adore!
And ſince I knew thy graces firſt,
I ſpeak thy glories more.

3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road,
And march with courage in thy ſtrength,
To ſee my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with ſore diſtreſs
For ſome ſurpriſing ſin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteouſneſs,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My ſoul, redeem'd from ſin and hell,
Shall thy ſalvation ſing.

6 [My tongue ſhall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to ſhame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful ſong
I'll entertain the darkeſt hours,
Nor think the ſeaſon long.]

PSALM LXXI. 3*d Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 17—21.

The aged Chriſtian's prayer and ſong; or, old age, death, and the reſurrection.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forſake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking years,
If God my ſtrength depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the ſurviving age,
And leave a ſavour of thy name
When I ſhall quit the ſtage.

4 The land of ſilence and of death
Attends my next remove;

O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has press'd me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie bury'd deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM LXXII. *1st Part.* Long Met.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust:

His worſhip and his fear ſhall laſt,
Till hours, and years, and time be paſt.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his influence down;
His grace on fainting ſouls diſtils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirſty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The ſhades of overſpreading death,
Revive at his firſt dawning light,
And deſarts bloſſom at the ſight.

6 The ſaints ſhall flouriſh in his days,
Dreſt in the robes of joy and praiſe;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. *2d Part.* Long Met.

Chriſt's kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS ſhall reign where'er the ſun
Does his ſucceſſive journies run:
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore,
Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold! the iſlands, with their kings,
And Europe her beſt tribute brings:
From north to ſouth the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Perſia, glorious to behold,
There India ſhines in Eaſtern gold;
And barb'rous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him ſhall endleſs pray'r be made,
And praiſes throng to crown his head;
His name, like ſweet perfume, ſhall riſe
With ev'ry morning ſacrifice.

5 People, and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with ſweeteſt ſong;
And infant voices ſhall proclaim
Their early bleſſings on his name.

6 Bleſſings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to looſe his chains,
The weary find eternal reſt,
And all the ſons of want are bleſt.

7 [Where he diſplays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curſe are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boaſt
More bleſſings than their father loſt.

8 Let ev'ry creature riſe and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels deſcend with ſongs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.]

PSALM LXXIII. *1ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Afflicted ſaints happy, and proſperous ſinners curſed.

1 NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart ſincere,
Yet once my fooliſh thoughts repin'd
And border'd on deſpair.

2 I griev'd to ſee the wicked thrive,
And ſpoke with angry breath,
"How pleaſant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well-fed fleſh and haughty eyes
"They lay their fears to ſleep;
"Againſt the heav'ns their ſlanders riſe,
"While ſaints in ſilence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanſe my heart in vain,

"For I am chaſten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain."

5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
"Sure I ſhall thus offend thy ſaints,
"And grieve the men I love."

6 But ſtill I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too ſevere,
Till I retir'd to ſearch thy word,
And learn thy ſecrets there.

7 There, as in ſome prophetic glaſs,
I ſaw the ſinner's feet
High mounted on a ſlipp'ry place,
Beſide a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boaſt,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were loſt,
And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtleſs beaſt!
Thus to ſuſpect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked bleſt!

10 Yet I was kept from fell deſpair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown;
That bleſſed hand, that broke the ſnar
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM LXXIII. 2d *Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 23—28. *God our portion here and hereafter.*

1 GOD, my ſupporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,

Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When ſinking in deſpair.

2 Thy counſels, Lord, ſhall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderneſs;
Thine hand conduct me near thy ſeat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilſt this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the ſprings of life were broke,
And fleſh and heart ſhould faint!
God is my ſoul's eternal rock,
The ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

5 Behold the ſinners, that remove
Far from thy preſence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can ſave them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My tongue ſhall ſound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. Long Metre.

Ver. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. *The proſperity of ſinners curſed.*

1 LORD, what a thoughtleſs wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To ſee the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour ſhine!

2 But, O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy ſanctuary taught me ſo:

On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The mystery of providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

3 Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair:
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaſpheme
The everlaſting God:
Their malice blaſts the good man's name,
And ſpreads their lies abroad.

6 But I, with flowing tears,
Indulg'd my doubts to riſe;
"Is there a God that ſees or hears
"The things below the ſkies?"]

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard ſuſpenſe,
Till to thy houſe my feet were brought,
To learn thy juſtice thence.

8 Thy word with light and pow'r
Did my miſtakes amend;
I view'd the ſinners' lives before,
But here I learnt their end.

9 On what a ſlipp'ry ſteep
The thoughtleſs wretches go:
And O that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

PSALM LXXIV. Common Metre.

The church pleading with God under ſore perſecution.

1 WILL God forever caſt us off?
His wrath forever ſmoke
Againſt the people of his love,
His little choſen flock?

2 Think of the tribes ſo dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;

Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory ſtood.

3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haſte,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waſte
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and ſang,
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their enſigns hang,
Sad tokens of their pow'r.

5 How are the ſeats of worſhip broke!
They tear thy buildings down;
And he that deals the heavieſt ſtroke,
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to deſtroy
Thy children in their neſt;
"Come, let us burn at once," they cry,
"The temple and the prieſt."

7 And ſtill, to heighten our diſtreſs,
Thy preſence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted ſigns of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

8 No prophet ſpeaks to calm our woes,
But all the ſeers mourn;
There's not a ſoul amongſt us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God! how long
Shall men of pride blaſpheme!
Shall ſaints be made their endleſs ſong,
And bear immortal ſhame?

10 Canſt thou forever ſit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd?
And ſtill thy jealouſy forbear,
And ſtill withhold thine hand?

11 What ſtrange deliv'rance haſt thou ſhown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didſt divide the raging ſea,
By thy reſiſtleſs might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then ſecure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkneſs and the day?
Didſt thou not bid the morning ſhine,
And mark the ſun his way?

14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coaſt,
And ſet the earth its bounds,
With ſummer's heat, and winter's froſt,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And ſhall the ſons of earth and duſt
That ſacred pow'r blaſpheme?
Will not thy hand, that form'd them firſt,
Avenge thine injur'd name?

16 Think on the cov'nant thou haſt made,
And all thy words of love:
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jeſt:
Plead thine own cauſe, Almighty God,
And give thy children reſt.

PSALM LXXV. Long Metre.

Power and government from God alone.

1 TO thee, moſt holy, and moſt high,
To thee we bring our thankful praiſe;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 "To ſlav'ry doom'd, thy choſen ſons
"Beheld their foes triumphant riſe;
"And, ſore oppreſs'd by earthly thrones,
"They ſought the Sovereign of the ſkies.

3 "'Twas then, great God, with equal pow'r,
"Aroſe thy vengeance and thy grace,
"To ſcourge their legions from the ſhore,
"And ſave the remnant of thy race."

4 Let haughty ſinners ſink their pride,
Nor lift ſo high their ſcornful head;
But lay their fooliſh thoughts aſide,
And own the "empire" God hath made.

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God, the great ſov'reign of the earth,
Will riſe, and make his juſtice known.

7 His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance, mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taſte the bitter dregs.

8 Now ſhall the Lord exalt the juſt:
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the duſt,
Our lips ſhall ſing his praiſe aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI. Common Metre.

Iſrael ſaved, and the Aſſyrians deſtroyed; or, God's vengeance againſt his enemies proceeds from his church.

1 IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Iſr'el great;
In Salem ſtood his holy throne,
And Zion was his ſeat.

2 Among the praiſes of his ſaints,
His dwelling there he choſe;
There he receiv'd their juſt complaints
Againſt their haughty foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning ſpear,
The bow, the arrows, and the ſword,
And cruſh'd th' Aſſyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms elſe
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Zion's King that ſtopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might ſlept faſt in death,
And never found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horſe and chariot fell!
Who knows the terrors of thy rod!
Thy vengeance, who can tell!

7 What pow'r can ſtand before thy ſight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n ſhines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies ſtill and fears.

8 When God, in his own ſov'reign ways,
Comes down to ſave th' oppreſs'd,
The wrath of man ſhall work his praiſe,
And he'll reſtrain the reſt.

9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes, fear his frown:
His terrors ſhake the proudeſt king,
And cut an army down.

10 The thunder of his ſharp rebuke
Our haughty foes ſhall feel:
For Jacob's God hath not forſook,
But dwells in Zion ſtill.]

PSALM LXXVII. *1ſt Part.* Com. M.

Melancholy aſſaulting, and hope prevailing.

1 TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I ſought his gracious ear,
In the ſad day when troubles roſe,
And fill'd my heart with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My ſoul refus'd relief;
I thought on God, the juſt and wiſe,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and ſtill oppreſs'd,
My heart began to break:
My God, thy wrath forbad my reſt,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming ſorrows grew
Till I could ſpeak no more;
Then I within myſelf withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My ſpirit ſearch'd for ſecret crimes,
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before:
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

7 Will he forever caſt me off?
His promiſe ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger ſtill prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeleſs thought,
This dark, deſpairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is ſtill the ſame.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When fleſh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with juſtice on the throne;
And men, that love thy word,
Have in thy ſanctuary known
The counſels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. 2d *Part.* Com. M.

Comfort derived from ancient providences; or, Iſrael delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

1 "HOW awful is thy chaſt'ning rod?"
(May thine own children ſay)

"The great, the wiſe, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his way!"

2 I'll meditate his works of old;
The King who reigns above,
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to truſt his love.

3 Long did the houſe of Joſeph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppreſs'd;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people reſt.

4 The ſons of good old Jacob ſeem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he choſe.

5 Iſrael, his people and his ſheep,
Muſt follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters ſaw thee, mighty God,
The waters ſaw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted ſtood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey through the ſea,
Thy footſteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.

8 [Thy voice, with terror in the ſound,
Through clouds and darkneſs broke;
All heav'n in lightning ſhone around,
And earth with thunder ſhook.

9 Thine arrows through the ſky were hurl'd.
How glorious is the Lord!

Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock,
And safe, by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desart led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. 1*st Part.* Com. M.

Providences of God recorded; or, pious education and instruction of children.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of pow'r and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to their's;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. 2*d Part.* Com. M.

Israel's rebellion and punishment; or, the sins and chastisements of God's people.

1 O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!

False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his avenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er that stubborn land.

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march in safety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand;
"Can he with bread our hosts supply
"Amidst this desart land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PSALM LXXVIII. *3d Part.* Com. M.

The puniſhment of luxury and intemperance; or, chaſtiſement and ſalvation.

1 WHEN Iſr'el ſins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And ſends them heav'nly bread.

2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treaſures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour proviſion down.

3 The manna, like a morning ſhow'r,
Lay thick around their feet:
The corn of heav'n, ſo light, ſo pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.

4 But they in murm'ring language ſaid,
"Manna is all our feaſt,
"We loathe this light, this airy bread;
"We muſt have fleſh to taſte."

5 "Ye ſhall have fleſh to pleaſe your luſt,"
The Lord, in wrath, reply'd;
And ſent them quails, like ſand or duſt,
Heap'd up from ſide to ſide.

6 He gave them all their own deſire;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with ſecret fire,
And ſmote the rebels dead.

7 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd,
And ſought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But ſoon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chaſtis'd, and ſtill forgave,
Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he reſolv'd to ſave
Poſſeſs'd the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXVIII. Long Metre.

Ver. 32, &c.

Backſliding and forgiveneſs; or, ſin puniſhed, and ſaints ſaved.

1 GREAT God, how oft did Iſr'el prove
By turns thine anger and thy love!
There in a glaſs our hearts may ſee
How fickle and how falſe they be.

2 How ſoon the faithleſs Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r, nor truſt his grace.

3 The Lord conſum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march, through unknown ways,
Wore out their ſtrength, and ſpent their days.

4 Oft when they ſaw their brethren ſlain,
They mourn'd and ſought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their pray'rs and vows before him riſe,
As flatt'ring words, or ſolemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
Falſe to his cov'nant, and his love.

6 Yet did his ſov'reign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deſerv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or elſe with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abra'm lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM LXXX. Long Metre.

The church's prayer under affliction; or, the vineyard of God wasted.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desart and the deep.

2 Thy church is in the desart now,
Shine from on high, and guide it through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless'd the nations with their fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why haſt thou laid her fences waſte?
Strangers and foes againſt her join,
And ev'ry beaſt devours the vine.

8 Return, Almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore;
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PAUSE II.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou waſt its ſtrength and glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of Promiſe roſe.

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to ſhoot
From David's ſtock, from Jacob's root;
Himſelf a noble vine, and we
The leſſer branches of the tree.

11 'Tis thine own Son! and he ſhall ſtand,
Girt with thy ſtrength, at thy right hand;
Thy firſt-born Son, adorn'd and bleſt
With pow'r and grace above the reſt.

12 Oh! for his ſake attend our cry;
Shine on thy churches, leſt they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore;
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI. 1, 8–16. Short Met.

The warnings of God to his people; or, ſpiritual bleſſings and puniſhments.

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noiſe;
God is our ſtrength, our Saviour God,
Let Iſr'el hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry
"Preſerve my worſhip clean;
"I am the Lord who ſet thee free
"From ſlav'ry and from ſin.

3 "Stretch thy deſires abroad,
"And I'll ſupply them well;
"But if ye will refuſe your God,
"If Iſr'el will rebel;

4 "I'll leave them," ſaith the Lord,
"To their own luſts a prey,
"And let them run the dang'rous road;
"'Tis their own choſen way.

5 "Yet, O! that all my ſaints
"Would hearken to my voice!
"Soon I would eaſe their ſore complaints,
"And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I deſtroy their foes,
"I'd richly feed my flock,
"And they ſhould taſte the ſtream that flows
"From their eternal Rock."

PSALM LXXXII. Long Metre.

God the ſupreme Governor; or, magiſtrates warned.

1 AMONG th' aſſemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his ſeat;
The God of heaven, as Judge, ſurveys
Thoſe gods on earth, and all their ways.

2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why ſupport th' unrighteous cauſe?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That ſinners vex the ſaints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go:

Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they ſhall fall and die like men.

4 Ariſe, O Lord, and let thy Son
Poſſeſs his univerſal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM LXXXIII. Short Metre.

A complaint againſt perſecutors.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual ſilence keep?
The God of juſtice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance ſleep?

2 Behold, what curſed ſnares
The men of miſchief ſpread;
The men that hate thy ſaints, and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Againſt thy hidden ones
Their counſels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Purſues them to deſtroy.

4 The noble and the baſe
Into thy paſtures leap;
The lion and the ſtupid aſs
Conſpire to vex thy ſheep.

5 "Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
"Till not the name of ſaints remain,
"Nor mem'ry ſhall be found."

6 Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them, like foreſts, to the fire,
Or ſtubble to the wind.

7 Convince their madneſs, Lord,
And make them ſeek thy name;
Or elſe their ſtubborn rage confound,
That they may die in ſhame.

8 Then ſhall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word,
JEHOVAH is thy name alone,
And thou the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. 1*ſt Part.* Long M.

The pleaſure of public worſhip.

1 HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hoſts, thy dwellings are!
With long deſire my ſpirit faints
To meet th' aſſemblies of thy ſaints.

2 My fleſh would reſt in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why ſhould I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The ſparrow chooſes where to reſt,
And for her young provides her neſt;
But will my God to ſparrows grant
That pleaſure which his children want?

4 Bleſt are the ſaints, who ſit on high,
Around thy throne of majeſty;
Thy brighteſt glories ſhine above,
And all their work is praiſe and love.

5 Bleſt are the ſouls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And ſeek thy face, and learn thy praiſe.

6 Bleſt are the men whoſe hearts are ſet
To find the way to Zion's gate;

God is their ſtrength; and through the rc
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing ſtrengtl
Till all ſhall meet in heav'n at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worſhip there.

PSALM LXXXIV. *2d Part.* Long

God and his church; or, grace and glory.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion ſings
The joy that from thy preſence ſprir
To ſpend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thouſand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meaneſt place
Within thy houſe, O God of grace,
Not tents of eaſe, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our ſun; he makes our day:
God is our ſhield; he guards our way
From all th' aſſaults of hell and ſin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God beſtow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright ſouls.

5 O God, our King, whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The glorious hoſts of heav'n obey;
And devils at thy preſence flee;
Bleſt is the man that truſts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphraſed in Common Metre.

Delight in ordinances of worſhip; or, God preſent in his churches.

1 MY ſoul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God reſorts!
'Tis heav'n to ſee his ſmiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the ſkies
His ſaving pow'r diſplays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Deſcends and fills the place,
While Chriſt reveals his wondrous love,
And ſheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The ſecrets of thy will;
And ſtill we ſeek thy mercy there,
And ſing thy praiſes ſtill.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and fleſh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode:
When ſhall I tread thy courts, and ſee
My Saviour and my God.

6 The ſparrow builds herſelf a neſt,
And ſuffers no remove;
O make me, like the ſparrows, bleſt,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To ſit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,

Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 *Lord*, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV. Particular Metre.

Longing for the house of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!

They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill!

4 They go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious ſeat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

5 To ſpend one ſacred day
Where God and ſaints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thouſand days beſide:
Where God reſorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than ſhine in courts.

6 God is our ſun and ſhield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our bleſſings thence:
He ſhall beſtow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From thoſe his heart approves,
From pure and pious ſouls:

Thrice happy he,
O God of Hoſts,
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in thee!

PSALM LXXXV. 1ſt Part. Long M.

Ver. 1—8. *Waiting for an anſwer to prayer; or, deliverance begun and completed.*

1 LORD, thou haſt call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou haſt revers'd our heavy doom:
So God forgave when Iſr'el ſinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.

2 Thou haſt begun to ſet us free,
And made thy fierceſt wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy ſalvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy ſaints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word;
We wait for praiſe to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will ſay;
He'll ſpeak, and give his people peace:
But let them run no more aſtray,
Leſt his returning wrath increaſe.

PSALM LXXXV. 2d Part. Long M.

Ver. 9, &c. *Salvation by Chriſt.*

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The ſouls that fear and truſt the Lord;
And grace, deſcending from on high,
Freſh hopes of glory ſhall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Chriſt the Lord came down from heav'n:
By his obedience, ſo complete,
Juſtice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

3 Now truth and honour ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bleſs the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteouſneſs is gone before,
To give us free acceſs to God:
Our wand'ring feet ſhall ſtray no more,
But mark his ſteps, and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXVI. Com. Metre.

Ver. 8—13. *A general ſong of praiſe to God.*

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou haſt made, ſhall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne;
For thou alone doſt wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thy heav'nly ways,
And my poor ſcatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praiſe.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall thoſe ſweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my ſinking ſoul
Roſe from the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII. Long Metre.

The church the birth-place of the saints; or, Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian church.

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old?
What wonders are of Zion told?
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new born, or nourish'd there!

PSALM LXXXIX. 1*st Part.* Long M.

The covenant made with Christ; or, the true David.

1 FOREVER shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth forever stand,
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
"With thee my cov'nant first is made;

" In thee ſhall dying ſinners live;
" Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Prieſt;
" Thy children ſhall be ever bleſt;
" Thou art my choſen King; thy throne
" Shall ſtand eternal, like my own.

4 " There's none of all my ſons above
" So much my image or my love;
" Celeſtial pow'rs thy ſubjects are:
" Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 " David, my ſervant, whom I choſe,
" To guard my flock, to cruſh my foes,
" And rais'd him to the Jewiſh throne,
" Was but a ſhadow of my Son."

6 Now let the church rejoice and ſing
Jeſus her Saviour and her King;
Angels his heav'nly wonders ſhow,
And ſaints declare his works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. *1ſt Part.* Com. M.

The faithfulneſs of God.

1 MY never-ceaſing ſongs ſhall ſhow
The mercies of the Lord;
And make ſucceeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The ſacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure:
And if he ſpeak a promiſe once,
Th' eternal grace is ſure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewiſh throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant ſeal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His ſeed forever ſhall poſſeſs
A throne above the ſkies;
The meaneſt ſubject of his grace
Shall to that glory riſe.

5 Lord God of Hoſts, thy wondrous ways
Are ſung by ſaints above;
And ſaints on earth their honours raiſe
To thine unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX. 2*d Part.* Com. M.

Ver. 7, &c.

The power and majeſty of God; or, reverential worſhip.

1 WITH rev'rence let the ſaints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies ſhine!
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd with thine?

3 The northern pole and ſouthern reſt
On thy ſupporting hand;
Darkneſs and day from eaſt to weſt
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boiſt'rous deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows ſleep.

5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and ſea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in vengeance ſhine,
When Egypt durſt rebel!

6 Juſtice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX. *3d Part.* C. M.

Ver. 15, &c. *A bleſſed Goſpel.*

1 BLEST are the ſouls that hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the paths they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.

2 Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor ſatan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives:
Iſr'el, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. *4th Part.* C. M.

Ver. 19, &c.

Chriſt's mediatorial kingdom; or, his divine and human nature.

1 HEAR what the Lord in viſion ſaid,
And made his mercy known:
"Sinners, behold your help is laid
"On my Almighty Son.

2 "Behold the man my wiſdom choſe
"Among your mortal race;
"His head my holy oil o'erflows,
"The Spirit of my grace.

3 "High ſhall he reign on David's throne,
"My people's better King;
"My arm ſhall beat his rivals down,
"And ſtill new ſubjects bring.

4 "My truth ſhall guard him in his way,
"With mercy by his ſide,
"While in my name, through earth and ſea,
"He ſhall in triumph ride.

5 "Me for his Father and his God
"He ſhall for ever own,
"Call me his rock, his high abode,
"And I'll ſupport my Son.

6 "My firſt-born Son, array'd in grace,
"At my right hand ſhall ſit;
"Beneath him angels know their place,
"And monarchs at his feet.

7 "My cov'nant ſtands forever faſt;
"My promiſes are ſtrong;
"Firm as the heav'ns his throne ſhall laſt,
"His ſeed endure as long."

PSALM LXXXIX. *5th Part.* C. M.

Ver. 30, &c.

The covenant of grace unchangeable; or, afflictions without rejection.

1 "YET, (ſaith the Lord) if David's race,
"The children of my Son,
"Should break my laws, abuſe my grace,
"And tempt mine anger down;

2 "Their ſins I'll viſit with the rod,
"And make their folly ſmart;
"But I'll not ceaſe to be their God,
"Nor from my truth depart.

3 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
"But keep my grace in mind;
"And what eternal love hath ſpoke,
"Eternal truth ſhall bind.

4 "Once have I ſworn, (I need no more)
"And pledg'd my holineſs,
"To ſeal the ſacred promiſe ſure
"To David and his race.

5 "The ſun ſhall ſee his offspring riſe,
"And ſpread from ſea to ſea,
"Long as he travels round the ſkies,
"To give the nations day.

6 "Sure as the moon, that rules the night,
"His kingdom ſhall endure,
"Till the fix'd laws of ſhade and light
"Shall be obſerv'd no more."

PSALM LXXXIX. 2d *Part.* L. M.

Ver. 47, &c. *Mortality and hope.*

A funeral Pſalm.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal ſtate,
How frail our life! how ſhort the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from diſeaſe, ſecure from death?

2 Lord, while we ſee whole nations die,
Our fleſh and ſenſe repine and cry,
"Muſt death forever rage and reign?
"Or haſt thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy promiſe to the juſt?
"Are not thy ſervants turn'd to duſt?"
But faith forbids theſe mournful ſighs,
And ſees the ſleeping duſt ariſe.

That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of ſaints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our ſouls, and bleſs the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. *laſt Part.* Par. M.

Ver. 47, &c.

Life, death, and the reſurrection.

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours! how ſhort his ſpan!
Short from the cradle to the grave.
Who can ſecure his vital breath
Againſt the bold demands of death,
With ſkill to fly, or pow'r to ſave?

Lord, ſhall it be forever ſaid,
"The race of man was only made
"For ſickneſs, ſorrow, and the duſt?"
Are not thy ſervants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turn to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindneſs to the juſt?

3 Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his ſeed, a heav'nly crown?
But fleſh and ſenſe indulge deſpair:
Forever bleſſed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a reſurrection there.

4 Forever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who gives his ſaints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat a loud amen.

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A mournful ſong at a funeral.

1 THROUGH ev'ry age, eternal God,
Thou art our reſt, our ſafe abode;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footſtool laid.

2 Long hadſt thou reign'd ere time began,
Or duſt was faſhion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom ſhall endure,
When earth and time ſhall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful ſentence, Lord, was juſt,
"Return, ye ſinners, to your duſt."

4 [A thouſand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yeſterday's departed light,
Or the laſt watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing ſtream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

6 [Our age to ſeventy years is ſet:
How ſhort the term! how frail the ſtate!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather ſigh and groan than live.

7 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years;
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the pow'r that ſtrikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man!
And kindly lengthen out our ſpan,
Till a wiſe care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

PSALM XC. *1ſt Part.* Common Met.

Ver. 1—5. *Man frail, and God eternal.*

1 OUR God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Thy ſaints have dwelt ſecure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

3 Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

4 Thy word commands our fleſh to duſt,
"Return, ye ſons of men:"
All nations roſe from earth at firſt,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thouſand ages, in thy ſight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the riſing ſun.

6 The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And loſt in following years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;

They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nation ſtand,
Pleas'd with the morning light:
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles laſt,
And our eternal home.

PSALM XC. *2d Part.* Common Met.

Ver. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12.

Infirmities and mortality the effect of ſin; or, life, old age, and preparation for death.

1 LORD, if thine eyes ſurvey our faults,
And juſtice grows ſevere,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to duſt:
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his ſons, have loſt
Their immortality.

3 Life, like a vain amuſement, flies,
A fable or a ſong;
By ſwift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whoſe days amount
To threeſcore years and ten;
And all beyond that ſhort account
Is ſorrow, toil, and pain.

5 [Our vitals, with laborious ſtrife,
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag thoſe poor remains of life
Along the tireſome road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our ſweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our ſouls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM XC. *3d Part.* Common Met.

Ver. 13, &c. *Breathing after heaven.*

1 RETURN, O God of love, return:
Earth is a tireſome place;
How long ſhall we thy children mourn
Our abſence from thy face?

2 Let heav'n ſucceed our painful years,
Let ſin and ſorrow ceaſe;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increaſe.

3 Thy wonders to thy ſervants ſhow,
Make thine own work complete;
Then ſhall our ſouls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then ſhall we ſhine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor ſervice we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM XC. Short Metre.

Ver. 5, 10, 12. *The frailty and ſhortneſs of life.*

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame?
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the name!

2 Alas! 'twas brittle clay
That built our body firſt!
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day
'Tis mould'ring back to duſt.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes ſtay;
Juſt like a flood our haſty days
Are ſweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days muſt fly,
We'll keep their end in ſight;
We'll ſpend them all in wiſdom's way,
And let them ſpeed their flight.

5 They'll waft us ſooner o'er
This life's tempeſtuous ſea:
Soon we ſhall reach the peaceful ſhore
Of bleſt eternity.

PSALM XCI. ver. 1—7. Long Met.

Safety in public diſeaſes and dangers.

1 HE that hath made his refuge, God,
Shall find a moſt ſecure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his ſhade,
And there at night ſhall reſt his head.

2 Then will I ſay, "My God, thy pow'r
"Shall be my fortreſs and my tow'r:

" I, that am form'd of feeble duſt,
" Make thine almighty arm my truſt."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's ſnare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded ſouls a thouſand ways.

4 Juſt as a hen protects her brood
(From birds of prey that ſeek their blood)
Under her feathers, ſo the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conſpire
To dart a peſtilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are ſpread
To ſhield them with a healthful ſhade.

6 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Riſe thick, and ſcatter midnight death,
Iſrael is ſafe: The poiſon'd air
Grows pure, if Iſrael's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thouſand at thy ſide,
At thy right hand ten thouſand dy'd?
Thy God his choſen people ſaves,
Amongſt the dead, amidſt the graves.

8 So when he ſent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And ſlew their ſons, his careful eye
Paſt all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or ſword,
Receive commiſſion from the Lord,
To ſtrike his ſaints among the reſt,
Their very pains and deaths are bleſt.

10 The ſword, the peſtilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their beſt deſire;
From ſins and ſorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM XCI. 9—16. Com. Metre.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.

1 YE ſons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry ſnare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try, and truſt his care.

2 No ill ſhall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And ſweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raiſe his ſaints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways:
To watch your pillow while you ſleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands ſhall bear you, leſt you fall
And daſh againſt the ſtones;
Are they not ſervants at his call,
And ſent t' attend his ſons?

5 Adders and lions ye ſhall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the ſerpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Becauſe on me they ſet their love,
"I'll ſave them (ſaith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful ſouls above
"Deſtruction, and the ſword.

7 "My grace shall answer when they call;
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
"And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my name have known
"I'll honour them in heav'n:
"There my salvation shall be shown,
"And endless life be giv'n."

PSALM XCII. *1st Part.* Long Metre.

A Psalm for the Lord's-day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;

My inward foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then ſhall I ſee, and hear, and know,
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find ſweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCII. 2d *Part.* Long Metre.

Ver. 12, &c. *The church is the garden of God.*

1 LORD, 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſtand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be ſeen
Like a young cedar, freſh and green.

2 There grow thy ſaints in faith and love,
Bleſt with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields ſuch a comely ſight as theſe.

3 The plants of grace ſhall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace muſt thrive)
Time, that doth all things elſe impair,
Still makes them flouriſh ſtrong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they ſhew
The Lord is holy, juſt and true:
None that attend his gates ſhall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. Long Metre.

The eternal and ſovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majeſty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firſt foundation ſtands.

2 But ere this ſpacious world was made,
Or had its firſt foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
Thyſelf the ever living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations riſe,
And aim their rage againſt the ſkies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage ſo high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever ſhall thy throne endure;
Thy promiſe ſtands forever ſure;
And everlaſting holineſs
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. *1ſt Part.* Partic. Met.

1 THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high:
His robes of ſtate are ſtrength and majeſty:
This wide creation roſe at his command,
Built by his word, and 'ſtabliſh'd by his hand:
Long ſtood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King. Thy foes in vain
Raiſe their rebellion to confound thy reign:
In vain the ſtorms, in vain the floods ariſe,
And roar, and toſs their waves againſt the ſkies:
Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild commotion,
But heav'n's high arches ſcorn the ſwelling ocean.

3 Ye tempeſts, rage no more; ye floods, be ſtill;
And the mad world ſubmiſſive to his will:
Built on his truth, his church muſt ever ſtand;
Firm are his promiſes, and ſtrong his hand:
See his own ſons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footſtool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. *2d Part.* Partic. M.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal ſtate maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with ſov'reign might,
And rays of majeſty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world ſecurely ſtands;
And ſkies and ſtars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the ſtarry ſky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noiſy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Againſt thine empire rage and roar:
In vain, with angry ſpite,
The ſurly nations fight,
And daſh like waves againſt the ſhore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their pow'rs engage:
Let ſwelling tides aſſault the ſky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madneſs down;
Thy throne forever ſtands on high.

5 Thy promiſes are true,
Thy grace is ever new:
There fix'd thy church ſhall ne'er remove;
Thy ſaints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And ſing thine everlaſting love.

Repeat the fourth ſtanza, if neceſſary.

PSALM XCIV. *1ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 1, 2, 7—14.

Saints chaſtiſed, and ſinners deſtroyed; or, inſtructive afflictions.

1 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let ſov'reign pow'r redreſs our wrongs,
Let juſtice ſmite the proud.

2 They ſay, "The Lord nor ſees nor hears;"
When will the fools be wiſe!
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they ſhall feel his pow'r;
His wrath ſhall pierce their ſouls with pain,
In ſome ſurpriſing hour.

4 But if thy ſaints deſerve rebuke,
Thou haſt a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Bleſt is the man thy hands chaſtiſe,
And to his duty draw:
Thy ſcourges make thy children wiſe,
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er caſt off his ſaints,
Nor his own promiſe break;
He pardons his inheritance,
For their Redeemer's ſake.

PSALM XCIV. *2d Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 16—23.

God our ſupport and comfort; or, deliverance from temptation and perſecution.

1 WHO will ariſe and plead my right
Againſt my num'rous foes?
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppoſe.

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Suſtain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in ſilence dwelt,
My ſoul amongſt the dead.

3 "Alas! my ſliding feet," I cry'd;
Thy promiſe was my prop:
Thy grace ſtood conſtant by my ſide;
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my boſom roll,
Thy boundleſs love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my ſoul.

5 Pow'rs of iniquity may riſe,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the ſkies,
He will defend my cauſe.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blaſphemers ſcoff;
The Lord our God ſhall judge the proud,
And cut the ſinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A pſalm before prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his ſtrength rejoice;
When his ſalvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful ſight,
And pſalms of honour ſing;
The Lord's a God of boundleſs might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures ſeem,
Thoſe gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns, dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious hand;
He fix'd the ſeas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills muſt ſtand.

5 Come, and with humble ſouls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time: he bends his ear,
And waits for your requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouſe his wrath, and ſwear,
"Ye ſhall not ſee my reſt."

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A pſalm before ſermon.

1 COME, ſound his praiſe abroad,
And hymns of glory ſing;
Jehovah is the ſov'reign God,
The univerſal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the ſeas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid ground.

3 Come, worſhip at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuſe
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like ſtubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord, in vengeance dreſt,
Will lift his hand and ſwear,
"You that deſpiſe my promis'd reſt
"Shall have no portion there."

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. L. M.

Canaan loſt through unbelief: or, a warning to delaying ſinners.

1 COME, let our voices join to raiſe
A ſacred ſong of ſolemn praiſe:
God is a ſov'reign King, rehearſe
His honours in exalted verſe.

2 Come, let our ſouls addreſs the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word:
He is our ſhepherd; we the ſheep
His mercy choſe, his paſtures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counſels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The ſins and plagues that Iſr'el knew.

4 Iſr'el, that ſaw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
A faithleſs unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5 Thus ſaith the Lord, "How falſe they prove!
"Forget my pow'r; abuſe my love:
"Since they deſpiſe my reſt, I ſwear
"Their feet ſhall never enter there."

6 [Look back, my ſoul, with holy dread,
And view thoſe ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor loſe the bleſſing by delay.

7 Seize the kind promiſe, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates:
Believe, and take the promis'd reſt,
Obey, and be forever bleſt.]

PSALM XCVI. 1, 10, &c. Com. Met.

Chriſt's firſt and ſecond coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye diſtant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
His new-diſcover'd grace demands
A new and nobler ſong.

2 Say to the nations, Jeſus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His pow'r the ſinking world ſuſtains,
And grace ſurrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be ſeen;
Let cities ſhine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unuſual joy ſurpriſe
The iſlands of the ſea:
Ye mountains ſink, ye vallies riſe,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bleſs
The nations as their God;
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And ſend his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice ſhall raiſe the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To ſee their Judge appear!

PSALM XCVI. Particular Metre.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 LET all the earth their voices raiſe,
To ſing the choiceſt pſalm of praiſe,
To ſing and bleſs Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations ſhow,
And all his ſaving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord;
The wond'ring nations read thy word;
Among us is JEHOVAH known:
Our worſhip ſhall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the ſky,
He made the ſhining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majeſty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth ſhall feel his ſaving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then ſhall the race of man confeſs
The beauty of his holineſs,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. *1ſt Part.* Long Met.

Ver. 1—5.

Chriſt reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.

1 HE reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns,
Praiſe him in evangelic ſtrains;
Let the whole earth in ſongs rejoice,
And diſtant iſlands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counſels and unknown;
But grace and truth ſupport his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the ſeas retire.

4 His enemies, with ſore diſmay,
Fly from the ſight, and ſhun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye ſaints, on high,
And ſing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM XCVII. 2*d Part.* Long Met.

Ver. 6—9. *Chriſt's incarnation.*

1 THE Lord is come, the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown ſtar directs the road
Of eaſtern ſages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the ſkies,
Go, worſhip where the Saviour lies!
Angels and kings before him bow,
Thoſe gods on high and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worſhippers confound:
But Judah ſhout, but Zion ſing,
And earth confeſs her ſov'reign King.

PSALM XCVII. 3*d Part.* Long Met.

Grace and glory.

1 THE Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the ſky;
Though clouds and darkneſs veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-ſeat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of ſin and ſhame;
He guards the ſouls of all his friends,
And from the ſnares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the ſaints in darkneſs ſown;
Thoſe glorious ſeeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright harveſt bleſs our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The ſacred honours of the Lord;
None but the ſoul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holineſs.

PSALM XCVII. Common Metre.

Ver. 1, 3, 5—7, 11.

Chriſt's incarnation, and the laſt judgment.

1 YE iſlands of the Northern ſea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His preſence ſinks the proudeſt hills,
And makes the vallies riſe;
The humble ſoul enjoys his ſmiles,
The haughty ſinner dies.

3 The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim!
The idol gods around
Fill their own worſhippers with ſhame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made the Redeemer known;
Thus ſhall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes ſhall tremble at his ſight,
And hills and ſeas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The ſeeds of joy and glory ſown
For ſaints in darkneſs here,
Shall riſe and ſpring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harveſt bear.

PSALM XCVIII. 1*ſt Part.* Com. M.

Praiſe for the goſpel.

1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addreſs'd;

His great ſalvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the nations bleſs'd.

2 He ſpake the word to Abrah'm firſt,
His truth fulfils his grace;
The Gentiles make his name their truſt,
And learn his righteouſneſs.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And ſpread the honours of his name
In melody and ſongs.

PSALM XCVIII. 2d *Part.* Com. M.

The Meſſiah's coming and kingdom.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature ſing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their ſongs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the ſounding joy.

3 No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
Nor thorns infeſt the ground;
He comes to make his bleſſings flow
Far as the curſe is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteouſneſs,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. 1*ſt Part.* Short Met.

Chriſt's kingdom and majeſty.

1 THE God JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
And ſaints be humble there.

2 Jeſus, the Saviour, reigns!
Let earth adore its Lord,
Bright cherubs his attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine:
His church ſhall make his wonders known,
For there his glories ſhine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praiſe!
Juſtice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM XCIX. 2*d Part.* Short Met.

A holy God worſhipped with reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worſhip at his feet:
His nature is all holineſs,
And mercy is his ſeat.

2 When Iſr'el was his church,
When Aaron was his prieſt,
When Moſes cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people reſt.

3 Oft he forgave their ſins,
Nor would deſtroy their race;

And oft he made his vengeance know
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM C. 1*st Part.* Long M

A plain translation. *Praise to our C*

1 YE nations of the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reig
Serve him with cheerful heart and vo
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours ther

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM C. 2*d Part.* Long M

A paraphrase.

1 SING to the Lord with joyful voic
Let ev'ry land his name adore;
The Northern isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean, to the shore.

2 Nations attend before his throne,
With ſolemn fear, with ſacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he deſtroy.

3 His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

4 We are his people, we his care,
Our ſouls and all our mortal frame:
What laſting honours ſhall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth, with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

6 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vaſt as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

The magiſtrate's pſalm.

1 MERCY and judgment are my ſong!
And ſince they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my ſongs and vows I'll bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the ſword,
I'll take my counſels from thy word;
Thy juſtice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wiſdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reſide;
No wicked thing ſhall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealouſy.

4 No ſons of ſlander, rage and ſtrife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors ſhall ne'er abide.

5 [I'll ſearch the land, and raiſe the juſt
To poſts of honour, wealth and truſt;
The men that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and fav'rites ſtill.]

6 In vain ſhall ſinners hope to riſe
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender ſhan't be ſpar'd.

7 The impious crew, that factious band,
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public reſt,
Where I have pow'r, ſhall be ſuppreſs'd.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A pſalm for a maſter of a family.

1 OF juſtice and of grace I ſing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and juſtice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my houſe.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy ſervant wiſe;
I'll ſuffer nothing near me there
That ſhall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falſehood or by force,

The ſcornful eye, the ſland'rous tongue,
I'll thruſt them from my doors.

4 I'll ſeek the faithful and the juſt,
And will their help enjoy;
Theſe are the friends that I ſhall truſt,
The ſervants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in ſly deceit,
I'll not endure a night:
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
And baniſh from my ſight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So ſhall my houſe be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII. *1ſt Part.* Com. Metre.

Ver. 1—13, 20, 21.

A prayer of the afflicted.

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But anſwer, leſt I die;
Haſt thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when ſinners cry?

2 My days are waſted like the ſmoke
Diſſolving in the air;
My ſtrength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And ſinking in deſpair.

3 My ſpirits flag, like with'ring graſs
Burnt with exceſſive heat;
In ſecret groans my minutes paſs,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on ſome lonely building's top,
The ſparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I ſit and grieve alone.

5 My ſoul is like a wilderneſs,
Where beaſts of midnight howl;
There the ſad raven finds her place,
And there the ſcreaming owl.

6 Dark diſmal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breaſt;
While ſharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my ſpirit reſt.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repaſt;
My daily bread like aſhes grows
Unpleaſant to my taſte.

8 Senſe can afford no real joy
To ſouls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath caſt me down.

9 My locks like wither'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint, as ev'ning ſhadows are,
That vaniſh into night.

10 But thou forever art the ſame,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come ſhall know thy name,
And ſpread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt ariſe, and ſhew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears his ſaints, he knows their cry,
And by myſterious ways
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praiſe.

PSALM CII. *2d Part.* Com. Metre.

Ver. 13—21. *Prayer heard, and Zion reſtored.*

1 LET Zion and her ſons rejoice!
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2 Her duſt and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Thoſe ruins ſhall be built again,
And all that duſt ſhall riſe.

3 The Lord will raiſe Jeruſalem,
And ſtand in glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He ſits a ſov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And ſees their ſighs ariſe.

5 He frees the ſouls condemn'd to death;
And when his ſaints complain,
It ſhan't be ſaid "that praying breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain."

6 This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt, and praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CII. 23—28. Long Metre.

Man's mortality and Chriſt's eternity; or, ſaints die, but Chriſt and the church live.

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our ſtrength amidſt the race;

Diſeaſe and death, at his command,
Arreſt us, and cut ſhort our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our ſun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And muſt thy children die ſo ſoon?

3 Yet in the midſt of death and grief
This thought our ſorrow ſhall aſſuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
"Chriſt is the ſame through ev'ry age."

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, theſe heav'ns ſhall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The ſtarry curtains of the ſky,
Like garments, ſhall be laid aſide;
But ſtill thy throne ſtands firm and high;
Thy church forever muſt abide.

6 Before thy face thy church ſhall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead ſaints be rais'd again.

PSALM CIII. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

Ver. 1—7.

Bleſſing God for his goodneſs to ſoul and body.

1 BLESS, O my ſoul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy higheſt praiſe;

Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in ſilence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done;
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the ſoul from hell, and ſaves
Our waſting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He ſatisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

6 He ſees th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſs'd,
And often gives the ſuff'rers reſt;
But will his juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt great rewarding day.

7 [His pow'r he ſhew'd by Moſes' hands,
And gave to Iſr'el his commands;
But ſent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confeſs,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew ſhall join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.]

PSALM CIII. 2*d Part*. Long Metre.

Ver. 8—18.

God's gentle chaſtiſement; or, his tender mercy to his people.

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth, how large his grace!

He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half ſo high his power hath ſpread
The ſtarry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praiſe,
Exceeds the higheſt hopes we raiſe.

3 Not half ſo far hath nature plac'd
The riſing morning from the weſt,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of thoſe he loves.

4 How ſlowly doth his wrath ariſe!
On ſwifter wings ſalvation flies:
And if he lets his anger burn,
How ſoon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidſt his wrath compaſſion ſhines;
His ſtrokes are lighter than our ſins;
And while his rod corrects his ſaints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young ſons chaſtiſe,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the ſmart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wiſe and juſt,
Knows that our frame is feeble duſt;
And will no heavy loads impoſe
Beyond the ſtrength that he beſtows.

8 He knows how ſoon our nature dies,
Blaſted by ev'ry wind that flies;
Like graſs we ſpring, and die as ſoon
As morning flow'rs that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is ſure
To all the ſaints, and ſhall endure;
From age to age his truth ſhall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. 1ſt *Part.* Short Metre.

Ver. 1—7.

Praiſe for ſpiritual and temporal mercies.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my ſoul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bleſs his name,
Whoſe favours are divine.

2 O bleſs the Lord, my ſoul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulneſs,
And without praiſes die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy ſins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy ſickneſſes,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ranſom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my ſoul from hell,
Hath ſov'reign pow'r to ſave.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the ſuff'rers reſt;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And juſtice for th' oppreſs'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moſes known;
But ſent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. 2d *Part.* Sho

Ver. 8—18.

Abounding compaſſion of God; or, mercy of judgment.

1 MY ſoul, repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo gre
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his ſtrokes are felt,
His ſtrokes are fewer than our crin
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

4 His pow'r ſubdues our ſins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To thoſe that fear his name,
Is ſuch as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but duſt,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;
His anger, like a riſing wind,
Can ſend us ſwift to death.

7 Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the fie
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promiſe ſure.

PSALM CIII. 3d *Part.* Short Metre.

Ver. 19—22.

God's univerſal dominion; or, angels praiſe the Lord.

1 THE Lord, the ſov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the ſky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And ſwift to do his will,
Bleſs ye the Lord, whoſe voice ye hear,
Whoſe pleaſure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hoſts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praiſe they ſing.

4 While all his wondrous works
Through his vaſt kingdom ſhew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my ſoul,
Shall ſing his graces too.

PSALM CIV. Long Metre.

The glory of God in creation and providence.

MY ſoul, thy great Creator praiſe;
When cloth'd in his celeſtial rays,
He in full majeſty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

[NOTE. This pſalm may be ſung to a different metre, by adding the following two lines to every ſtanza, viz.

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?]

2 The heav'ns are for his curtain ſpread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed:
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged ſtorms acroſs the ſkies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inſpires,
His miniſters are flaming fires;
And ſwift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and ſhall forever ſtand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Leſt it ſhould drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains ſtood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The ſwelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by ſecret veins,
They ſpring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the cryſtal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirſt allay,
And for the ſtream wild aſſes bray.

8 From pleaſant trees which ſhade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their ſongs the lark and linnet raiſe,
And chide our ſilence in his praiſe.

PAUSE I.

9 God, from his cloudy ciſtern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching ſhow'rs:
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thouſand joyful bleſſings yield.

10 He makes the graſſy food ariſe,
And gives the cattle large ſupplies;
With herbs for man, of various pow'r,
To nouriſh nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruits the vines produce!
The olive yields an uſeful juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces ſhine.

12 O bleſs his name, ye people, fed
With nature's chief ſupporter, bread:
While bread your vital ſtrength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the ſtately cedar ſtands,
Rais'd in the foreſt by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for ſhelter fly,
And build their neſts ſecure on high.

14 To craggy hills aſcends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wiſdom where to dwell.

15 He ſets the ſun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkneſs veils the day,
Calls out wild beaſts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, aſk their meat from God;

But when the morning beams ariſe,
The ſavage beaſt to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repoſe:
Sleep is thy gift, that ſweet relief
From tireſome toil and waſting grief.

18 How ſtrange thy works! how great thy ſkill,
And ev'ry land thy riches fill;
Thy wiſdom round the world we ſee,
This ſpacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor leſs thy glories in the deep,
Where fiſh in millions ſwim and creep,
With wondrous motions ſwift or ſlow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

20 There ſhips divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of ſcaly monſters play;
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and ſports in ſpite of man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vaſt are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature reſts upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures ſtand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praiſe in diff'rent forms.

23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying, to their duſt return;
Both man and beaſt their ſouls reſign;
Life, breath, and ſpirit, all are thine.

24 Yet thou canſt breathe on duſt again,
And fill the world with beaſts and men;

A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waſtes of time and death.

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praiſe.

26 The earth ſtands trembling at thy ſtroke,
And at thy touch the mountains ſmoke;
Yet humble ſouls may ſee thy face,
And tell their wants to ſov'reign grace.

27 In thee my hopes and wiſhes meet,
And make my meditations ſweet;
Thy praiſes ſhall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endleſs joy.

28 While haughty ſinners die accurſt,
Their glory bury'd in the duſt,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs ſing.

PSALM CV. Abridged. Com. Met.

God's conduct to Iſrael, and the plagues of Egypt.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may ſeek his face.

2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages paſt,
To num'rous ages, yet behind,
In equal force ſhall laſt.

3 He ſware to Abrah'm and his ſeed,
And made the bleſſing ſure;
Gentiles the ancient promiſe read,
And find his truth endure.

4 "Thy ſeed ſhall make all nations bleſt,"
(Said the Almighty voice)
"And Canaan's land ſhall be their reſt,
"The type of heav'nly joys."

5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were ſtrangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
"Shall ſoon revenge the wrong:
"The man that does my prophets harm,
"Shall know their God is ſtrong."

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Iſr'el muſt live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE I.

9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the ſaints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moſes was ſent, at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10 He call'd for darkneſs; darkneſs came
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry ſtream
To lakes and ſtreams of blood.

11 He gave the ſign, and noiſome flies
Through the whole country ſpread;
And frogs, in croaking armies, riſe
About the monarch's bed.

12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The ten-fold vengeance flew;
Locuſts in ſwarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle ſlew.

13 Then by an angel's midnight ſtroke,
The flow'r of Egypt dy'd;
The ſtrength of ev'ry houſe was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Iſr'el muſt live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground:
Each ſome Egyptian ſpoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himſelf choſe out their way,
And mark'd their journies right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirſt; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following ſtill the courſe they took,
Ran all the deſert through.

18 O wondrous ſtream! O bleſſed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Chriſt our rock maintains our life
Through all this wilderneſs.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand,
The choſen tribes poſſeſs'd
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their reſt.

Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Iſr'el muſt live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM CVI. ver. 1—5. Long Met.

Praiſe to God; or, communion with ſaints.

TO God the great, the ever bleſs'd,
Let ſongs of honour be addreſs'd;
His mercy firm forever ſtands!
Give him the thanks his love demands.

Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs praiſe?
Bleſt are the ſouls that fear thee ſtill,
And pay their duty to thy will.

Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy choſen ſeed;
And with the ſame ſalvation bleſs
The meaneſt ſuppliant of thy grace.

O may I ſee thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy ſaints, and near to thee.

PSALM CVI. Short Metre.

Ver. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48.

Iſrael puniſhed and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable love.

GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Iſr'el prove
Thy conſtancy of grace!

2 They ſaw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praiſe they ſung;
But ſoon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now, with their luſts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans;
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them ſtill his ſons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He ſav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chaſtis'd, but ne'er forſook
The people that he choſe.

6 Let Iſr'el bleſs the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Chriſtians join the ſolemn word,
Amen, to all the praiſe.

PSALM CVII. *1ſt Part.* Long Metre.

Iſrael led to Canaan, and Chriſtians to heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy, ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record:
Iſr'el, the nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty foes.

3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,

4 Then how the frighted ſinners fly
To God for help, with earneſt cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And ſaves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cine could effect the cure
So quick, ſo eaſy, or ſo ſure;
The deadly ſentence God repeals;
He ſends his ſov'reign word, and heals.

6 O may the ſons of men record
The wondrous goodneſs of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM CVII. *4th Part.* Long Met.

Deliverance from ſtorms and ſhipwreck; or, the ſeaman's ſong.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the ſeas.

2 They leave their native ſhores behind,
And ſeize the favour of the wind,
Till God commands, and tempeſts riſe,
That heave the ocean to the ſkies.

3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain;
Now ſink to dreadful deeps again;
What ſtrange affrights young ſailors feel,
And like a ſtagg'ring drunkard reel!

4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Loſt to all hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud addreſs,
And ſends ſalvation in diſtreſs.

5 He bids the winds their wrath aſſuage;
The furious waves forget their rage:

'Tis calm; and ſailors ſmile to ſee
The haven where they wiſh'd to be.

6 O may the ſons of men record
The wondrous goodneſs of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory ſing.

PSALM CVII. Common Metre.

The mariner's pſalm.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The ſons of courage ſhall record,
Who trade in floating ſhips.

2 At thy command the winds ariſe,
And ſwell the tow'ring waves;
The men, aſtoniſh'd, mount the ſkies,
And ſink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And plunge in deeps again:
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempeſt roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath;
And, hopeleſs of the diſtant ſhore,
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raiſe their cries,
He hears their loud requeſt,
And orders ſilence through the ſkies,
And lays the floods to reſt.

6 Sailors rejoice to loſe their fears,
And ſee the ſtorm allay'd:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

PSALM CVII. *Last Part.* Long Met.

Colonies planted; or, nations blest and punished.

A Psalm for New-England.

1 WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send show'ry blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruits supply their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are blest: but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their children die by barb'rous hands.

6 Their captive ſons, expos'd to ſcorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And deſolation ſpreads the field.

7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

8 The righteous, with a joyful ſenſe,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheiſts ſhall no more
Blaſpheme the God that ſaints adore.

9 How few with pious care record
Theſe wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wiſe obſervers ſtill ſhall find
The Lord is holy, juſt, and kind.

PSALM CIX. 1—5, 31. Com. Met.

Love to enemies, from the example of Chriſt.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praiſe,
Thy glory is my ſong,
Though ſinners ſpeak againſt thy grace
With a blaſpheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel ſlanders, falſe and vain,
They compaſs'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compaſſion move,
Their peace he ſtill purſu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cauſe;
Yet with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'rers on his croſs,
And bleſs'd his foes in death.

5 Lord, ſhall thy bright example ſhine
In vain before mine eyes?
Give me a ſoul a-kin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord ſhall on my ſide engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I ſhall defeat their pride and rage,
Who ſlander and condemn.

PSALM CX. 1ſt *Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt exalted, and multitudes converted: or, the ſucceſs of the goſpel.

1 THUS the eternal Father ſpake
To Chriſt the Son, "Aſcend and ſit
"At my right hand, till I ſhall make
"Thy foes ſubmiſſive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion ſhall thy word proceed;
"Thy word, the ſceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day ſhall ſhew thy pow'r is great,
"When ſaints ſhall flock with willing minds,
"And ſinners crowd thy temple-gate,
"Where holineſs in beauty ſhines."

4 O bleſſed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large victʼry ſhall enſue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM CX. 2d *Part.* Long Metre.

The kingdom and prieſthood of Chriſt.

1 THUS the great Lord of earth and ſea
Spake to his Son, and thus he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
"And change from hand to hand no more.

2 "Aaron and all his ſons muſt die,
"But everlaſting life is thine,
"To ſave forever thoſe that fly
"For refuge from the wrath divine.

3 "By me Melchizedek was made
"On earth a king and prieſt at once;
"And thou, my heav'nly prieſt, ſhalt plead,
"And thou, my king, ſhalt rule my ſons."

4 Jeſus the prieſt aſcends his throne,
While counſels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and ſucceſs.

5 Through the whole earth his reign ſhall ſpread,
And cruſh the pow'rs that dare rebel;
Then ſhall he judge the riſing dead,
And ſend the guilty world to hell.

6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The ſuff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

Chriſt's kingdom and prieſthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, aſcend thy throne,
And near thy Father ſit:
In Zion ſhall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes ſubmit.

2 What wonders ſhall thy goſpel do!
Thy converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy ſov'reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
"When Aaron is no more.

4 "Melchizedek, that wondrous prieſt,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man, who Abrah'm bleſt,
"Was but a type of thee."

5 Jeſus our prieſt forever lives
To plead for us above;
Jeſus our king forever gives
The bleſſings of his love.

6 God ſhall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall ſtrike the pow'rs and princes dead
Who dare oppoſe his reign.

PSALM CXI. 1*ſt Part.* Com. Metre.

The wiſdom of God in his works.

1 SONGS of immortal praiſe belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To ſpread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our ſight!
Good men in ev'ry age have ſought
His wonders with delight.

3 How moſt exact is nature's frame!
How wiſe th' eternal Mind!

His counſels never change the ſcheme
That his firſt thoughts deſign'd.

4 When he redeem'd his choſen ſons,
He fix'd his cov'nant ſure:
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endleſs years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and ſkies,
Thy heav'nly ſkill proclaim;
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy pow'r, to truſt thy grace,
Is our divineſt ſkill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our race,
That beſt obeys thy will.

PSALM CXI. *2d Part.* Com. Metre.

The perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our nobleſt ſongs:
Let his aſſembled ſaints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promiſe good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To ſeal his cov'nant ſure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are juſt and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wiſe
Muſt with his fear begin,
Our faireſt proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry ſin.

PSALM CXII. Particular Metre.

The bleſſings of the liberal man.

1 THAT man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law:
His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd;
His houſe the ſeat of wealth ſhall be,
An inexhauſted treaſury,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.

2 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He ſaves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's juſt to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms beſtow'd,
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd:
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of bleſſings for his heirs,
When dying nature ſleeps in duſt.

4 Beſet with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground;
His conſcience holds his courage up:
The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night;
And ſees in darkneſs beams of hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill tidings never can ſurpriſe
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
Though waves and tempeſts roar around:
Safe on a rock he ſits, and ſees
The ſhipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6 The wicked ſhall his triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations croſs'd;
They and their envy, pride and ſpite,
Sink down to everlaſting night,
And all their names in darkneſs loſt.]

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The bleſſings of the pious and charitable.

1 THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and truſts his word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And bleſſings to his ſeed deſcend.

2 Compaſſion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy ſtill inclin'd:
He lends the poor ſome preſent aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings ſpread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd againſt the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.

4 His ſoul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidſt the darkneſs light ſhall riſe,
To cheer his heart, and bleſs his eyes.

5 He hath diſpers'd his alms abroad,
His works are ſtill before his God;
His name on earth ſhall long remain,
While envious ſinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,

Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breaſt
To all the ſons of need;
So God ſhall anſwer his requeſt
With bleſſings on his ſeed.

3 No evil tidings ſhall ſurpriſe
His well eſtabliſh'd mind;
His ſoul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general diſtreſs,
Some beams of light ſhall ſhine,
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his ſure reward.

PSALM CXIII. Particular Metre.

The majeſty and condeſcenſion of God.

1 YE that delight to ſerve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His ſacred name forever bleſs:
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays,
Let lands and ſeas his pow'r confeſs.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vaſt dominion bounds;
The heav'ns are far below his height:
Let no created greatneſs dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might!

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name:
The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praises and her joys:
Let every age advance his fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

God sovereign and gracious.

1 YE servants of th' Almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praises sing:
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time, nor place, his pow'r restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love; he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;

Gives them the honour of his ſons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren houſe rejoice:
Though Sarah's ninety years were paſt,
The promis'd ſeed is born at laſt.

7 With joy the mother views her ſon,
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow ſtrong when ſenſe deſpairs:
If nature fails, the promiſe bears.]

PSALM CXIV. Long Metre.

Miracles attending Iſrael's journey.

1 WHEN Iſr'el, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Acroſs the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains ſhook like frighted ſheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign pow'r at hand.

4 What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire, and know th* approaching God,

The King of Isr'el: See him here!
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools he turns:
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM CXV. Long Metre.

The true God our refuge; or, idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame,
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?"

3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best, a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

5 [With eyes and ears, they carve their head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind:
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O Isr'el, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest:
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence in the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

PSALM CXV. Particular Metre.

Popish idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name.
Shine through the earth from heav'n thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God!"

2 Heav'n is thy higher court, there stands thy throne,
And through the lower worlds thy will is done.
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither sees nor hears:
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move;
They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r, nor love;
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.

4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold;
The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock;
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and priests drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to ſay,
Which is more ſtupid, or their gods, or they.
O Iſr'el, truſt the Lord! he hears and ſees,
He knows thy ſorrows, and reſtores thy peace:
His worſhip does a thouſand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thy heav'nly ſhield.

6 In God we truſt; our impious foes in vain
Attempt our ruin, and oppoſe his reign;
Had they prevail'd, darkneſs had clos'd our days,
And death and ſilence had forbid his praiſe:
But we are ſav'd, and live: Let ſongs ariſe,
And Zion bleſs the God that built the ſkies.

PSALM CXVI. *1ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Recovery from ſickneſs.

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pity'd every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles riſe,
I'll haſten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
O let my heart no more deſpair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 My fleſh declin'd, my ſpirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God, I cry'd, thy ſervant ſave,
"Thou ever good and juſt;
"Thy pow'r can reſcue from the grave,
"Thy pow'r is all my truſt."

5 The Lord beheld me ſore diſtreſt,
He bid my pains remove:

Return, my ſoul, to God, thy reſt,
For thou haſt known his love.

6 My God hath ſav'd my ſoul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears:
Now to his praiſe I'll ſpend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. *2d Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 12, &c. *Vows, made in trouble, paid in the church; or, public thanks for private deliverance.*

1 WHAT ſhall I render to my God
For all his kindneſs ſhown?
My feet ſhall viſit thine abode,
My ſongs addreſs thy throne.

2 Among the ſaints that fill thine houſe
My offrings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my zeal perform the vows
My ſoul in anguiſh made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-bleſſed God!
How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou haſt made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor ſhall my purpoſe move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witneſs, ye ſaints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all nations.

1 O ALL ye nations, praiſe the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue:
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be ſung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad:
Forever firm his truth ſhall ſtand;
Praiſe ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

1 FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall ſound through diſtant lands;
Great is thy grace, and ſure thy word,
Thy truth forever ſtands.

2 Far be thine honour ſpread,
And long thy praiſe endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning ſhade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. 1*st Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 6—15. *Deliverance from a tumult.*

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
Of what the ſons of earth can do,
Since Heav'n affords me aid.

2 'Tis ſafer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than truſt in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beſet me round;
A large and angry ſwarm!
But I ſhall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.

4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is ſtrong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his ſalvation is my ſong,
How cheerful is my voice!

5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears, they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling ſound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.

6 Joy to the ſaints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days;
Let Iſr'el tune immortal ſongs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM CXVIII. 2*d Part.* Com. M.

Ver. 17—21.

Public praiſe for deliverance from death.

1 LORD, thou haſt heard thy ſervant cry,
And reſcu'd from the grave;

Now ſhall he live; (and none can die,
If God reſolve to ſave.)

2 Thy praiſe, more conſtant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chaſtis'd him ſore,
Defends him ſtill from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we ſhall worſhip there;
The houſe where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Amongſt th' aſſemblies of thy ſaints
Our thankful voice we raiſe:
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we ſpeak thy praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. *3d Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 22, 23. *Chriſt the foundation of his church.*

1 BEHOLD the ſure foundation-ſtone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praiſe.

2 Choſen of God, to ſinners dear,
And ſaints adore the name;
They truſt their whole ſalvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer ſhame.

3 The fooliſh builders, ſcribe and prieſt,
Reject it with diſdain;
Yet on this rock the church ſhall reſt,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withſtood,
Yet muſt this building riſe:
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. *4th Part.* Com. M.

Ver. 24—26. *Hoſanna; the Lord's-day; or, Chriſt's reſurrection and our ſalvation.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

2 To-day he roſe and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the ſaints his triumphs ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; deſcend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bleſt be the Lord, who comes to men
With meſſages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To ſave our ſinful race.

5 Hoſanna in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe;
The higheſt heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Short Met.

An hoſanna for the Lord's-day; or, a new ſong of ſalvation by Chriſt.

1 SEE what a living ſtone
The builders did refuſe;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In ſpite of envious Jews.

2 The Scribe and angry prieſt
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock ſhall Zion reſt,
As the chief corner ſtone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jeſus riſe.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and ſing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hoſanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bleſs him, ye ſaints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bleſs thine holy word,
Which all this grace diſplays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our ſacrifice of praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Long M.

An hoſanna for the Lord's-day; or, a new ſong of ſalvation by Chriſt.

1 LO! what a glorious corner-ſtone
The Jewiſh builders did refuſe;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In ſpite of envy, and the Jews.

2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that ſaw our Saviour riſe.

3 Sinners rejoice, and ſaints be glad:
Hoſanna, let his name be bleſt;
A thouſand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory reſt!

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church addreſs their King
With hearts of joy, and ſongs of praiſe.

PSALM CXIX.

I have collected and diſpoſed the moſt uſeful verſes of this Pſalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a Divine Song *upon each of them. But the verſes are much tranſpoſed to attain ſome degree of connexion.*

In ſome places, among the words law, commands, judgments, teſtimonies, *I have uſed* goſpel, word, grace, truth, promiſes, *&c. as more agreeable to the New Teſtament, and the common language of Chriſtians, and it equally anſwers the deſign of the Pſalmiſt, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.*

PSALM CXIX. 1*ſt Part.* Com. Met.

The bleſſedneſs of ſaints, and miſery of ſinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 BLEST are th' undefil'd in heart,
Whoſe ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry ſin.

2 Bleſt are the men that keep thy word,
And practiſe thy commands;
With their whole heart they ſeek the Lord,
And ſerve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their ſouls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their ſteady feet aſide.

Ver. 6.

4 Then ſhall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from ſhame,
When all thy ſtatutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5 But haughty ſinners God will hate,
The proud ſhall die accurſt;
The ſons of falſehood and deceit
Are trodden to the duſt.

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the droſs the wicked are;
And thoſe that leave thy ways
Shall ſee ſalvation from afar,
But never taſte thy grace.

PSALM CXIX. 2*d Part.* Com. Met.

Secret devotion and ſpiritual-mindedneſs; or, conſtant converſe with God.

Ver. 147, 55.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

2 My ſpirit faints to ſee thy grace;
Thy promiſe bears me up;
And while ſalvation long delays,
Thy word ſupports my hope.

Ver 164.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;

Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praiſe from me.

Ver. 62.

4 When midnight darkneſs veils the ſkies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion riſe,
And ſweet acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. *3d Part.* Com. Met.

Profeſſions of ſincerity, repentance and obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haſte t' obey thy word,
And ſuffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I chooſe the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me ſo rejoice.

3 The teſtimonies of thy grace
I ſet before mine eyes:
Thence I derive my daily ſtrength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And truſt thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
O ſave thy ſervant, Lord!
Thou art my ſhield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

5 Thou haſt inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy ſtatutes to fulfil:
And thus till mortal life ſhall end
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM CXIX. 4*th Part.* Com. Met.

Inſtruction from ſcripture.

Ver. 9.

1 HOW ſhall the young ſecure their hearts,
And guard their lives from ſin?
Thy word the choiceſt rules imparts,
To keep the conſcience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It ſpreads ſuch light abroad,
The meaneſt ſouls inſtruction find,
And raiſe their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the ſun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiſer than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wiſe;
I hate the ſinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that riſe,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6 [The ſtarry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place:
And theſe thy ſervants, night and day,
Thy ſkill and pow'r expreſs.

7 But ſtill thy law and goſpel, Lord,
Have leſſons more divine;
Not earth ſtands firmer than thy word,
Nor ſtars ſo nobly ſhine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

8 Thy word is everlaſting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book ſhall guide our youth,
And well ſupport our age.

PSALM CXIX. *5th Part.* Com. Met.

Delight in ſcripture; or, the word of God dwelling in us.

Ver. 97.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking eyes prevent the days
To meditate thy word:
My ſoul with longing melts away
To hear thy goſpel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tireſome pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly ſong.

Ver. 19, 103.

4 Am I a ſtranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feaſt;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taſte.

Ver. 72, 127.

5 No treaſures ſo enrich the mind;
Nor ſhall thy word be ſold
For loads of ſilver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choiceſt gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature ſinks, and ſpirits droop,
Thy promiſes of grace
Are pillars to ſupport my hope,
And there I write thy praiſe.

PSALM CXIX. *6th Part.* Com. Met.

Holineſs and comfort from the word.

Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I eſteem thy judgments right,
And all thy ſtatutes juſt;
Thence I maintain a conſtant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring luſt.

Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I ſurvey:
I keep thy law in ſight,
Through all the buſineſs of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My heart in midnight ſilence cries,
"How ſweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder riſe,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

4 And when my ſpirit drinks her fill,
At ſome good word of thine,
Not mighty men that ſhare the ſpoil
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. *7th Part.* Com. Met.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of ſcripture.

Ver. 96 paraphraſed.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the moſt perfect rules they gave
Could ſhew one ſin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a ſtep beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 I've ſeen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How ſhort the pow'rs of nature fall,
And can no farther go!

4 Yet men would fain be juſt with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.

5 In vain we boaſt perfection here,
While ſin defiles our frame;
And ſinks our virtues down ſo far,
They ſcarce deſerve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. 8*th Part.* Com. Met.

The word of God is the ſaint's portion; or, the excellency and variety of ſcripture.

Ver. 111 paraphraſed.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My laſting heritage;
There ſhall my nobleſt pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hiſt'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in ſight,
While through the promiſes I rove
With ever freſh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where ſprings of life ariſe;
Seeds of immortal bliſs are ſown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The beſt relief that mourners have,
It makes our ſorrows bleſt;
Our faireſt hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal reſt.

PSALM CXIX. 9*th Part.* Com. Met.

Deſire of knowledge; or, the teachings of the Spirit with the word.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And ſee thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My heart was faſhion'd by thy hand,
My ſervice is thy due;

O make thy ſervant underſtand
The duties he muſt do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a ſtranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet ſhould go,
And be my conſtant guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confeſs'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heardſt my ſoul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I ſhall ſtray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his ſtatutes ſhew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work forever I'll purſue,
His law ſhall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law;
Nor let that bleſſed goſpel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways:
My thankful lips, inſpir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praiſe.]

PSALM CXIX. 10*th Part.* Com. Met.

Pleading the promiſes.

Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting ſervant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Haſt thou not ſent ſalvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart addreſs thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

3 Mine eyes for thy ſalvation fail;
O bear thy ſervant up!
Nor let the ſcoffing lips prevail,
Which dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4 Didſt thou not raiſe my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints ſhall rejoice in my reward,
And truſt as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. 11*th Part.* Com. M.

Breathing after holineſs.

Ver. 5, 33.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

2 O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. 12*th Part.* Com. M.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Ver. 153.

1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear;

Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my ſhame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a ſurety, Lord, for me;
Nor let the proud oppreſs;
But make thy waiting ſervant ſee
The ſhinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

4 Mine eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
"And make my comforts riſe?"

Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my ſorrows, Lord,
And ſhew thy grace the ſame,
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To thoſe that love thy name.

PSALM CXIX. 13*th Part.* Com. M.

Holy fear, and tenderneſs of conſcience.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole heart I've ſought thy face,
O let me never ſtray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the ſinner's way!

Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conſcience clean,
And be an everlaſting guard
From ev'ry riſing ſin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a companion of the ſaints,
Who fear and love the Lord:

My ſorrows riſe, my nature faints,
When men tranſgreſs thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4 While ſinners do thy goſpel wrong,
My ſpirit ſtands in awe;
My ſoul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

5 My heart with ſacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My fleſh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy ſalvation ſtill;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM CXIX. 14*th Part.* Com. M.

Benefit of afflictions, and ſupport under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my ſorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance ſend;
My ſoul for thy ſalvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new diſtreſs begins,

I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former ſins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My ſoul, oppreſt with ſorrows weight,
Had ſunk amongſt the dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may ſeem ſevere:
The ſharpeſt ſuff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chaſt'ning rod,
My feet were apt to ſtray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM CXIX. 15*th Part.* Com. Met.

Holy reſolutions.

Ver. 93.

1 O THAT thy ſtatutes, ev'ry hour,
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My ſoul ſhall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart diſcharge

From ſin and Satan's hateful chains,
And ſet my feet at large!

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My lips with courage ſhall declare
Thy ſtatutes and thy name;
I'll ſpeak thy word, though kings ſhould hear,
Nor yield to ſinful ſhame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let bands of perſecutors riſe
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whoſe hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And muſt obey his will.

PSALM CXIX. 16*th Part.* Com. M.

Prayer for quickening grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

1 MY ſoul lies cleaving to the duſt;
Lord, give me life divine!
From vain deſires, and ev'ry luſt,
Turn off theſe eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To ſpeed me in thy way,
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet aſtray.

Ver. 107.

3 When ſore afflictions preſs me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word, that I have reſted on,
Shall help my heavieſt hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4 Are not thy mercies ſov'reign ſtill,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to ſee thy face?
And yet how ſlow my ſpirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!

Ver. 93.

6 Then ſhall I love thy goſpel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *17th Part.* Long Met.

Courage and perſeverance under perſecution; or, grace ſhining in difficulties and trials.

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN pain and anguiſh ſeize me, Lord,
All my ſupport is from thy word:
My ſoul diſſolves for heavineſs,
Uphold me with thy ſtrength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have fram'd their ſcoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my ſoul to ſnares and ſin;
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cauſe,
They hate to ſee me love thy laws;
But I will truſt and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with ſhame.

PSALM CXIX. *Laſt Part.* Long M.

Sanctified afflictions; or, delight in the word of God.

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bleſs thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing rod,
That forc'd my conſcience to a ſtand,
And brought my wand'ring ſoul to God!

2 Fooliſh and vain, I went aſtray,
Ere I had felt thy ſcourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and loſt my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's ſtroke,
That I might learn his ſtatutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The law that iſſues from thy mouth
Shall raiſe my cheerful paſſions more
Than all the treaſures of the South,
Or Weſtern hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my ſoul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me ſafe from death and ſin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my ſalvation ſhall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM CXX. Common Metre.

Complaint of quarrelſome neighbours; or, a devout wiſh for peace.

1 THOU God of love, thou ever bleſt,
Pity my ſuff'ring ſtate;
When wilt thou ſet my ſoul at reſt
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are caſt
Among the ſons of ſtrife,
Whoſe never-ceaſing brawlings waſte
My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I chooſe to dwell
In ſome wide loneſome wilderneſs,
And leave theſe gates of hell!

4 Peace is the bleſſing that I ſeek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I ſpeak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New paſſions ſtill their ſouls engage,
And keep their malice ſtrong;
What ſhall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows ſmite thee through,
Strict juſtice would approve;
But I had rather ſpare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine protection.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the ſkies;

Thence all her help my ſoul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives; the everlaſting God,
That built the world, that ſpread the flood;
The heav'ns with all their hoſts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning ſmiles bleſs all the day;
He ſpreads the ev'ning vale, and keeps
The ſilent hours while Iſrael ſleeps.

4 Iſrael, a name divinely bleſt,
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no ſlumber nor ſurpriſe.

5 No ſun ſhall ſmite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with ſickly ray
Shall blaſt thy couch; no baleful ſtar
Dart his malignant fire ſo far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return
Safe in the Lord! his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry ſnare.

7 On thee foul ſpirits have no pow'r;
And in thy laſt departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.

Preſervation by day and night.

1 TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and ſkies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet ſhall never ſlide to fall,
Whom he deſigns to keep:
His ear attends the ſofteſt call;
His eyes can never ſleep.

3 He will ſuſtain our weakeſt pow'rs
With his almighty arm,
And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurpriſing harm.

4 Iſrael, rejoice, and reſt ſecure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor ſcorching ſun, nor ſickly moon,
Shall have his leave to ſmite;
He ſhields thy head from burning noon;
From blaſting damps at night.

6 He guards thy ſoul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickeſt dangers come;
Go and return, ſecure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXI. Particular Metre.

God our preſerver.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the ſkies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet ſhall never ſlide,
And fall in fatal ſnares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Thoſe wakeful eyes,
Which never ſleep,
Shall Iſrael keep,
When dangers riſe.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blaſts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my ſun,
And thou my ſhade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Haſt thou not giv'n thy word,
To ſave my ſoul from death?
And I can truſt my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly ſay,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the ſolemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,

Stands like a palace, built for God,
To ſhow his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And ſits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praiſes and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the ſinners from the ſaints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this ſacred place,
And joy a conſtant gueſt:
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants bleſt.

6 My ſoul ſhall pray for Zion ſtill,
While life or breath remains;
There my beſt friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Particular Metre.

Going to church.

1 HOW pleas'd and bleſt was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us ſeek our God to-day;"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haſte to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of ſtrength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praiſe, and hear
The ſacred goſpel's joyful ſound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He ſits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the ſaint be glad,
He makes the ſinner ſad,
And humble ſouls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bleſs the ſoul of ev'ry gueſt;
The man that ſeeks thy peace,
And wiſhes thine increaſe,
A thouſand bleſſings on him reſt!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this ſacred houſe!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And ſince my glorious God
Makes thee his bleſt abode,
My ſoul ſhall ever love thee well.

Repeat the 4th ſtanza, if neceſſary.

PSALM CXXIII. Common Metre.

Pleading with ſubmiſſion.

1 O THOU, whoſe grace and juſtice reign
Enthron'd above the ſkies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As ſervants watch their maſter's hand,
And fear the angry ſtroke;
Or maids before their miſtreſs ſtand,
And wait a peaceful look:

3 So for our ſins we juſtly feel
Thy diſcipline, O God;

Yet wait the gracious moment ſtill,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Thoſe who in wealth and pleaſure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Freſh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes inſult us, but our hope
In thy compaſſion lies;
This thought ſhall bear our ſpirits up,
That God will not deſpiſe.

PSALM CXXIV. Long Metre.

A ſong for public deliverance.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Iſrael ſay,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our ſide,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Roſe like the ſwelling of the tide;

2 The ſwelling tide had ſtopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been ſwallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our ſoul.

3 We leap for joy, we ſhout and ſing,
Who juſt eſcap'd the fatal ſtroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's ſnare is broke.

4 Forever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's curſed ſnare,
Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring ſword,
And made our lives and ſouls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the ſkies;
He, that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The saint's trial and safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That ev'ry saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his foll'wers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The saint's trial and safety; or, moderated afflictions.

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God, and his almighty love,
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chaſtiſing ſtroke,
Yet, leſt it wound their ſouls too deep,
Its fury ſhall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with thoſe
Whoſe faith and pious fear,
Whoſe hope and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts ſincere.

5 Nor ſhall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppreſs the ſaint;
The God of Iſrael will ſupport
His children, leſt they faint.

6 But if our ſlaviſh fear
Will chooſe the road to hell,
We muſt expect our portion there,
Where bolder ſinners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surpriſing deliverance.

1 WHEN God reſtor'd our captive ſtate,
Joy was our ſong, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes ſo great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2 The ſcoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleaſure ſhout thy praiſe,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review'd our diſmal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vaniſh ſo;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
His ſcatter'd ſeed with ſadneſs leaves,
Will ſhout to ſee the harveſt yield
A welcome load of joyful ſheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The joy of a remarkable converſion; or, melancholy removed.

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful ſtate,
My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream,
The grace appear'd ſo great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confeſs;
My tongue broke out in unknown ſtrains,
And ſung ſurpriſing grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd thy pow'r divine;
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkeſt ſkies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of ſacred ſorrow riſe
To rivers of delight.

5 Let thoſe that ſow in ſadneſs wait
Till the fair harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,
And ſhout the bleſſings home.

6 Though ſeed lie bury'd long in duſt,
It ſhan't deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be loſt,
For grace inſures the crop.

PSALM. CXXVII. Long Metre.

The bleſſing of God on the buſineſs and comforts of life.

1 IF God ſucceed not, all the coſt
And pains to build the houſe are loſt;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may ſleep.

2 What if you riſe before the ſun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your bread,
To ſhun that poverty you dread;

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath bleſt;
He can make rich, yet give us reſt;
Children and friends are bleſſings too,
If God our ſov'reign make them ſo.

4 Happy the man to whom he ſends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How ſweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are ſeaſon'd with his love!

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

1 IF God to build the houſe deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An uſeleſs watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams ariſe,
Your painful work renew,
And, till the ſtars aſcend the ſkies,
Your tireſome toil purſue.

3 Short be your ſleep, and coarſe your fare,
In vain, till God has bleſt;
But if his ſmiles attend your care,
You ſhall have food and reſt.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he ſends,
If ſent without his love.

PSALM CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Family bleſſings.

1 O HAPPY man, whoſe ſoul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful Providence ſhall ſtand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly bleſſings ſhed.

3 Thy wife ſhall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord ſhall thy beſt hopes fulfil
For months and years to come;
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill
Shall ſend thee bleſſings home.

5 This is the man whoſe happy eyes
Shall ſee his houſe increaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking church ariſe,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM CXXIX. Common Metre.

Perſecutors puniſhed.

1 UP from my youth, may Iſrael ſay,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were conſtant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the ſons of ſtrife;
Oft they aſſail'd my riper age,
But not deſtroy'd my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my fleſh,
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afreſh,
Nor let my ſorrows ſleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And, with impartial eye,
Meaſur'd the miſchiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5 How was their inſolence ſurpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion ſeiz'd
With horror to the ſoul!

6 Thus ſhall the men that hate the ſaints
Be blaſted from the ſky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

7 [What though they flouriſh tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth ſhall periſh in deſpair,
And lie deſpis'd in death.]

8 [So corn, that on the houſe-top ſtands,
No hope of harveſt gives;
The reaper ne'er ſhall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the ſheaves.

9 It ſprings and withers on the place:
No traveller beſtows
A word of bleſſing on the graſs,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning grace.

1 OUT of the deeps of long diſtreſs,
The borders of deſpair,
I ſent my cries to ſeek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God! ſhould thy ſeverer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal fleſh could ſtand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son hath bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy ſalvation, Lord,
With ſtrong deſires I wait;
My ſoul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Juſt as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning ſkies,
Watch the firſt beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

6 So waits my ſoul to ſee thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the firſt op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 Then in the Lord let Iſrael truſt,
Let Iſrael ſeek his face;
The Lord is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous is his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning grace.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries!
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI. Common Metre.

Humility and submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;

Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. 5, 13–18. Long M.

At the settlement of a church; or, the ordination of a minister.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' eternal mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion, for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
"And reign forever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
"And blessings shall attend my word.

4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
"And fill their souls with living bread:
"Sinners, that wait before my door,
"With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 "Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
"My priests, my ministers shall shine;

" Not Aaron, in his coſtly dreſs,
" Made an appearance ſo divine.

6 " The ſaints, unable to contain
" Their inward joys, ſhall ſhout and ſing;
" The Son of David here ſhall reign,
" And Zion triumph in her King.

7 ["Jeſus ſhall ſee a num'rous ſeed
" Born here, t' uphold his glorious name;
" His crown ſhall flouriſh on his head,
" While all his foes are cloth'd with ſhame."]

PSALM CXXXII. Common Metre.

Ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. *A church eſtabliſhed.*

1 [NO ſleep nor ſlumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the ſkies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was ſettled there:
To Zion the whole nation came
To worſhip thrice a year.

3 But we have no ſuch lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy ſaints aſſemble now,
There is a houſe for God.]

PAUSE.

4 Ariſe, O King of grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy reſt!
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;

All that the ark did once contain
Could no ſuch grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a laſting throne,
And, as his kingdom grows,
Freſh honours ſhall adorn his crown,
And ſhame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly love.

1 LO, what an entertaining ſight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren, whoſe cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When ſtreams of love, from Chriſt the ſpring,
Deſcend to ev'ry ſoul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely ſweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments ſpread.

4 'Tis pleaſant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildeſt glory ſhews,
And makes his grace diſtil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of ſaints; or, love and worſhip in a family.

1 BLEST are the ſons of peace,
Whoſe hearts and hopes are one,
Whoſe kind deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe,
Through all their actions run.

2 Bleſt is the pious houſe
Where zeal and friendſhip meet,
Their ſongs of praiſe, their mingled vows,
Make their communion ſweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment ſpread,
And pleaſure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The ſaints are bleſt above,
Where joy, like morning dew, diſtils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIII. Particular Met.

The bleſſings of friendſhip.

1 HOW pleaſant 'tis to ſee
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper ſtation move,
And each fulfil their part,
With ſympathiſing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment ſhed
On Aaron's ſacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely ſweet:

The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and bleſt his feet.

3 Like fruitful ſhow'rs of rain
That water all the plain,
Deſcending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such ſtreams of pleaſure roll
Through ev'ry friendly ſoul,
Where love like heav'nly dew diſtils.

[*Repeat the firſt ſtanza, if neceſſary.*]

PSALM CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Daily and nightly devotion.

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bleſs his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And ſend your ſouls on high:
Raiſe your admiring thoughts by night
Above the ſtarry ſky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace;
The God that ſpreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the ſwelling ſeas.

PSALM CXXXV. 1*ſt Part.* Long M.

Ver. 1—4, 14, 19—21.

The church is God's houſe and care.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye ſaints that to his houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his gate.

2 Praiſe ye the Lord; the Lord is good:
To praiſe his name is ſweet employ;
Iſrael he choſe of old, and ſtill
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himſelf will judge his ſaints:
He treats his ſervants as his friends:
And when he hears their ſore complaints,
Repents the ſorrows that he ſends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppreſſor's rod;
He gives his ſuff'ring ſervants reſt,
And will be known Th' Almighty God.

5 Bleſs ye the Lord, who taſte his love,
People and prieſts, exalt his name:
Amongſt his ſaints he ever dwells:
His church is his Jeruſalem.

PSALM CXXXV. 2*d Part.* Long M.

Ver. 5—12.

The works of creation, providence, redemption of Iſrael, and deſtruction of enemies.

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all pow'rs, and ev'ry throne:
Whate'er he pleaſe, in earth or ſea,
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours riſe,
The lightnings flaſh, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempeſt from his airy ſtore.

3 'Twas he thoſe dreadful tokens ſent,
O Egypt, through thy ſtubborn land;
When all thy firſt-born, beaſts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He ſlew, and their whole country gave
To Iſrael, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's ſlave!

5 His pow'r the ſame, the ſame his grace,
That ſaves us from the hoſts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to poſſeſs,
Whence thoſe apoſtate angels fell.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praiſe due to God, not to idols.

1 AWAKE, ye ſaints, to praiſe your King,
Your ſweeteſt paſſions raiſe,
Your pious pleaſure, while you ſing,
Increaſing with the praiſe.

2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ:
But ſtill his ſaints are near his throne,
His treaſure and his joy.

3 Heav'n, earth and ſea confeſs his hand;
He bids the vapours riſe:
Lightning and ſtorm, at his command,
Sweep through the ſounding ſkies.

4 All pow'r, that gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd,
Where our JEHOVAH's known.

5 Which of the ſtocks or ſtones they truſt
Can give them ſhow'rs of rain?
In vain they worſhip glitt'ring duſt,
And pray to gold in vain.

6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave:

Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have pow'r to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray:
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 Ye saints, adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Met.

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and salvation of his people.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord,
His mercies still endure;
And be the King of kings ador'd,
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done;
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth and sea he fram'd alone:
How wide is his command!

3 The sun supplies the day with light:
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night:
His works are all divine.

4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led:
How gracious is our God!

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might:

And gave the tribes a paſſage through;
His pow'r and grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his ſaints through deſert ground;
Eternal be his praiſe.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
Victorious is his ſword;
While Iſr'el took the promis'd land:
And faithful is his word.]

8 He ſaw the nations dead in ſin;
He felt his pity move;
How ſad the ſtate the world was in;
How boundleſs was his love!

9 He ſent to ſave us from our wo;
His goodneſs never fails;
From death, and hell, and ev'ry foe;
And ſtill his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King;
His mercies ſtill endure;
Let the whole earth his praiſes ſing;
His truth is ever ſure.

PSALM CXXXVI. Particular Metre.

1 GIVE thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord;
The ſov'reign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and ſeas,
And ſpread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

3 His wiſdom fram'd the ſun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling ſtars,
To cheer the darkſome night.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

4 [He ſmote the firſt-born ſons,
The flow'r of Egypt, dead:
And thence his choſen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

5 His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two,
And for his people made
A wondrous paſſage through.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his hoſt he drown'd;
And brought his Iſr'el ſafe
Through a long deſert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own ſervants took
Poſſeſſion of their land.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.]

8 He ſaw the nations lie
All periſhing in ſin,
And pity'd the ſad ſtate
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

9 He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our wo,
From Satan, ſin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the ſpacious earth
His works and glories ſing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Abridged.* L. M.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praiſe!
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

4 He fills the ſun with morning-light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

6 He ſaw the Gentiles dead in ſin,
And felt his pity work within:

His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When death and ſin ſhall reign no more.

7 He ſent his Son with pow'r to ſave
From guilt, and darkneſs, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Reſtoring and preſerving grace.

1 [WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong:
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

2 Angels, that make thy church their care,
Shall witneſs my devotion there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the ſkies.]

3 I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy pow'r and glory ſhow.

4 To God I cry'd when troubles roſe;
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my foes;
He did my riſing fears control,
And ſtrength diffus'd through all my ſoul.

5 The God of heav'n maintains his ſtate,
Frowns on the proud and ſcorns the great
But from his throne deſcends to ſee
The ſons of humble poverty.

6 Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows or from ſins;
The work that wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. 1*ſt Part.* L. Met.

The all-ſeeing God.

1 LORD, thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My riſing and my reſting hours,
My heart and fleſh, with all their pow'rs.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God diſtinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to ſpeak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling pow'r I ſtand;
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand:
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vaſt and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My ſoul, with all the pow'rs I boaſt,
Is in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.

5 "O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt;
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there."

PAUSE I.

6 Could I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs prove,
To quit thy ſervice and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy preſence ſhun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath his chains.

8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the weſtern ſea,
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

9 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight,
Beneath the ſpreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

10 "O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there."

PAUSE II.

11 The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
No ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes:
Thy hand can ſeize thy foes as ſoon
Through midnight ſhades as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will ſpy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there."

PSALM CXXXIX. 2d *Part.* Long M.

The wonderful formation of man.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Were copy'd with unerring art.

4 At last, to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

7 I could ſurvey the ocean o'er,
And count each ſand that makes the ſhore,
Before my ſwifteſt thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.

8 Theſe on my heart are ſtill impreſs'd,
With theſe I give mine eyes to reſt;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love poſſeſs my mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. 3d *Part.* Long M.

Sincerity profeſſed, and grace tried; or, the heart-ſearching God.

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men tranſgreſs thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my ſoul deteſt and hate
The ſons of malice and deceit?
Thoſe that oppoſe thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, ſearch my ſoul, try ev'ry thought;
Though mine own heart accuſe me not
Of walking in a falſe diſguiſe,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth ſecret miſchief lurk within?
Do I indulge ſome unknown ſin?
O turn my feet whene'er I ſtray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXXXIX. 1ſt *Part.* Com. M.

God is every where.

1 IN all my vaſt concerns with thee,
In vain my ſoul would try.

To ſhun thy preſence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-ſurrounding ſight ſurveys
My riſing and my reſt;
My public walks, my private ways,
And ſecrets of my breaſt.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the ſenſe I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beſet on ev'ry ſide.

5 So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my ſoul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7 Should I ſuppreſs my vital breath,
To 'ſcape the wrath divine,
Thy voice could break the bars of death,
And make the grave reſign.

8 If, wing'd with beams of morning-light,
I fly beyond the weſt,
Thy hand, which muſt ſupport my flight,
Would ſoon betray my reſt.

9 If o'er my ſins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Thoſe flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the ſhades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM CXXXIX. *2d Part.* Com. M.

The wiſdom of God in the formation of man.

1 WHEN I with pleaſing wonder ſtand,
And all my frame ſurvey,
Lord, 'tis thy work: I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins poſſeſt,
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wiſdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with niceſt care ſurvey'd
The growth of ev'ry part,
Till the whole ſcheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thine art.

4 Heav'n, earth and ſea, and fire and wind,
Shew me thy wondrous ſkill;
But I review myſelf, and find
Diviner wonders ſtill.

5 Thy awful glories round me ſhine,
My fleſh proclaims thy praiſe;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. *3d Part.* C. M.

Ver. 14, 17, 18. *The mercies of God innumerable.*

An evening Pſalm.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They ſtrike me with ſurpriſe;
Not all the ſands that ſpread the ſhore
To equal numbers riſe.

2 My fleſh with fear and wonder ſtands,
The product of thy ſkill;
And hourly bleſſings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 Theſe on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour, that ends my ſleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXLI. Long Metre.

Ver. 2—5.

Watchfulneſs and brotherly reproof.

A morning or evening Pſalm.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incenſe in thy houſe
And let my nightly worſhip riſe,
Sweet as the ev'ning ſacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry raſh and heedleſs word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where ſinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I ſtray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment, ſhed,
Shall never bruiſe, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them preſs'd with grief,
I'll cry to Heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLII. Common Metre.

God is the hope of the helpleſs.

1 TO God I made my ſorrows known,
From God I ſought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.

2 My ſoul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.

3 On ev'ry ſide I caſt mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and ſtrangers paſs'd me by,
Neglected and unknown.

4 Then did I raiſe a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low;
Now let thine ear attend;
And make my foes, who vex me, know
I've an almighty Friend.

6 From my ſad priſon ſet me free,
Then ſhall I praiſe thy name;
And holy men ſhall join with me
Thy kindneſs to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII. Long Metre.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I ſpread my hands abroad,
And cry for ſuccour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.

2 Let judgment not againſt me paſs;
Behold thy ſervant pleads thy grace:
Should juſtice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltleſs there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and ſee
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the duſt my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkneſs and unſeen,
My heart is deſolate within;
My thoughts in muſing ſilence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpſe of hope
To bear my ſinking ſpirits up;
I ſtretch my hands to God again,
And thirſt, like parched lands, for rain.

6 For thee I thirſt, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy ſmiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God forever hide his love?

7 My God, thy long delay to ſave
Will ſink thy priſ'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haſte to help before I die.

8 The night is witneſs to my tears,
Diſtreſſing pains, diſtreſſing fears;

O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd pow'rs rejoice!

9 In thee I truſt, to thee I ſigh,
And lift my weary ſoul on high;
For thee ſit waiting all the day,
And wear the tireſome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and ſhow
Which is the path my feet ſhould go;
If ſnares and foes beſet the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then ſhall my ſoul no more complain,
The tempter then ſhall rage in vain;
And fleſh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my ſpirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. *1ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 1, 2.

Aſſiſtance and victory in the ſpiritual warfare.

1 FOREVER bleſſed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my ſhield;
He ſends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When ſin and hell their force unite,
He makes my ſoul his care,
Inſtructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper ſo divine
Doth my weak courage raiſe;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his ſhall be the praiſe.

PSALM CXLIV. *2d Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 3—6.

The vanity of man, and condescension of God.

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

2 O what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace?

3 That God, who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

PSALM CXLIV. 12—15. Long Met.

Grace above riches, or, the happy nation.

1 HAPPY the city where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country where the sheep,
Cattle and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endow'd;
But more divinely blest are those,
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself, with all his grace bestows.

PSALM CXLV. Long Metre.

The greatneſs of God.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raiſe the ſong.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour ſhall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry ſetting ſun ſhall ſee
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and juſtice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endleſs ſtream;
Thy mercy ſwift; thine anger ſlow,
But dreadful to the ſtubborn foe.

4 Thy works with ſov'reign glory ſhine,
And ſpeak thy majeſty divine;
Let "ev'ry realm with joy" proclaim
The ſound and honour of thy name.

5 Let diſtant times and nations raiſe
The long ſucceſſion of thy praiſe;
And unborn ages make my ſong
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can ſpeak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds;
Vaſt and unſearchable thy ways;
Vaſt and immortal be thy praiſe!

PSALM CXLV. *1ſt Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 1—7, 11—13.

The greatneſs of God.

1 LONG as I live I'll bleſs thy name,
My King, my God of love;

My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known:
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands;
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. 2d *Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 7, &c.

The goodness of God.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;

Through the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food:
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word
To cheer the ſouls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim;
But ſaints, that taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name.

PSALM CXLV. 3d *Part.* Com. Met.

Ver. 14, 17, &c.

Mercy to ſufferers; or, God hearing prayer.

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor that fall.

2 When ſorrow bows the ſpirit down,
Or virtue lies diſtreſs'd
Beneath ſome proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourners reſt.

3 The Lord ſupports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and juſt are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his ſervants feel,
He hears his children cry,

And, their beſt wiſhes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5. His mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere:
He ſaves the ſouls, whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 [His ſtubborn foes his ſword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that ſerve the Lord ſhall ſay,
"They ſought his aid in vain."]

7 [My lips ſhall dwell upon his praiſe,
And ſpread his fame abroad;
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God.]

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord; my heart ſhall join
In works ſo pleaſant, ſo divine;
Now while the fleſh is mine abode,
And when my ſoul aſcends to God.

2 Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt pow'rs,
While immortality endures:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life and thought and being laſt.

3 Why ſhould I make a man my truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vaniſh in an hour.

4 Happy the man, whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God: he made the ſky,
And earth, and ſeas, with all their train;
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

5 His truth forever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poor;
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs.

7 He loves his ſaints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

PSALM CXLVI. Particular Metre.

Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth.

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why ſhould I make a man my truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt:
Vain is the help of fleſh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vaniſh in an hour;
Nor can they make their promiſe good.

3 Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God: he made the ſky,
And earth, and ſeas, with all their train;
His truth forever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poor;
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind;
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

5 He loves his ſaints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

6 I'll praiſe him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. *1ſt Part.* Long M.

The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: tis good to raiſe
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jeruſalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the ſtubborn ſoul,
And makes the broken ſpirit whole.

3 He form'd the ſtars, thoſe heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the juſt,
And treads the wicked to the duſt.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his clouds all round the ſky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops deſcend in vain.

6 He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling fields with corn:
The beaſts with food his hands ſupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's ſkill or force?
The ſprightly man, the warlike horſe,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But ſaints are lovely in his ſight:
He views his children with delight:
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. 2d *Part.* Long M.

Summer and Winter.

1 "LET Zion" praiſe the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
"For ſweet the joy, our ſongs to raiſe,
"And glorious is the work of praiſe."

2 Our children are ſecure and bleſt;
Our ſhores have peace, our cities reſt;
He feeds our ſons with fineſt wheat,
And adds his bleſſing to their meat.

3 The changing ſeaſons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains;
His flakes of ſnow like wool he ſends,
And thus the ſpringing corn defends.

4 With hoary froſt he ſtrews the ground;
His hail deſcends with clattering ſound;
Where is the man ſo vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful cold?

5 He bids the ſouthern breezes blow;
The ice diſſolves, the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his people to his praiſe.

6 To all our realm his laws are ſhown,
His goſpel through the nation known:
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land:—Praiſe ye the Lord!

PSALM CXLVII. Common Metre.

Ver. 7—9, 13—18.

The ſeaſons of the year.

1 WITH ſongs and honours ſounding loud,
Addreſs the Lord on high;
Over the heav'ns he ſpreads his cloud,
And waters veil the ſky.

2 He ſends his ſhow'rs of bleſſings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the graſs the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat;
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who taſtes his fineſt wheat,
Should raiſe his honours high.

4 His ſteady counſels change the face
Of the declining year;

He bids the ſun cut ſhort his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

5 His hoary froſt, his fleecy ſnow,
Deſcend and clothe the ground;
The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful ſtores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares this God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He ſends his word, and melts the ſnow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the ſpring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With ſongs and honours ſounding loud,
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Particular Metre.

Praiſe to God from all creatures.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praiſe.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the ſong.

2 Thou ſun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe,
With ſtars of twinkling light.

His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past:
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep;
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word.

When lightnings ſhine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the ſkies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler ſize,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beaſts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings, and judges, fear
The Lord, the ſov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours ſing.
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and ſtate,
Make you forget
His pow'r ſupreme.

9 Virgins, and youths, engage
To ſound his praiſe divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.
Wide as he reigns
His name be ſung
By ev'ry tongue
In endleſs ſtrains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taſte his love.

While earth and ſky
Attempt his praiſe,
His ſaints ſhall raiſe
His honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. Long Metre.

Paraphraſed. *Univerſal praiſe to God.*

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord
From diſtant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heav'n begin the ſolemn word,
And ſound it dreadful down to hell.

Note. *This Pſalm may be ſung to a different metre, by adding the two following lines to every ſtanza, viz.*

Each of his works his name diſplays,
But they can ne'er fulfil his praiſe.

2 The Lord! how abſolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee!
Sing of his love in heav'nly ſtrains,
And ſpeak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of ſhining bliſs:
Fly through the world, O ſun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake, ye tempeſts, and his fame
In ſounds of dreadful praiſe declare;
And the ſweet whiſper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praiſe with blazing fire:
Let the firm earth and rolling ſea,
In this eternal ſong conſpire.

6 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his ſkill;
Vallies, lie low before his eye;

And let his praiſe from ev'ry hill
Riſe tuneful to the neighb'ring ſky.

7 Ye ſtubborn oaks, and ſtately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore;
Praiſe him, ye beaſts, in diff'rent ſtrains;
The lamb muſt bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye muſt make his praiſe your theme;
Nature demands a ſong from you:
While the dumb fiſh that cut the ſtream
Leap up and mean his praiſes too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you ſings?
O for a ſhout from old and young,
From humble ſwains, and lofty kings!

10 Wide as his vaſt dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder ſhout his praiſe,
And ſound it lofty as his throne.

11 JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But ſaints, who beſt have known the Lord,
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt ſong.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Univerſal praiſe.

1 LET ev'ry creature join
To praiſe th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hoſts, the ſong begin,
And ſound his name abroad.

2 Thou ſun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye ſtarry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe.

3 He built thoſe worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye riſe,
Or fall in ſhow'rs of ſnow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the ſkies,
His pow'r and glory ſhow.

5 Wind, hail, and flaſhing fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord,
When ye in dreadful ſtorms conſpire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be expreſt;
But ſaints that taſte his ſaving love
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.

PAUSE I.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praiſe;
Praiſe him, ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monſters of the ſeas.

8 From mountains near the ſky
Let his high praiſe reſound,
From humble ſhrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beaſts that graze,

Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear,
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show;
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dress you so.

12 By all the earth-born race,
His honours be express;
But saints, that know his heav'nly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and with'ring age
Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints, that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM CXLIX. Common Metre.

Praiſe God, all his ſaints; or, the ſaints judging the world.

1 ALL yē that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your ſongs be new;
Amidſt the church with chearful voice
His later wonders ſhew.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer ſing;
And Gentile nations join the praiſe,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleaſure in the juſt,
Whom ſinners treat with ſcorn;
The meek, that lie deſpis'd in duſt,
Salvation ſhall adorn.

4 Saints ſhould be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And like the ſouls in glory ſing,
For God ſhall raiſe the dead.

5 Then his high praiſe ſhall fill their tongues,
Their hand ſhall wield the ſword:
And vengeance ſhall attend their ſongs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Chriſt his judgment-ſeat aſcends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then ſhall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dar'd rebel;
And join the ſentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal ſinners, bound in chains,
New triumphs ſhall afford;
Such honour for the ſaints remains;
Praiſe ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM CL. Common Metre.

Ver. 1, 2, 6. *A ſong of praiſe.*

1 IN God's own houſe pronounce his praiſe;
His grace he there reveals;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raiſe,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your ſacred paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his deeds:
But the great work of ſaving love
Your higheſt praiſe exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bleſt;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My ſoul ſhall praiſe him beſt.

The CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praiſe, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or ſaints to love the Lord.

Common Metre.

Where the tune includes two ſtanzas.

I.

THE God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our ſouls from death,
Who ſaves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

II.

To praiſe the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let ſaints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And ſaints that dwell below,
Worſhip the Father, praiſe the Son,
And bleſs the Spirit too.

Particular Metre.

NOW to the great and ſacred Three,
The Father, Son and Spirit, be
Eternal praiſe and glory giv'n,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the ſaints in earth and heav'n.

Particular Metre.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raiſe;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit, praiſe:
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we ſing,
While faith adores.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In THREE BOOKS.

I. Collected from the SCRIPTURES.

II. Composed on DIVINE SUBJECTS.

III. Prepared for the LORD'S SUPPER.

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c. REV. v. 9.

Soliti essent (i. e. *Christiani*) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere. PLINIUS *in Epist.*

BOSTON:
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**
1803.

A TABLE,

To find any HYMN by the first Line.

Note. The letters *a*, *b*, *c*, denote the First, Second, and Third Book; the Figures direct to the Hymn.

	Bk.	Hy.
A.		
ADORE and tremble, for our God	*a*	42
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	*b*	9
All glory to thy wondrous name	*c*	33
All mortal vanities be gone	*a*	25
And are we wretches yet alive	*b*	105
And must this body die	*b*	110
And now the scales have left mine eyes	*b*	81
Arise, my soul, my joyful pow'rs	*b*	82
As new-born babes desire the breast	*a*	143
At thy command, our dearest Lord	*c*	19
Attend while God's exalted Son	*b*	130
Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue	*a*	20
Awake, our souls, away our fears	*a*	48
Away from every mortal care	*b*	123
B.		
BACKWARD with humble shame we look	*a*	57
Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme	*b*	69
Behold how sinners disagree	*a*	131
Behold the blind their sight receive	*b*	137
Behold the glories of the Lamb	*a*	1
Behold the grace appears	*a*	3
Behold the potter and the clay	*a*	117
Behold the Rose of Sharon here	*a*	68
Behold the woman's promis'd seed	*b*	135
Behold the wretch whose lust and wine	*a*	123
Behold what wondrous grace	*a*	64
Bless'd are the humble souls that see	*a*	102
Bless'd be the everlasting God	*a*	26
Bless'd be the Father and his love	*c*	26
Bless'd morning, whose young dawning rays	*b*	72
Bless'd with the joys of innocence	*b*	128
Blood has a voice to pierce the skies	*b*	118
Bright King of glory, dreadful God	*b*	51
Broad is the road that leads to death	*b*	158
Bury'd in shadows of the night	*a*	97
But few among the carnal wise	*a*	96

C.

CAN creatures to perfection find — b 170
Chriſt and his croſs are all our theme — a 119
Come, all harmonious tongues — b 84
Come, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell — a 135
Come, happy ſouls, approach your God — b 103
Come hither, all ye weary ſouls — a 127
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove — b 34
Come, let us join a joyful tune — c 8
Come, let us join our cheerful ſongs — a 62
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes — b 108
Come, let us lift our voices high — c 21
Come, we that love the Lord — b 30

D.

DAUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold — a 72
Dear Lord, behold our ſore diſtreſs — b 163
Deareſt of all the names above — b 148
Death cannot make our ſouls afraid — b 49
Death may diſſolve my body now — a 27
Death! 'tis a melancholy day — b 52
Deceiv'd by ſubtle ſhares of hell — a 107
Deep in the duſt before thy throne — a 124
Deſcend from heav'n, immortal Dove — b 23
Do we not know that ſolemn word — a 122
Down headlong from their native ſkies — b 96
Dread Sov'reign, let my ev'ning ſong — b 7

E.

ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad — a 2
Eternal Sov'reign of the ſky — b 149
Eternal Spirit, we confeſs — b 133

F.

FAITH is the brighteſt evidence — a 120
Far from my thoughts vain world be gone — b 15
Father, I long, I faint, to ſee — b 68
Father, we wait to feel thy grace — c 24
Firm and unmov'd are they — a 23
Firm as the earth thy goſpel ſtands — a 138
From heav'n the ſinning angels fell — b 97
From thee, my God, my joys ſhall riſe — b 75

G.

GENTILES by nature, we belong - - a 114
Give me the wings of faith to riſe - b 140
Give to the Father praiſe - - - c 37
Glory to God the Trinity - - - c 29
Glory to God who walks the ſky - - b 59
Glory to God the Father's name - - c 27
God is a Spirit juſt and wiſe - - - a 136
God of the morning, at whoſe voice - - a 79
God of the ſeas, thy thund'ring voice - - b 70
God, the eternal awful name - - - b 27
God, who in various methods told - - a 53
Go preach my goſpel, ſaith the Lord - - a 128
Go, worſhip at Immanuel's feet - - a 146
Great God, how infinite art thou - - b 67
Great God, I own the ſentence juſt - - a 6
Great God, thy glories ſhall employ - - b 167
Great God, to what a glorious height - b 112
Great King of glory and of grace - - b 159
Great was the day, the joy was great - - b 144

H.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews - a 134
Happy the church, thou ſacred place - b 64
Happy the heart where graces reign - - b 38
Happy the man whoſe cautious feet - - a 31
Hark! from the tombs a doleful ſound - b 63
Hark! the Redeemer from on high - - a 70
Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims - a 18
Hence from my ſoul ſad thoughts be gone - b 73
Here at thy croſs, my dying God - - b 4
High as the heav'ns above the ground - b 115
High on a hill of dazzling light - - b 18
Honour to the Almighty Three - - c 35
Hoſanna, &c. - - - - c 42--45
Hoſanna to our conquering King - - b 89
Hoſanna to the Prince of light - - b 76
Hoſanna to the royal Son - - - a 16
Hoſanna with a cheerful ſound - - b 8
How are thy glories here diſplay'd - - c 25
How beauteous are their feet - - - a 10
How can I ſink with ſuch a prop - - b 116
How condeſcending and how kind - - c 4

How full of anguiſh is the thought - - - b 100
How heavy is the night - - - - a 98
How honourable is the place - - - a 8
How large the promiſe, how divine - - a 113
How oft have ſin and Satan ſtrove - - a 139
How rich are thy proviſions, Lord - - c 12
How ſad our ſtate by nature is - - b 90
How ſhall I praiſe th' eternal God - - b 166
How ſhort and haſty is our life - - b 32
How ſhould the ſons of Adam's race - a 86
How ſtrong thine arm is, mighty God - a 49
How ſweet and awful is the place - - c 13
How vain are all things here below - - b 48
How wondrous great, how glorious bright - b 87

I.

I Cannot bear thine abſence, Lord - - b 117
I give immortal praiſe - - - c 38
I hate the tempter and his charms - - b 156
I lift my banner, ſaith the Lord - - a 29
I love the windows of thy grace - - b 145
I'm not aſham'd to own my Lord - - a 103
I ſend the joys of earth away - - b 11
I ſing my Saviour's wondrous death - - b 114
Jehovah ſpeaks, let Iſrael hear - - a 84
Jehovah reigns, his throne is high - - b 168
Jeſus, in thee our eyes behold - - a 145
Jeſus invites his ſaints - - - - c 2
Jeſus is gone above the ſkies - - - c 6
Jeſus, the man of conſtant grief - - a 12
Jeſus, we bleſs thy Father's name - - a 54
Jeſus, we bow before thy feet - - - c 18
Jeſus, with all thy ſaints above - - b 29
In Gabriel's hand a mighty ſtone - - a 59
In thine own ways, O God of love - - a 30
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In vain we laviſh out our lives - - a 9
Infinite grief! amazing wo - - - b 95
Join all the glorious names - - - a 150
Join all the names of love and power - - a 149
Is there ambition in my heart - - a 33
Is this the kind return - - - b 74

K.

Kind is the ſpeech of Chriſt our Lord - - a 73

L.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears - b 119
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Let everlaſting glories crown - - - b 131
Let ev'ry mortal ear attend - - - a 7
Let God the Father live - - - c 28
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Let the old heathens tune their ſongs - - b 21
Let the ſev'nth angel ſound on high - - a 65
Let the whole race of creatures lie - - b 99
Let the wild leopards of the wood - - b 160
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Let us adore th' eternal Word - - c 5
Life and immortal joys are giv'n - - b 125
Life is the time to ſerve the Lord - - a 88
Lift up your eyes to th' heav'nly ſeat - - b 37
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Lo the young tribes of Adam riſe - - a 90
Lo, what a glorious ſight appears - - a 21
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Lo, the deſtroying angel flies - - b 155
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Lord, at thy temple we appear - - a 19
Lord, how divine thy comforts are - - c 11
Lord, how ſecure and bleſt are they - - b 57
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Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand - - c 20
Lord, we adore thy vaſt deſigns - - b 109
Lord, we are blind, poor mortals blind - b 26
Lord, we confeſs our num'rous faults - - a 111
Lord, what a feeble piece - - - a 37
Lord, what a heav'n of ſaving grace - - b 16
Lord, what a thoughtleſs wretch was I - a 36

Lord, what a wretched land is this - - b 53
Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll - b 5
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord . - a 46

M.

MAN has a ſoul of vaſt deſires - - b 146
Miſtaken ſouls that dream of heav'n - a 140
My dear Redeemer and my Lord - - b 139
My drowſy pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo - - b 25
My God, how endleſs is thy love - - a 81
My God, my life, my love - - - b 93
My God, my portion, and my love - - b 94
My God, permit me not to be - - - b 122
My God, the ſpring of all my joys - - b 54
My God, what endleſs pleaſures dwell - - b 42
My heart, how dreadful hard it is - - b 98
My Saviour God, my ſov'reign Prince - - b 141
My ſoul, come meditate the day - - b 61
My ſoul forſakes her vain delight - - b 10
My ſoul, how lovely is the place - - a 38
My thoughts on awful ſubjects roll - - b 2
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N.

NAKED as from the earth we came - a 5
Nature with all her pow'rs ſhall ſing - b 1
Nature with open volume ſtands - - c 10
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No! I ſhall envy them no more - - b 56
No more, my God, I boaſt no more - - a 109
Nor eye hath ſeen, nor ear has heard - - a 105
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Not with our mortal eyes - - - a 108
Now be the God of Iſrael bleſt - - a 50
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Now let our pains be all forgot - - - c 16
Now let the Father and the Son - - c 34
Now let the Lord my Saviour ſmile - - b 50
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Now to the Lord a noble ſong - - b 47
Now to the Lord that makes us know - - a 61
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O.

O FOR an overcoming faith - - a 17
Oh! if my ſoul was form'd for wo - b 106
Oh! the almighty Lord - - - b 80
Oh the delights, the heav'nly joys - - b 91
Often I ſeek my Lord by night - - a 71
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Our days, alas! our mortal days - - b 39
Our God, how firm his promiſe ſtands - b 40
Our ſins, alas! how ſtrong they be - - b 86
Our ſouls ſhall magnify the Lord - - a 60
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P.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair - b 79
Praiſe, everlaſting praiſe, be paid - - b 60

R.

RAISE thee, my ſoul, fly up and run - b 33
Raiſe your triumphant ſongs - - b 104
Riſe, riſe, my ſoul, and leave the ground - b 17

S.

SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word - a 129
Salvation! O the joyful ſound - - b 88
See where the great incarnate God - - a 45
Shall the vile race of fleſh and blood - - a 82
Shall we go on to ſin - - - a 106
Shall wiſdom cry aloud - - - a 92
Shout to the Lord, and let our joys - - b 92
Sin has a thouſand treacherous arts - - b 150
Sin like a venomous diſeaſe - - - b 153
Sing to the Lord who built the ſkies - - b 13
Sing to the Lord with joyful voice - - a 43

Sing to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts - - b 62
Sitting around our Father's board - - c 23
So did the Hebrew prophet raise - - a 112
So let our lips and lives express - - a 132
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears - b 77
Stoop down, my thoughts, that use to rise - b 28
Strait is the way, the door is strait - - b 161

T.

TERRIBLE God, who reign'st on high - b 22
That awful day will surely come - b 107
Thee we adore, Eternal Name - - b 55
The glories of my Maker, God - - b 71
The God of mercy be ador'd - - c 30
The King of glory sends his Son - - b 136
The lands that long in darkness lay - - a 13
The law by Moses came - - - a 118
The law commands and makes us know - b 121
The Lord declares his will - - - b 120
The Lord descending from above - - b 126
The Lord Jehovah reigns - - - b 169
The Lord on high proclaims - - - a 85
The majesty of Solomon - - - b 113
The mem'ry of our dying Lord - - e 15
The promise of my Father's love - - c 3
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The true Messiah now appears - - - b 12
The voice of my Beloved sounds - - a 69
The wond'ring world inquires to know - a 75
There is a house not made with hands - a 110
There is a land of pure delight - - b 66
There was an hour when Christ rejoic'd - a 11
These glorious minds how bright they shine - a 41
This is the word of truth and love - - b 138
Thou, whom my soul admires above - - a 67
Thus did the sons of Abrah'm pass - - b 127
Thus far the Lord has led me on - - a 80
Thus saith the first, the great command - a 116
Thus saith the high and lofty One - - a 87
Thus saith the Ruler of the skies - - b 83
Thus saith the mercy of the Lord - - a 121
Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord - - a 93
Thy favours, Lord, surprise our souls - - b 45

Time, what an empty vapour 'tis - - b 58
'Tis by the faith of joys to come - - b 129
'Tis from the treasures of his word - - a 147
'Tis not the law of ten commands - - b 124
To God the Father, God the Son - - c 32
To God the only wise - - - a 51
To God the Father's throne - - c 40
To him who chose us first - - - c 39
To our eternal God - - - - c 41
'Twas by an order from the Lord - - b 151
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night - c 1
'Twas the commission of our Lord - - a 52

V.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men - a 94
Vain are the hopes that rebels place - a 99
Unshaken as the sacred hill - - - a 22
Up to the fields where angels lie - - b 41
Up to the Lord who reigns on high - - b 46

W.

WE are a garden wall'd around - a 74
We bless the prophet of the Lord - b 132
We sing th' amazing deeds - - c 17
We sing the glories of thy love - - a 56
Welcome, sweet day of rest - - b 14
Well, the Redeemer's gone - - - b 36
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What equal honours shall we bring - - a 63
What happy men or angels these - - a 40
What mighty man, or mighty God - - a 28
Whence do our mournful thoughts arise - a 32
When I can read my title clear - - b 65
When in the light of faith divine - - b 101
When I survey the wondrous cross - - c 7
When we are rais'd from deep distress - - a 55
When strangers stand and hear me tell - a 76
When the first parents of our race - - b 78

Why did the Jews proclaim their rage - a 4
Why does your face, ye humble ſouls - - b 8
Why do we mourn departing friends - - b 3
Why is my heart ſo far from thee - - b 20
Why ſhould the children of a King - - a 144
Why ſhould this earth delight us ſo - - b 164
Why ſhould we ſtart and fear to die - - b 31
With cheerful voice I ſing - - - a 148
With holy fear and humble ſong - - b 44
With joy we meditate the grace - - a 125

Y.

YE angels round the throne - - c 36
Ye ſons of Adam, vain and young - a 89
Ye that obey th' immortal King - - a 34

Z.

Zion rejoice and Judah ſing - - - b 111

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN I. Common Metre.

A new Song to the Lamb that was ſlain.
Rev. v. 6, 8, 9—12.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidſt his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And ſongs before unknown.

2 Let elders worſhip at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours ſweet,
And harps of ſweeter ſound.

3 Thoſe are the prayers of all the ſaints,
And theſe the hymns they raiſe:
Jeſus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praiſe.

4 [Eternal Father, who ſhall look
Into thy ſecret will?
Who but the Son ſhall take that book,
And [illegible]v'ry ſeal?

5 He ſhall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deſerves it well;
Lo, in his hand the ſov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell!]

6 Now to the Lamb, that once was ſlain,
Be endleſs bleſſings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

7 Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls with blood,
Haſt ſet the pris'ners free;
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then ſhorten theſe delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN II. Long Metre.

The Deity and Humanity of Chriſt.

John i. 1, 3, 14. Col. i. 16. *and* Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad,
From everlaſting was the Word:
With God he was; the Word was God,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him ſupported, all things ſtand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere ſin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the hoſt of morning ſtars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves thoſe heav'nly forms;
The Word deſcends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converſe with worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son!
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his fleſh the Godhead ſhone!

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myſt'ries here, and tell
The love of our deſcending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN III. Short Metre.

The Nativity of Chriſt. Luke i. 30, &c.—ii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD the grace appears,
The promiſe is fulfill'd;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jeſus is the child.

2 [The Lord, the higheſt God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob ſhall he reign
With a peculiar ſway;
The nations ſhall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
And baniſhes their fears.

5 "Go, humble ſwains," ſaid he,
"To David's city fly;

" The promis'd infant, born to-day,
" Doth in a manger lie.

6 " With looks and heart ſerene,
" Go viſit Chriſt your King;"
And ſtraight a flaming troop was ſeen;
The ſhepherds heard them ſing,

7 " Glory to God on high!
" And heav'nly peace on earth,
" Good-will to men, to angels joy,
" At the Redeemer's birth."

8 [In worſhip ſo divine,
Let ſaints employ their tongues,
With the celeſtial hoſts we join,
And loud repeat their ſongs:

9 " Glory to God on high!
" And heav'nly peace on earth,
" Good-will to men, to angels joy,
" At our Redeemer's birth."]

HYMN IV. Referred to the 2d Pſalm.

HYMN V. Common Metre.

Submiſſion to afflictive providences.
Job. i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave;

He gives, and (bleſſed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions, then;
Let each rebellious ſigh
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread,
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

HYMN VI. Common Metre.

Triumph over death. Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

1 GREAT God, I own the ſentence juſt,
And nature muſt decay;
I yield my body to the duſt,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jeſus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqu'ror ſhall appear
High on a royal ſeat,
And death, the laſt of all his foes,
Lie vanquiſh'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my ſkin,
And gnaw my waſting fleſh,
When God ſhall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afreſh.

5 Then ſhall I ſee thy lovely face
With ſtrong immortal eyes,
And feaſt upon thy unknown grace
With pleaſure and ſurpriſe.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

The invitation of the gospel; or, spiritual food and clothing. Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;

7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,

Deep as our helpleſs mis'ries are,
And boundleſs as our ſins!

9 The happy gates of goſpel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

The ſafety and protection of the Church.

Iſa. xxvi. 1—6.

1 HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring ſtand;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of ſtrong ſalvation made,
Defy th' aſſaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlaſting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The ſtatutes of our King.

4 Here ſhall you taſte unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

5 Truſt in the Lord, forever truſt,
And baniſh all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6 What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm ſhall bring them low:
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads ſhall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet ſhall tread
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls ſhall ſpread
A pavement for the poor.

HYMN IX. Common Metre.

The promiſes of the covenant of grace. Iſa. lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

1 IN vain we laviſh out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choiceſt bleſſings earth can yield
Will ſtarve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord ſhall feed our ſouls
With more ſubſtantial meat,
With ſuch as ſaints in glory love,
With ſuch as angels eat.

3 Our God will ev'ry want ſupply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanſe our ſpotted ſouls,
And waſh away our ſtains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt ſhall vaniſh all away,
Though black as hell before;
Our ſin ſhall ſink beneath the ſea,
And ſhall be found no more.

6 And leſt pollution ſhould o'erſpread
Our inward pow'rs again,
His Spirit ſhall bedew our ſouls
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our heart, that flinty, ſtubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be diſſolv'd by love.

8 Or he can take the flint away,
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treaſures of his grace,
Beſtow a ſofter mind.

9 There ſhall his ſacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And ev'ry motion of our ſouls
To ſwift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour ſalvation down,
And we ſhall render praiſe;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

HYMN X. Short Metre.

The bleſſedneſs of goſpel times; or, the revelation of Chriſt to Jews and Gentiles. Iſa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who ſtand on Zion's hill!
Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How ſweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought, but never found!

4 How bleſſed are our eyes,
That ſee this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the ſight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſerts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN XI. Long Metre.

The humble enlightened, and carnal reaſon humbled; or, the ſovereignty of grace. Luke x. 21, 22.

1 THERE was an hour when Chriſt rejoic'd,
And ſpoke his joy in words of praiſe;
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
"Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and ſeas.

2 "I thank thy ſov'reign pow'r and love,
"That crowns my doctrine with ſucceſs;
"And makes the babes in knowledge learn
"The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 "But all this glory lies conceal'd
"From men of prudence and of might;
"The prince of darkneſs blinds their eyes,
"And their own pride reſiſts the light.

4 "Father, 'tis thus, becauſe thy will
"Choſe and ordain'd it ſhould be ſo;
"'Tis thy delight t' abaſe the proud,
"And lay the haughty ſcorner low.

5 "There's none can know the Father right,
"But thoſe who learn it from the Son;
"Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
"But where the Father makes him known.

6 "Then let our ſouls adore our God,
"That deals his graces as he pleaſe;
"Nor gives to mortals an account
"Or of his actions, or decrees."

HYMN XII. Common Metre.

Free grace in revealing Chriſt. Luke x. 21.

1 JESUS, the man of conſtant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His ſpirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praiſe:

2 "Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
"That hath reveal'd thy Son
"To men unlearned; and to babes
"Has made thy goſpel known.

3 "The myſt'ries of redeeming grace
"Are hidden from the wiſe:
"While pride and carnal reas'nings join
"To ſwell and blind their eyes."

4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own ſov'reign will.

HYMN XIII. Long Metre.

The Son of God incarnate; or, the titles and the kingdom of Chriſt. Iſa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

1 THE lands that long in darkneſs lay,
Now have beheld a heav'nly light;

Nations that ſat in death's cold ſhade,
Are bleſs'd with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected Child appear!
What ſhall his names or titles be?
"The WONDERFUL, the COUNSELLOR!"

3 [This Infant is the mighty God,
Come to be ſuckled and ador'd;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and ſeas
Upon his ſhoulders ſhall be laid;
His wide dominions ſhall increaſe,
And honours to his name be paid.

5 Jeſus, the holy Child, ſhall ſit
High on his father David's throne;
Shall cruſh his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

HYMN XIV. Long Metre.

The triumph of faith; or, Chriſt's unchangeable love.
Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 WHO ſhall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that juſtifies their ſouls,
And mercy, like a mighty ſtream,
O'er all their ſins divinely rolls.

2 Who ſhall adjudge the ſaints to hell?
'Tis Chriſt that ſuffer'd in their ſtead;
And, the ſalvation to fulfil,
Behold him riſing from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and ſits above,
Forever interceding there!
Who ſhall divide us from his love,
Or what ſhould tempt us to deſpair?

4 Shall perſecution, or diſtreſs,
Famine, or ſword, or nakedneſs ?
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r ;
It triumphs in the dying hour :
Chriſt is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we ſink with ſuch a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cauſe his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Chriſt our love.

HYMN XV. Long Metre.

Our own weakneſs, and Chriſt our ſtrength. 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour ſay,
"Strength ſhall be equal to the day,"
Then I'll rejoice in deep diſtreſs,
Leaning on all-ſufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Chriſt's own pow'r may reſt on me ;
When I am weak, then am I ſtrong,
Grace is my ſhield, and Chriſt my ſong.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All ſuff'rings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleaſures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head ſuſtains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations ſpring and riſe,
We find how great our weakneſs is.

5 So Samſon, when his hair was loſt,
Met the Philiſtines to his coſt;
Shook his vain limbs with ſad ſurpriſe,
Made feeble fight, and loſt his eyes.

HYMN XVI. Common Metre.

Hoſanna to Chriſt. Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his perſon one,
Myſterious and divine.

2 The Root of David here, we find,
And Offspring is the ſame;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Bleſs'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hoſannas of the higheſt ſtrain
To Chriſt the Lord be giv'n!

4 Let mortals ne'er refuſe to take
Th' hoſanna on their tongues,
Leſt rocks and ſtones ſhould riſe, and break
Their ſilence into ſongs.

HYMN XVII. Common Metre.

Victory over death. 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monſter, death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.

2 Joyful, with all the ſtrength I have,
My quiv'ring lips ſhould ſing,
"Where is thy boaſted vict'ry, grave?
"And where the monſter's ſting?"

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
But Christ, my ransom, dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die
Through Christ our living head.

HYMN XVIII. Common Metre.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN XIX. Common Metre.

The Song of Simeon; or, death made desirable. Luke ii. 27, &c.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy Child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cry'd;
"Behold thy ſervant dies;
"I've ſeen thy great ſalvation, Lord,
"And cloſe my peaceful eyes.

4 "This is the Light prepar'd to ſhine
"Upon the Gentile lands;
"Thine Iſrael's glory, and their hope,
"To break their ſlaviſh bands."

5 [Jeſus! the viſion of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce ſhall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Chriſt be in my arms.

6 Then, while ye hear my heart-ſtrings break,
How ſweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleneſs on my cheek,
And glory in my ſoul.]

HYMN XX. Common Metre.

Spiritual apparel; namely, the robe of righteouſneſs, and garments of ſalvation. Iſa. lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE, my heart, ariſe, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked ſoul,
And made ſalvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces ſhine.

3 And leſt the ſhadow of a ſpot
Should on my ſoul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought
And caſt it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!

These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!
5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love!
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

HYMN XXI. Common Metre.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men. Rev. xxi. 1—4.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.
2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King.
4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his bless'd abode;
"Men, the dear objects of his grace,
"And he the loving God.
5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
"From ev'ry weeping eye;
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
"And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long!
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly ſwifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMNS XXII, XXIII, *referred to the 125th Pſalm.*

HYMN XXIV. Long Metre.

The rich ſinner dying. Pſalm xlix. 6, 9. Eccleſ. viii. 8. Job. iii. 14, 15.

1 IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their ſhining duſt in vain;
Look down and ſcorn the humble poor,
And boaſt their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cordials cannot eaſe
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright, nor bribe, approaching death
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.

3 Their ling'ring, their unwilling ſouls,
The diſmal ſummons muſt obey,
And bid a long, a ſad farewel
To the pale lump of lifeleſs clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and ſlaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without diſtinction lie
Amongſt the heaps of meaner bones.

The reſt referred to the 49th Pſalm.

HYMN XXV. Long Metre.

A Viſion of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6—9.

1 ALL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
Behold amidſt th' eternal throne
A viſion of the Lamb appears.

2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel sound
Address their honours to his name.

5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."

6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
"To be our teacher and our king!"

7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches, that did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

9 Worthy forever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treasons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne!

HYMN XXVI. Common Metre.

Hope of heaven by the reſurrection of Chriſt.
1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope,
That they ſhould never die.

3 What though our inbred ſins require
Our fleſh to ſee the duſt,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
So all his follow'rs muſt.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reſerv'd againſt that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waſte away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the ſalvation come;
We walk by faith, as ſtrangers here,
Till Chriſt ſhall call us home.

HYMN XXVII. Common Metre.

Aſſurance of heaven; or, a ſaint prepared to die.
2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 DEATH may diſſolve my body now,
And bear my ſpirit home;
Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow,
Nor my ſalvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,

Finiſh'd my courſe, and kept the faith,
And wait the ſure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jeſus, the Lord, ſhall guard me ſafe
From ev'ry ill deſign;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble ſoul of mine.

6 God is my everlaſting aid,
And hell ſhall rage in vain;
To him be higheſt glory paid,
And endleſs praiſe. Amen.

HYMN XXVIII. Common Metre.

The triumph of Chriſt over the enemies of the church.
Iſa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in ſtate
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate!

2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis ſome victorious king:
"'Tis I, the juſt, th' Almighty One,
That your ſalvation bring."

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy ſaints inquire,
Why thine apparel red?
And all thy veſture ſtain'd like thoſe
Who in the wine-preſs tread?

4 "I, by myſelf, have trod the preſs,
"And cruſh'd my foes alone;
"My wrath has ſtruck the rebels dead,
"My fury ſtamp'd them down.

5 "'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
"With joyful ſcarlet ſtains;
"The triumph that my raiment wears
"Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6 "Thus ſhall the nations be deſtroy'd
"That dare inſult my ſaints;
"I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
"An ear for their complaints."

HYMN XXIX. Common Metre.

The triumph of Chriſt; or, the ruin of antichriſt.
Iſa. lxiii. 4—7.

1 "I LIFT my banner," ſaith the Lord,
"Where antichriſt has ſtood;
"The city of my goſpel foes
"Shall be a field of blood.

2 "My heart has ſtudy'd juſt revenge,
"And now the day appears,
"The day of my redeem'd is come,
"To wipe away their tears.

3 "Quite weary is my patience grown,
"And bids my fury go:
"Swift as the lightning it ſhall move,
"And be as fatal too.

4 "I call for helpers, but in vain:
"Then has my goſpel none?
"Well, mine own arm has might enough
"To cruſh my foes alone.

5 "Slaughter, and my devouring ſword,
"Shall walk the ſtreets around,

"Babel ſhall reel beneath my ſtroke,
"And ſtagger to the ground."

6 Thine honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand ſhall raiſe,
While we thine awful vengeance ſing,
And our deliv'rer praiſe.

HYMN XXX. Long Metre.

Prayer for deliverance anſwered. Iſa. xxvi. 8—20.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the viſits of thy grace;
Our ſouls' deſire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are ſearching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongſt the black ſhades of loneſome night;
My earneſt cries ſalute the ſkies
Before the dawn reſtores the light.

3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they ſhall ſee thy lifted hand,
And feel the ſcourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the ſky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of muſic to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce ſtorms be overblown,
And my revenging fury ceaſe.

6 My ſword ſhall boaſt its thouſands ſlain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its ſoft and ſhady wings.

HYMN XXXI. *Referred to the 1ſt Pſalm.*

HYMN XXXII. Common Metre.

Strength from heaven. Iſa. xl. 27—30.

1 WHence do our mournful thoughts ariſe?
And where's our courage fled?
Has reſtleſs ſin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the earth and ſea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treaſures of everlaſting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conqueſt to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r ſhall fade and die,
And youthful vigour ceaſe;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our ſtrength increaſe.

5 The ſaints ſhall mount on eagles' wings,
And taſte the promis'd bliſs,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleaſure is.

HYMNS XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVII, XXXVIII. *Referred to Pſalms* 131, 134, 67, 73, 90, *and* 84.

HYMN XXXIX. Common Metre.

God's tender care of his church. Iſa. xlix. 13, &c.

1 NOW ſhall my inward joys ariſe,
And burſt into a ſong;
Almighty love inſpires my heart,
And pleaſure tunes my tongue.

2 God, on his thirſty Sion hill,
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And ſolemn oaths have bound his love
To ſhow'r ſalvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suſpicions and complaints?
Is he a God, and ſhall his grace
Grow weary of his ſaints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And, 'mongſt a thouſand tender thoughts,
Her ſuckling have no room?

5 "Yet, ſaith the Lord, ſhould nature change,
"And mothers monſters prove,
"Sion ſtill dwells upon the heart
"Of everlaſting love.

6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands,
"I have engrav'd her name;
"My hand ſhall raiſe her ruin'd walls,
"And build her broken frame."

HYMN XL. Long Metre.

The buſineſs and bleſſedneſs of glorified ſaints. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 "WHAT happy men, or angels theſe,
That all their robes are ſpotleſs white?
"Whence did this glorious troop arrive
"At the pure realms of heav'nly light?"

2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
Through ſeas of their own blood they came:
But nobler blood has waſh'd their robes,
Flowing from Chriſt the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' Almighty Throne
With loud hoſannas night and day;

Sweet anthems, to the great Three-One,
Meaſure their bleſt eternity.

4 No more ſhall hunger pain their ſouls;
He bids their parching thirſt be gone;
And ſpreads the ſhadow of his wings
To ſcreen them from the ſcorching ſun.

5 The Lamb, that fills the middle throne,
Shall ſhed around his milder beams;
There ſhall they feaſt on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living ſtreams.

6 Thus ſhall their mighty bliſs renew
Through the vaſt round of endleſs years,
And the ſoft hand of ſov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds and wipes their tears.

HYMN XLI. Common Metre.

The ſame; or, the martyrs glorified. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they ſhine,
"Whence all their white array?
"How came they to the happy ſeats
"Of everlaſting day?"

2 From tort'ring pains to endleſs joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And ſtrangely waſh'd their raiment white
In Jeſus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a ſpotleſs God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongſt his ſaints reſide,

While the rich treaſure of his grace
Sees all their wants ſupply'd.

5 Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls,
And hunger flee as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their ſweet repaſt.

6 The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains riſe,
And love divine ſhall wipe away
The ſorrows of their eyes.

HYMN XLII. Common Metre.

Divine wrath and mercy; from Nahum i. 1, &c.

1 ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a *conſuming fire*;*
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raiſe his vengeance higher.

2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vaſt magazines of plagues and ſtorms
Lie treaſur'd for his foes.

3 Thoſe heaps of wrath by ſlow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, Oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And ſeek a wat'ry grave;
The frighted ſea makes haſte away,
And ſhrinks up ev'ry wave.

5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are ſwift as hail ſtones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery rage,
That ſhakes the ſolid world?

* Heb. xii. 29.

Y et, mighty God! thy ſov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy choſen race
When wrath comes ruſhing down.

7 Thy hand ſhall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempeſt pour,
While we, beneath thy ſhelt'ring wings,
Thy juſt revenge adore.

HYMN XLIII. *Referred to the 100th Pſalm.*
HYMN XLIV. *Referred to the 133d Pſalm.*

HYMN XLV. Common Metre.

The laſt judgment. Rev. xxi. 5—8.

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majeſtic throne,
While from the ſkies his awful voice
Bears the laſt judgment down.

2 ["I am the firſt, and I the laſt,
"Through endleſs years the ſame;
"I AM is my memorial ſtill,
"And my eternal name.

3 "Such favours as a God can give,
"My royal grace beſtows;
"Ye thirſty ſouls, come taſte the ſtreams
"Where life and pleaſure flows.]

4 ["The ſaint that triumphs o'er his ſins,
"I'll own him for a ſon;
"The whole creation ſhall reward
"The conqueſts he has won.

5 "But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
"And all the lying race,
"The faithleſs and the ſcoffing crew,
"That ſpurn at offer'd grace;

6 "They ſhall be taken from my ſight,
"Bound faſt in iron chains,
"And headlong plung'd into the lake
"Where fire and darkneſs reigns."]

7 O may I ſtand before the Lamb
When earth and ſeas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With bleſſings on my head.

8 May I with thoſe forever dwell,
Who here were my delight,
While ſinners, baniſh'd down to hell,
No more offend my ſight.

HYMNS XLVI, *and* XLVII. *Referred to Pſalm* 148, *and Pſalm* 3.

HYMN XLVIII. Long Metre.

The Chriſtian race. Iſa. xl. 28—31.

1 AWAKE, our ſouls, (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

3 The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endleſs years
Their everlaſting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a freſh ſupply,
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

HYMN XLIX. Common Metre.

The works of Moſes and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

1 HOW ſtrong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jeſus, how ſweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moſes did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our ſouls,
And taught our lips to ſing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moſes' hand,
Th' Egyptian hoſt was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our ſins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the deſert Iſrael went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his fleſh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moſes beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Chriſt ſhall bring his foll'wers home,
To ſee his Father's face.

6 Then ſhall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And ſweeter voices tune the ſong,
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

HYMN L. Common Metre.

The ſong of Zacharias, and the meſſage of John the Baptiſt; or, light and ſalvation by Jeſus Chriſt. Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

1 NOW be the God of Iſrael bleſs'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he ſware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root,
With bleſſings from the ſkies;
He makes the branch of promiſe grow,
The promis'd horn ariſe.

3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great ſalvation known,
He ſpeaks of pardon'd ſins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory ſhines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away:
"I ſaw the Spirit o'er his head
"On his baptizing day.]

6 "Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
"Sink ev'ry mountain low;
"The proud muſt ſtoop, and humble ſouls
"Shall his ſalvation know.

7 "The heathen realms with Iſrael's land
"Shall join in ſweet accord;
"And all that's born of man ſhall ſee
"The glory of the Lord.

8 "Behold the Morning Star arise,
"Ye that in darkness sit;
"He marks the path that leads to peace,
"And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN LI. Short Metre.

Preserving grace. Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN LII. Long Metre.

Baptism. Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations and baptize."
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He ſits upon the eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And ſends his cov'nant with the ſeals,
To bleſs the darkſome Gentile lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he ſaith,
"For the remiſſion of your ſins;"
And thus our ſenſe aſſiſts our faith,
And ſhews us what his goſpel means.

4 Our ſouls he waſhes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Deſcends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourſelves to thee,
And ſeal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great Eternal Three
In heav'n our ſolemn vows record!

HYMN LIII. Long Metre.

The Holy Scriptures. Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Pſalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to ſaints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in theſe latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that ſure record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the ſweet conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindeſt thoughts are here expreſs'd,
Able to make us wiſe and bleſs'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye people all, who read his love
In long epiſtles from above,
(He hath not ſent his ſacred word
To ev'ry land) praiſe ye the Lord.

HYMN LIV. Long Metre.

Electing grace; or, ſaints beloved in Chriſt. Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 JESUS, we bleſs thy Father's name;
Thy God and our's are both the ſame;
What heav'nly bleſſings from his throne
Flow down to ſinners through his Son!

2 "Chriſt be my firſt elect," he ſaid;
Then choſe our ſouls in Chriſt our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raiſe us up from death and ſin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameleſs in love, a holy ſeed."

4 Predeſtinated to be ſons,
Born by degrees, but choſe at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praiſe the glory of his grace.

5 With Chriſt, our Lord, we ſhare a part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor ſhall our ſouls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his Firſt-belov'd.

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

Hezekiah's ſong; or, ſickneſs and recovery. Iſa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep diſtreſs,
Our God deſerves a ſong;

We take the pattern of our praiſe
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them faſt again.

3 Pains of the fleſh are wont t' abuſe
Our minds with ſlaviſh fears;
"Our days are paſt, and we ſhall loſe
"The remnant of our years."

4 We chatter with a ſwallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterneſs inſtead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah ſpeaks the healing word,
And no diſeaſe withſtands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the ſtrings of life ſhould break,
He can our frame reſtore,
He caſts our ſins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN LVI. Common Metre.

The ſong of Moſes and the Lamb; or, Babylon falling.
Rev. xv. 3, xvi. 19, and xvii. 6.

1 WE ſing the glories of thy love,
We found thy dreadful name;
The Chriſtian church unites the ſongs
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

2 Great God! how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance, and of grace!
Thou King of Saints, Almighty Lord,
How juſt and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuſe to fear thy name,
Or worſhip at thy throne!
Thy judgments ſpeak thy holineſs
Through all the nations known.

4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes ſhall ſpeedily awake
The fury of our God.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And ſhe muſt drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her ſov'reign Judge,
And ſhall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN LVII. Common Metre.

Original ſin; or, the firſt and ſecond Adam. Rom. v. 12, &c. Pſal. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

1 BACKWARD with humble ſhame we look
On our original;
How is our nature daſh'd and broke
In our firſt father's fall!

2 To all that's good, averſe and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkneſs veils our mind!
How obſtinate our will!

3 Conceiv'd in ſin (O wretched ſtate)
Before we draw our breath,
The firſt young pulſe begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How ſtrong in our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!

5 [Wild and unwholeſome as the root
Will all the branches be;

How can we hope for living fruit
From ſuch a deadly tree?

6 What mortal pow'r, from things unclean,
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital ſtream
From an infected ſpring?

7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Chriſt and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and ſin.

8 The ſecond Adam ſhall reſtore
The ruins of the firſt;
Hoſanna to that ſov'reign Pow'r
That new-creates our duſt!

HYMN LVIII. Long Metre.

The devil vanquiſhed; or, Michael's war with the dragon. Rev. xii. 7.

1 LET mortal tongues attempt to ſing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael ſtood
Chief general of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Againſt the dragon and his hoſt
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boaſt,
Their courage ſinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And ſhook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkneſs paſt,
Chriſt has aſſum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuſer caſt
Down from the ſkies, to riſe no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice, ye heav'ns; let ev'ry ſtar
Shine with new glories round the ſky;
Saints, while ye ſing the heav'nly war,
Raiſe your Deliv'rer's name on high.

HYMN LIX. Long Metre.

Babylon fallen. Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

1 IN Gabriel's hand a mighty ſtone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon:
"Prophets rejoice, and all ye ſaints,
"God ſhall avenge your long complaints."

2 He ſaid, and dreadful as he ſtood,
He ſunk the mill-ſtone in the flood:
"Thus terribly ſhall Babel fall,
"Thus and no more be found at all."

HYMN LX. Long Metre.

The Virgin Mary's ſong; or, the promiſed Meſſiah born. Luke i. 46, &c.

1 OUR ſouls ſhall magnify the Lord;
In God the Saviour we rejoice:
While we repeat the Virgin's ſong,
May the ſame Spirit tune our voice.

2 [The Higheſt ſaw her low eſtate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His overſhadowing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

3 Let ev'ry nation call her bleſs'd,
And endleſs years prolong her fame;

But God alone must be ador'd;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.]

4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands forever sure:
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

5 He spake to Abrah'm and his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be bless'd:"
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

6 But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn;
Lo, the Desire of Nations comes;
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

HYMN LXI. Long Metre.

Christ our High Priest and King; and Christ coming to judgment. Rev. i. 5—7.

1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting pow'r confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Now he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world ſhall wail,
While we rejoice to ſee the day:
Come, Lord; nor let thy promiſe fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN LXII. Common Metre.

Chriſt Jeſus, the Lamb of God, worſhipped by all the creation. Rev. v. 11—13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was ſlain for us."

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to raiſe thy glories high,
And ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN LXIII. Long Metre.

Chriſt's humiliation and exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honours ſhall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels ſing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Life, that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to riſe, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's ſide.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
Though he was charg'd with madneſs there.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing loſs:
To him aſcribe eternal might,
Who left his weakneſs on the croſs.

5 Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of ſcandal and of ſcorn;
While glory ſhines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Bleſſings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curſe for wretched men:
Let angels ſound his ſacred name,
And ev'ry creature ſay, Amen.

HYMN LXIV. Short Metre.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them ſons of God!

2 'Tis no ſurpriſing thing,
That we ſhould be unknown;
The Jewiſh world knew not their King,
God's everlaſting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made;

But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our Head.

4 A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To reſt upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like ſlaves beneath the throne;
Our faith ſhall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN LXV. Long Metre.

The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the Lord; or, the day of judgment. Rev. xi. 15.

1 LET the ſeventh angel ſound on high,
Let ſhouts be heard through all the ſky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy pow'r aſſume,
Who waſt, and art, and art to come:
Jeſus the Lamb, who once was ſlain,
Forever live, forever reign!

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can ſlay the ſaints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now muſt the riſing dead appear;
Now the deciſive ſentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN LXVI. Long Metre.

Chriſt the King at his table. Solomon's Song, i. 2—5, 12, 13, 17.

1 LET him embrace my ſoul, and prove
Mine int'reſt in his heav'nly love:
The voice that tells me, "Thou art mine,"
Exceeds the bleſſings of the vine.

2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And ſpread the ſavour of thy name;
That oil of gladneſs and of grace
Draws virgin ſouls to meet thy face.

3 Jeſus, allure me by thy charms;
My ſoul ſhall fly into thine arms:
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

4 [Wonder and pleaſure tune our voice
To ſpeak thy praiſes and our joys;
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taſte of richeſt wine.]

5 Though in ourſelves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 [While at his table ſits the King,
He loves to ſee us ſmile and ſing;
Our graces are our beſt perfume,
And breathe like ſpikenard round the room.]

7 As myrrh new-bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Chriſt to me:
And while he makes my ſoul his gueſt,
My boſom, Lord, ſhall be thy reſt.

8 [No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait until thy love
Raiſe us to nobler ſeats above.]

HYMN LXVII. Long Metre.

Seeking the paſtures of Chriſt the Shepherd. Solomon's Song, i. 7.

1 THOU, whom my ſoul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where do thy ſweeteſt paſtures grow?

2 Where is the ſhadow of that rock,
That from the ſun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy ſheep,
Among them reſt, among them ſleep.

3 Why ſhould thy bride appear like one
That turns aſide to paths unknown?
My conſtant feet would never rove,
Would never ſeek another love.

4 [The footſteps of thy flock I ſee;
Thy ſweeteſt paſtures here they be;
A wondrous feaſt thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds and groans and tears.

5 His deareſt fleſh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richeſt blood;
Here to theſe hills my ſoul will come,
'Till my Beloved lead me home.]

HYMN LXVIII. Long Metre.

The banquet of love. Solomon's Song, ii. 1—7.

1 BEHOLD the Roſe of Sharon here,
The lily which the vallies bear;
Behold the tree of life, that gives
Refreſhing fruit and healing leaves.

2 Amongſt the thorns ſo lilies ſhine,
Amongſt wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidſt a thouſand meaner loves.

3 Beneath his cooling ſhade I ſat,
To ſhield me from the burning heat;
Of heav'nly fruit he ſpreads a feaſt,
To feed my eyes, and pleaſe my taſte.

4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where ſtood the banquet of his grace;
He ſaw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he ſpread.

5 With living bread and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this ſinking heart of mine;
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He ſhows his thoughts, how kind they be.]

6 O never let my Lord depart;
Lie down and reſt upon my heart:
I charge my ſins not once to move,
Nor ſtir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

HYMN LXIX. Long Metre.

Chriſt appearing to his church, and ſeeking her company.
Solomon's Song, ii. 8—13.

1 THE voice of my Beloved ſounds
Over the rocks and riſing grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and ſeas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now through the veil of fleſh I ſee
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the goſpel's cleareſt glaſs
He ſhows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;

"Riſe," ſaith my Lord, "make haſte away;
"No mortal joys are worth thy ſtay.

4 "The Jewiſh wintry ſtate is gone,
"The miſts are fled, the ſpring comes on;
"The ſacred turtle-dove we hear
"Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 "Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root
"Bloſſoms and buds, and gives her fruit."
Lo, we are come to taſte the wine;
Our ſouls rejoice and bleſs the vine.

6 And when we hear our Jeſus ſay,
"Riſe up, my love, make haſte away!"
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN LXX. Long Metre.

Chriſt inviting, and the church anſwering the invitation. Solomon's Song, ii. 14, 16, 17.

1 HARK! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
From caves of darkneſs and of doubt,
He gently ſpeaks and calls us out.

2 "My dove, who hideſt in the rock,
"Thine heart almoſt with ſorrow broke,
"Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
"And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 "Thy voice to me ſounds ever ſweet;
"My graces in thy count'nance meet;
"Though the vain world thy face deſpiſe,
"'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives;
To thee our joyful lips ſhall raiſe
The voice of prayer and that of praiſe.

5 [I am my Love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our paſſions join;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought ariſe to grieve my Lord.

6 My ſoul to paſtures fair he leads,
Amongſt the lilies where he feeds;
Amongſt the ſaints (whoſe robes are white,
Waſh'd in his blood) is his delight.

7 Till the day break, and ſhadows flee,
Till the ſweet dawning light I ſee,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my ſoul in darkneſs mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and ſin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My love, my Saviour, from my ſide.]

HYMN LXXI. Long Metre.

Chriſt found in the ſtreet, and brought to the church.
Solomon's Song, iii. 1—5.

1 OFTEN I ſeek my Lord by night;
Jeſus, my love, my ſoul's delight;
With warm deſire and reſtleſs thought
I ſeek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I ariſe and ſearch the ſtreet,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I aſk the watchmen of the night,
"Where did you ſee my ſoul's delight?"

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray;
I leap for joy to ſee his face,
And hold him faſt in mine embrace.

4 [I bring him to my mother's home;
Nor does my Lord refuſe to come
To Sion's ſacred chambers, where
My ſoul firſt drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my ſake with deadly ſmart;
I give my ſoul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens ſhare.]

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to diſturb my joys;
Nor ſin, nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cauſe my Saviour to depart.

HYMN LXXII. Long Metre.

The coronation of Chriſt, and eſpouſals of the church.
Solomon's Song, iii. 11.

1 DAUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2 Jeſus, thou everlaſting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deſerv'd renown,
And wear our praiſes as thy crown.

3 Let ev'ry act of worſhip be
Like our eſpouſals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour, when from above
We firſt receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4 The gladneſs of that happy day!
Our hearts would wiſh it long to ſtay;
Nor let our faith forſake its hold,
Nor comfort ſink, nor love grow cold.

5 O! let each minute, as it flies,
Increaſe thy praiſe, improve our joys;

Till we are rais'd to ſing thy name,
At the great ſupper of the Lamb.

5 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The King of grace ſhall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN LXXIII. Long Metre.

The Church's beauty in the eyes of Chriſt. Solomon's Song, iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9.

1 KIND is the ſpeech of Chriſt our Lord,
Affection ſounds in ev'ry word;
"Lo, thou art fair, my love," he cries;
"Not the young doves have ſweeter eyes.

2 ["Sweet are thy lips, thy pleaſing voice
"Salutes mine ear with ſecret joys;
"No ſpice ſo much delights the ſmell,
"Nor milk nor honey taſtes ſo well.]

3 "Thou art all fair, my bride, to me;
"I will behold no ſpot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comelineſs on worms!

4 Defil'd and loathſome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dreſs,
His graces and his righteouſneſs.

5 "My ſiſter and my ſpouſe," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
"Thy pow'rful love my heart retains
"In ſtrong delight and pleaſing chains."

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beaſts and men,
To Zion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half ſo fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my ſtay,
When Chriſt invites my ſoul away.

HYMN LXXIV. Long Metre.

The church the garden of Chriſt. Solomon's Song, iv. 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Choſen and made peculiar ground;
A little ſpot, inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

2 Like trees of myrrh and ſpice we ſtand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his ſprings in Sion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, deſcend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our beſt ſpices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

5 [Let my Beloved come and taſte
His pleaſant fruits at his own feaſt;
"I come, my ſpouſe, I come," he cries,
With love and pleaſure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to ſmell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feaſt divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.

7 "Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
"The bleſſings that my Father ſends;

"Your taſte ſhall all my dainties prove,
"And drink abundance of my love."

8 Jeſus, we will frequent thy board,
And ſing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praiſe than tongue can give.]

HYMN LXXV. Long Metre.

The deſcription of Chriſt the Beloved. Solomon's Song, v. 9—12, 14—16.

1 THE wond'ring world inquires to know
Why I ſhould love my Jeſus ſo:
"What are his charms, ſay they, above
"The objects of a mortal love?"

2 Yes, my Beloved to my ſight
Shews a ſweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and ſhine.

3 White is his ſoul, from blemiſh free;
Red with the blood he ſhed for me;
The faireſt of ten thouſand fairs;
A ſun amongſt ten thouſand ſtars.

4 [His head the fineſt gold excels;
There wiſdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns
Thoſe temples once beſet with thorns.

5 Compaſſions in his heart are found,
Cloſe by the ſignals of his wound:
His ſacred ſide no more ſhall bear
The cruel ſcourge, the piercing ſpear.]

6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds ſet in rings of gold;
Thoſe heav'nly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with ſins and agonies,
Now, on the throne of his command,
His legs like marble pillars ſtand.]

8 [His eyes are majeſty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more ſhall trickling ſorrows roll
Through thoſe dear windows of his ſoul.]

9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now ſmiles, and cheers his fainting ſaints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Muſt be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN LXXVI. Long Metre.

Chriſt dwells in heaven, but viſits on earth. Solomon's Song, vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

1 WHEN ſtrangers ſtand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may ſeek and love him too.

2 My beſt Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he deſcends and ſhows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order ſtand;
He feeds among the ſpicy beds,
Where lilies ſhow their ſpotleſs heads.

4 He has engroſs'd my warmeſt love,
No earthly charms my ſoul can move:
I have a manſion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell ſhall make us part.]

5 [He takes my ſoul ere I'm aware,
And ſhows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heav'nly rapture can deſcribe.

6 O may my ſpirit daily riſe
On wings of faith above the ſkies,
Till death ſhall make my laſt remove,
To dwell forever with my love.]

HYMN LXXVII. Long Metre.

The love of Chriſt to the church, in his language to her, and proviſions for her. Solomon's Song, vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

1 NOW, in the gall'ries of his grace,
Appears the King, and thus he ſays,
"How fair my ſaints are in my ſight,
"My love how pleaſant for delight!"

2 Kind is thy language, ſov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a ſtream divine
Flows ſweeter than the choiceſt wine.

3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of ſaints that were almoſt aſleep,
To ſpeak the praiſes of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.

4 Theſe are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below:
Gives us a reliſh of his love,
But keeps his nobleſt feaſt above.

5 In paradiſe, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old, laid up in ſtore,
Where we ſhall feed but thirſt no more.

HYMN LXXVIII. Long Metre.

The ſtrength of Chriſt's love, and the ſoul's jealouſy of her own. Solomon's Song, viii. 5—7, 13, 14.

1 WHO is this fair one in diſtreſs,
That travels from the wilderneſs,
And preſs'd with ſorrows and with ſins,
On her beloved Lord ſhe leans?

2 This is the ſpouſe of Chriſt our God,
Bought with the treaſures of his blood;
And her requeſt, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry ſaint.

3 "O let my name engraven ſtand
"Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
"Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
"That pledge of love forever there.

4 "Stronger than death thy love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown;
"And hell and earth in vain combine
"To quench a fire ſo much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
"Leſt it ſhould once from thee depart;
"Then let thy name be well impreſs'd
"As a fair ſignet on my breaſt.

6 "Till thou haſt brought me to thy home,
"Where fears and doubts can never come,
"Thy count'nance let me often ſee,
"And often thou ſhalt hear from me.

7 "Come, my Beloved, haſte away,
"Cut ſhort the hours of thy delay;
"Fly like a youthful hart or roe
"Over the hills where ſpices grow."

HYMN LXXIX. Long Metre.

A morning hymn. Pſalm xix. 5, 8. and lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 GOD of the morning, at whoſe voice
The cheerful ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the ſkies;

2 From the fair chambers of the eaſt
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without wearineſs or reſt,
Round the whole earth he flies and ſhines.

3 Oh, like the ſun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

4 [But I ſhall rove and loſe the race,
If God, my ſun, ſhould diſappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring ſtar.]

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings juſt, thy promiſe ſure;
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe.

6 Give me thy counſel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliſs;
All my deſires and hopes beſide
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN LXXX. Long Metre.

An evening hymn. Pſa. iv. 8. & iii. 5, 6. & cxliii. 8.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning ſhall make known
Some freſh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waſte,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies paſt,
He gives me ſtrength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to ſleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful ſtations round my bed.

4 In vain the ſons of earth or hell
Tell me a thouſand frightful things;
My God in ſafety makes me dwell
Beneath the ſhadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy preſence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindneſs of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death ſhall come,
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouſe my tomb,
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.]

HYMN LXXXI. Long Metre.

A ſong for morning or evening. Lam. iii. 23. Iſa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently diſtil like early dew.

2 Thou ſpreadſt the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all my drowſy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command;
To thee I conſecrate my days;
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN LXXXII. Long Metre.

God far above all creatures; or, man vain and mortal. Job iv. 17—21.

1 SHALL the vile race of fleſh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms preſume to be
More holy, wiſe, or juſt than he?

2 Behold he puts his truſt in none
Of all the ſpirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, juſt, nor wiſe.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who ſpring from duſt and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and periſh like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thouſands in thy ſight:
Bury'd in duſt whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow:
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the ſons of earth ſhall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN LXXXIII. Common Metre.

Afflictions and death under providence. Job v. 6—8.

1 NOT from the duſt affliction grows,
Nor troubles riſe by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A ſad inheritance!

2 As ſparks break out from burning coals,
And ſtill are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our ſouls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cauſe,
And truſt his promis'd grace:
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteouſneſs.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall ſpoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do more
Than what my Father pleaſe.

HYMN LXXXIV. Long Metre.

Salvation, righteouſneſs, and ſtrength in Chriſt. Iſa. xlv. 21—25.

1 JEHOVAH ſpeaks, let Iſrael hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His ſov'reign honours and his names.

2 "I am the Laſt, and I the Firſt,
"The Saviour God, and God the Juſt;
"There's none beſide pretends to ſhew
"Such juſtice and ſalvation too.

3 "Ye that in ſhades of darkneſs dwell,
"Juſt on the verge of death and hell,
"Look up to me from diſtant lands,
"Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.

4 "I by my holy Name have ſworn,
"Nor ſhall the word in vain return,
"To me ſhall all things bend the knee,
"And ev'ry tongue ſhall ſwear to me.]

5 "In me alone ſhall men confeſs
"Lies all their ſtrength and righteouſneſs:
"But ſuch as dare deſpiſe my name,
"I'll clothe them with eternal ſhame.

6 "In me, the Lord, ſhall all the ſeed
"Of Iſrael from their ſins be freed,
"And by their ſhining graces prove
"Their int'reſt in my pard'ning love."

HYMN LXXXV. Short Metre.

The ſame.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
"Mercy and juſtice are the names
"By which I will be known.

2 "Ye dying ſouls, that ſit
"In darkneſs and diſtreſs,
"Look from the borders of the pit
"To my recov'ring grace."

3 Sinners ſhall hear the ſound;
Their thankful tongues ſhall own,
"Our righteouſneſs and ſtrength is found
"In thee, the Lord, alone."

4 In thee ſhall Iſrael truſt,
And ſee their guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the ſinners juſt,
And take the ſaints to heav'n.

HYMN LXXXVI. Common Metre.

God holy, just, and sovereign. Job ix. 2—10.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or 'tempt th' unequal war?

4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy sea;
Flies on the stormy wind:
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN LXXXVII. Long Metre.

God dwells with the humble and penitent. Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
"My name is God, I dwell on high,
"Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I deſcend to worlds below,
"On earth I have a manſion too;
"The humble ſpirit and contrite
"Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble ſoul my words revive:
"I bid the mourning ſinner live;
"Heal all the broken hearts I find,
"And eaſe the ſorrows of the mind.

4 ["When I contend againſt their ſin,
"I make them know how vile they've been;
"But ſhould my wrath forever ſmoke,
"Their ſouls would ſink beneath my ſtroke."

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Leſt we ſhould faint, deſpair, and die!
Thus ſhall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chaſt'ning love.]

HYMN LXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Life, the day of grace and hope. Eccl. ix. 4—6, 10.

1 LIFE is the time to ſerve the Lord,
The time t' inſure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vileſt ſinner may return.

2 [Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'ſcape from hell and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the bleſſings of the day.]

3 The living know that they muſt die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their ſenſe is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 [Their hatred and their love is loſt,
Their envy bury'd in the duſt;

They have no ſhare in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.]

5 Then what my thoughts deſign to do,
My hands with all your might purſue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon paſs'd
In the cold grave, to which we haſte;
But darkneſs, death and long deſpair
Reign in eternal ſilence there.

HYMN LXXXIX. Long Metre.

Youth and judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

1 YE ſons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taſte the delights your ſouls deſire,
And give a looſe to all your fire.

2 Purſue the pleaſures you deſign,
And cheer your hearts whith ſongs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your ſecret faults:
The works of darkneſs you have done
Muſt all appear before the ſun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should ſtrike your hearts with terror through:
How will ye ſtand before his face,
Or anſwer for his injur'd grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From theſe alluring vanities,
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their ſouls to fear the Lord.

HYMN XC. Common Metre.

The same.

1 LO, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high;
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I give all mortal joys away,
To be forever blest.

HYMN XCI. Long Metre.

Advice to youth; or, old age and death in an unconverted state. Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxv. 20.

1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my ſoul muſt hence remove,
Give me a manſion in thy love.

HYMN XCII. Short Metre.

Chriſt the Wiſdom of God. Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

1 SHALL Wiſdom cry aloud,
And not her ſpeech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deſerves it no regard?

2 "I was his chief delight,
"His everlaſting Son,
"Before the firſt of all his works,
"Creation, was begun.

3 ["Before the flying clouds,
"Before the ſolid land,
"Before the fields, before the floods,
"I dwelt at his right hand.

4 "When he adorn'd the ſkies,
"And built them, I was there,
"To order when the ſun ſhould riſe,
"And marſhal ev'ry ſtar.

5 "When he pour'd out the ſea,
"And ſpread the flowing deep,
"I gave the flood a firm decree
"In its own bounds to keep.]

6 "Upon the empty air,
"The earth was balanc'd well;
"With joy I ſaw the manſion where
"The ſons of men ſhould dwell.

7 "My buſy thoughts at firſt
"On their ſalvation ran,
"Ere ſin was born, or Adam's duſt
"Was faſhion'd to a man.

8 "Then come, receive my grace,
"Ye children, and be wiſe;
"Happy the man that keeps my ways,
"The man that ſhuns them dies."

HYMN XCIII. Long Metre.

Chriſt, or Wiſdom obeyed or reſiſted. Prov. viii. 34---36.

1 THUS ſaith the Wiſdom of the Lord,
"Bleſs'd is the man that hears my word;
"Keeps daily watch before my gates,
"And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 "The ſoul that ſeeks me, ſhall obtain
"Immortal wealth, and heav'nly gain;
"Immortal life is his reward,
"Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me,
"Doth his own ſoul an injury;
"Fools, that againſt my grace rebel,
"Seek death, and love the road to hell."

HYMN XCIV. Common Metre.

Juſtification by faith, not by works; or, the law condemns, grace juſtifies. Rom. iii. 19—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the ſons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile ſtop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam ſtand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we aſk God's righteous law
To juſtify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jeſus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we truſt!
Our faith receives a righteouſneſs
That makes the ſinner juſt.

HYMN XCV. Common Metre.

Regeneration. John i. 13. and iii. 3, &c.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raiſe a ſoul to heav'n.

2 The ſov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like ſome heav'nly wind
Blows on the ſons of fleſh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afreſh.

4 Our quicken'd ſouls awake and riſe
From the long ſleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praiſe employs our breath.

HYMN XCVI. Common Metre.

Election excludes boaſting. 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

1 BUT few among the carnal wiſe,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace!

2 He takes the men of meaneſt name
For ſons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant ſhame
On honourable blood.

3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myſt'ries of his grace;
To bring aſpiring wiſdom low,
And all its pride abaſe.

4 Nature has all its glories loſt,
When brought before his throne;
No fleſh ſhall in his preſence boaſt,
But in the Lord alone.

HYMN XCVII. Long Metre.

Chriſt our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BURY'D in ſhadows of the night,
We lie till Chriſt reſtores the light;
Wiſdom deſcends to heal the blind,
And chaſe the darkneſs of the mind.

2 Our guilty ſouls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears:
Then we awake from deep diſtreſs,
And ſing, *The Lord our Righteouſneſs.*

3 Our very frame is mix'd with ſin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his ſuff'rings flow,
At once to cleanſe and pardon too.

4 Jeſus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his ſlaves in heavy chains;
He ſets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpleſs worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, wiſdom, pow'r and righteouſneſs;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole ſelves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN XCVIII. Short Metre.

The ſame.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Chriſt with his reviving light
Over our ſouls ariſe!

2 Our guilty ſpirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n;
But, in his righteouſneſs array'd,
We ſee our ſins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With ſanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our ſouls in vain;
He ſets the ſons of bondage free,
And breaks the curſed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy ſov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN XCIX. Common Metre.

Stones made children of Abraham; or, grace not conveyed by religious parents. Matt. iii. 9.

1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Deſcended from a pious race,
(Their fathers now with God.)

2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardeſt ſtones,
And fill the houſe of Abrah'm well
With new-created ſons.

3 Such wondrous pow'r doth he poſſeſs,
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptineſs;
The world obey'd, and came.

HYMN C. Long Metre.

Believe, and be ſaved. John iii. 16—18.

1 NOT to condemn the ſons of men
Did Chriſt the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are ſeen,
No flaming ſword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man ſo well,
He ſent his Son to bear our load
Of ſins, and ſave our ſouls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Truſt in his mighty name, and live;
A thouſand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thouſand bleſſings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuſe his grace;
Who God's eternal Son deſpiſe,
The hotteſt hell ſhall be their place.

HYMN. CI. Long Metre.

Joy in heaven for a repenting ſinner. Luke xv. 7, 10.

1 WHO can deſcribe the joys that riſe,
Through all the courts of paradiſe,
To ſee a prodigal return,
To ſee an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and ſees
The purchaſe of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy ſoul he form'd anew;
And ſaints and angels join to ſing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN CII. Long Metre.

The beatitudes. Matt. v. 2—12.

1 BLEST are the humble ſouls that ſee
Their emptineſs and poverty;
Treaſures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bleſs'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart;
The blood of Chriſt divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bleſs'd are the meek, who ſtand afar
From rage and paſſion, noiſe and war;
God will ſecure their happy ſtate,
And plead their cauſe againſt the great.

4 Bleſs'd are the ſouls that thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed
With living ſtreams and living bread.

5 Bleſs'd are the men whoſe bowels move
And melt with ſympathy and love;
From Chriſt the Lord ſhall they obtain
Like ſympathy and love again.

6 Bleſs'd are the pure, whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs purity.

7 Bleſs'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife;
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bleſs'd are the ſuff'rers, who partake
Of pain and ſhame for Jeſus' ſake;
Their ſouls ſhall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN CIII. Common Metre.

Not aſhamed of the goſpel. 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

2 Jeſus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my truſt:
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

3 Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the deciſive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

HYMN CIV. Common Metre.

A ſtate of nature and of grace. 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor ſland'rers, ſhall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surpriſing grace! and ſuch were we
By nature and by ſin,
Heirs of immortal miſery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are waſh'd in Jeſus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has ſanctify'd our frame.

4 O for a perſevering pow'r
To keep thy juſt commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN CV. Common Metre.

Heaven inviſible and holy. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye hath ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor ſenſe nor reaſon known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For thoſe that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the ſky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can ſee or taſte the bliſs.

4 Thoſe holy gates forever bar
Pollution, ſin and ſhame;
None ſhall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN CVI. Short Metre.

Dead to sin by the cross of Christ. Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN CVII. Long Metre.

The fall and recovery of man; or, Christ and Satan at enmity. Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

1 DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father, fell;
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning: death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
"Let everlasting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 "The woman's ſeed ſhall be my Son;
"He ſhall deſtroy what thou haſt done;
"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

5 [He ſpake—and bid four thouſand years
Roll on;—at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy deſcend to earth,
And ſing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo! by the ſons of hell he dies;
But, as he hung 'twixt earth and ſkies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

HYMN CVIII. Short Metre.

Chriſt unſeen and beloved. 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the ſight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmoſt thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taſte thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unſpeakable, like thoſe above,
And heav'n begins below.

HYMN CIX. Long Metre.

The value of Chriſt and his righteouſneſs. Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

1 NO more, my God, I boaſt no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To truſt the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loſs:
My former pride I call my ſhame,
And nail my glory to his croſs.

3 Yes, and I muſt and will eſteem
All things but loſs for Jeſus' ſake:
O may my ſoul be found in him,
And of his righteouſneſs partake.

4 The beſt obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can anſwer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN CX. Common Metre.

Death and immediate glory. 2 Cor. v. 1, 5, 8.

1 THERE is a houſe not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands,
Till God ſhall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this priſon of my clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall;
Then, O my ſoul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earneſt of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're abſent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather ſee;
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

HYMN CXI. Common Metre.

Salvation by grace. Titus iii. 3, 7.

1 [LORD, we confeſs our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Fooliſh and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were ſin.

2 But, O my ſoul, forever praiſe,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, ſin, and ſhame.]

3 ['Tis not by works of righteouſneſs,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are ſav'd by ſov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son.]

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our ſouls are waſh'd from ſin.

5 'Tis through the purchaſe of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is ſent down to breathe
On ſuch dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And, juſtify'd by grace,
We ſhall appear in glory too,
And ſee our Father's face.

HYMN CXII. Common Metre.

The brazen ſerpent; or, looking to Jeſus. John iii. 14—16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raiſe
The brazen ſerpent high;
The wounded felt immediate eaſe,
The camp forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
"And live," the prophet cries;
But Chriſt performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the croſs the Saviour hung;
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here ſinners, by th' old ſerpent ſtung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

Abraham's bleſſing on the Gentiles. Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the promiſe! how divine,
To Abrah'm and his ſeed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extenſive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
And ſeals the bleſſings ſure.

3 Jeſus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n;

He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

HYMN CXIV. Common Metre.

The same. Romans xi. 16, 17.

1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood;
Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings, grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

HYMN CXV. Common Metre.

Conviction of sin by the law. Romans vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright;
But, since the precept came

With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 [My guilt appear'd but ſmall before,
Till terribly I ſaw
How perfect, holy, juſt, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my ſoul the heavy load;
My ſins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were ſlain.]

5 I'm like a helpleſs captive ſold,
Under the pow'r of ſin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conſcience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath
For ſome kind pow'r to ſave,
To break the yoke of ſin and death,
And thus redeem the ſlave.

HYMN CXVI. Long Metre.

Love to God and our neighbour. Matt. xxii. 37—40.

1 THUS ſaith the firſt, the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God,
"With utmoſt vigour and delight.

2 "Then ſhall thy neighbour next in place
"Share thine affection and eſteem;
"And let thy kindneſs to thyſelf
"Meaſure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the ſenſe that Moſes ſpoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But oh! how baſe our paſſions are
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our ſouls with heav'nly f
Or we ſhall ne'er perform thy will

HYMN CXVII. Long

Election ſovereign and free. Romans

1 [BEHOLD the potter and the
He forms his veſſels as he pl
Such is our God; and ſuch are w
The ſubjects of his juſt decrees.

2 Doth not the workman's power e
O'er all the maſs, which part to c
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler uſe?

3 May not the ſov'reign Lord on hi
Diſpenſe his favours as he will;
Chooſe ſome to life, while others
And yet be juſt and gracious ſtill?

4 [What if, to make his terror kno
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And ſeal their own deſtruction ſu

5 What if he means to ſhew his gra
And his electing love employs
To mark out ſome of mortal race,
And form them fit for heav'nly j

6 Shall man reply againſt the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjuſt,
The thunder of whoſe dreadful w
Can cruſh a thouſand worlds to d

7 But, O my ſoul, if truth ſo bright
Should dazzle and confound thy

Yet ſtill his written will obey,
And wait the great deciſive day.

8 Then he ſhall make his juſtice known,
And the whole world, before his throne,
With joy or terror ſhall confeſs
The glory of his righteouſneſs.

HYMN CXVIII. Short Metre.

Moſes and Chriſt; or, ſin againſt the law and goſpel.
John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6, and x. 28, 29.

1 THE law by Moſes came;
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Chriſt (a nobler name)
Deſcending from above.

2 Amidſt the houſe of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moſes a faithful ſervant ſtood,
But Chriſt a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be ſtrict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's houſe he ſtands
The Sov'reign and the Head.

4 The man that durſt deſpiſe
The law that Moſes brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his preſumpt'ous fault.

5 But forer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jeſus calls,
And dare reſiſt his grace.

HYMN CXIX. Common Metre.

The different ſucceſs of the goſpel. 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 CHRIST and his croſs are all our theme;
The myſt'ries that we ſpeak
Are ſcandal in the Jews' eſteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But ſouls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They ſee what wiſdom, pow'r and love
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital ſavour of his name
Reſtores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the ſame
To guilt, deſpair and death.

4 Till God diffuſe his graces down,
Like ſhow'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos ſows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN CXX. Common Metre.

Faith of things unſeen. Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brighteſt evidence
Of things beyond our ſight,
Breaks through the clouds of fleſh and ſenſe,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It ſets times paſt in preſent view,
Brings diſtant proſpects home,
Of things a thouſand years ago,
Or thouſand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word:

Abrah'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He ſought a city, fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith aſſures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building ſtands.

HYMN CXXI. Common Metre.

Children devoted to God. Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

(For thoſe who practiſe Infant Baptiſm.)

1 THUS ſaith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee:
"I'll bleſs thy num'rous race, and they
"Shall be a ſeed for me."

2 Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his ſons to God;
But water ſeals the bleſſing now,
That once was ſeal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia ſanctify'd her houſe,
When ſhe receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His houſehold to the Lord.

4 Thus later ſaints, Eternal King!
Thine ancient truths embrace;
To thee their infant offſpring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN CXXII. Long Metre.

Believers buried with Chriſt in baptiſm. Rom. vi. 3, &c.

1 DO we not know that ſolemn word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our ſin?

2 Our ſouls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death:
So from the grave did Chriſt ariſe,
And lives to God above the ſkies.

3 No more let ſin or Satan reign
Over our mortal fleſh again;
The various luſts we ſerv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN CXXIII. Common Metre.

The repenting prodigal. Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 BEHOLD the wretch, whoſe luſt and wine
Has waſted his eſtate;
He begs a ſhare amongſt the ſwine,
To taſte the huſks they eat!

2 "I die with hunger here," he cries;
"I ſtarve in foreign lands;
"My Father's houſe has large ſupplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
"Fall down before his face;
"Father, I've done thy juſtice wrong,
"Nor can deſerve thy grace."

4 He ſaid—and haſten'd to his home,
To ſeek his Father's love;
The Father ſaw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon;
The rebel's heart with ſorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of ſhame and ſin,"
(The Father gives command)

" Dreſs him in garments white and clean,
" With rings adorn his hand.

7 " A day of feaſting I ordain;
" Let mirth and joy abound;
" My ſon was dead, and lives again,
" Was loſt, and now is found."

HYMN CXXIV. Long Metre.

The firſt and ſecond Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c.

1 DEEP in the duſt, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our diſgrace we own:
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence ſprung our nature and our ſhame.

2 Adam the ſinner: At his fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, ſeiz'd us all;
A thouſand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilſt our ſpirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We ſing the honours of thy grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd race.

4 We ſing thine everlaſting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the ſecond, from the duſt
Raiſes the ruins of the firſt.

5 [By the rebellion of one man,
Through all his ſeed the miſchief ran;
And by one man's obedience now,
Are all his ſeed made righteous too.

6 Where ſin did reign and death abound,
There have the ſons of Adam found
Abounding life;—there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteouſneſs.]

HYMN CXXV. Common Metre.

Chriſt's compaſſion to the weak and tempted. Heb. iv. 15, 16, and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

3 But ſpotleſs, innocent and pure
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble fleſh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What every member bears.

5 [He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame:
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.]

6 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r;
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

HYMN CXXVI. Long Metre.

Charity and uncharitableneſs. Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dreſs,
Compoſe the kingdom of our Lord,

But peace, and joy, and righteouſneſs,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Chriſtians we deſpiſe,
We do the goſpel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wiſe,
Receives the feeble with the ſtrong.

3 Let pride and wrath be baniſh'd hence,
Meekneſs and love our ſouls purſue;
Nor ſhall our practice give offence
To ſaints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

HYMN CXXVII. Long Metre.

Chriſt's invitation to ſinners; or, humility and pride.
Matt. xi. 28—30.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary ſouls,
"Ye heavy laden ſinners, come:
"I'll give you reſt from all your toils,
"And raiſe you to my heav'nly home.

2 "They ſhall find reſt that learn of me;
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But paſſion rages like the ſea,
"And pride is reſtleſs as the wind.

3 "Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſhoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;
"My yoke is eaſy to his neck,
"My grace ſhall make the burden light."

4 Jeſus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Reſign our ſpirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN CXXVIII. Long Metre.

The Apostles' commission; or, the gospel attested by miracles. Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive
"He shall be sav'd that trusts my word;
"He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 "[I'll make your great commission known,
"And ye shall prove my gospel true,
"By all the works that I have done,
"By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
"Go cast out devils in my name;
"Nor let my prophets be afraid,
"Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.]

4 "Teach all the nations my commands;
"I'm with you till the world shall end;
"All pow'r is trusted in my hands;
"I can destroy, and I defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN CXXIX. Long Metre.

Submission and deliverance; or, Abraham offering his son. Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abrah'm, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command;

The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful ſtroke.

3 "Abrah'm, forbear," the angel cry'd;
"Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
"Thy ſon ſhall live, and in thy ſeed
"Shall the whole earth be bleſs'd indeed."

4 Juſt in the laſt diſtreſſing hour
The Lord diſplays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we ſhall ſee ſurpriſing grace.

HYMN CXXX. Long Metre.

Love and hatred. Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

1 NOW by the bowels of my God,
His ſharp diſtreſs, his ſore complaints,
By his laſt groans, his dying blood,
I charge my ſoul to love the ſaints.

2 Clamour, and wrath, and war, be gone,
Envy and ſpite forever ceaſe;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongſt the ſaints, the ſons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noiſe and ſtrife;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his love,
Who ſeals our ſouls to heav'nly life!

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear ſake of Chriſt his Son.

HYMN CXXXI. Long Metre.

The phariſee and publican. Luke xviii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD how ſinners diſagree,
The publican and phariſee;

One doth his righteouſneſs proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and ſhame.

2 This man at humble diſtance ſtands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly riſes near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent anſwers he beſtows;
The humble ſoul with grace he crowns,
Whilſt on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boaſting phariſee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the ſuff'rings of thy Son.

HYMN CXXXII. Long Metre.

Holineſs and grace. Titus ii. 10—13.

1 SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.

3 Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride;
While juſtice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our ſpirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

HYMN CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Love and charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

1 LET phariſees of high eſteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love ſuffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haſte;
She lets the preſent inj'ry die,
And long forgets the paſt.

3 [Malice and rage, thoſe fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though ſhe endures the wrong.]

4 [She nor deſires nor ſeeks to know
The ſcandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe that climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To ſeek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But ſaints forever love.

HYMN CXXXIV. Long Metre.

Religion vain without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—9.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler ſpeech than angels uſe,
If love be abſent, I am found
Like tinkling braſs, an empty ſound.

2 Were I inſpir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I diſtribute all my ſtore,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be abſent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN CXXXV. Long Metre.

The love of Chriſt ſhed abroad in the heart. Eph. iii, 16, &c.

1 COME, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel
The joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeaſurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whoſe pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting honours done,
By all the church, through Chriſt his Son.

HYMN CXXXVI. Common Metre.

Sincerity and hypocriſy; or, formality in worſhip. John iv. 24. Pſalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 GOD is a ſpirit, juſt and wiſe,
He ſees our inmoſt mind;

In vain to heav'n we raiſe our cries,
And leave our ſouls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the diſguiſe they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes ſalute the ſkies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the ſacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, ſearch my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my ſoul ſincere;
Then ſhall I ſtand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre.

Salvation by grace in Chriſt. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 NOW to the power of God ſupreme
Be everlaſting honours giv'n;
He ſaves from hell, (we bleſs his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deſerts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works ſalvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praiſe.

3 'Twas his own purpoſe that begun
To reſcue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Chriſt his Son,
Before he ſpread the ſtarry ſky.

4 Jeſus, the Lord, appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's counſels known;
Declares the great tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down.

5 He dies! and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Com. Metre.

Saints in the hands of Christ. John x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep,
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

HYMN CXXXIX. Long Metre.

Hope in the covenant; or, God's promise and truth unchangeable. Heb. vi. 17—19.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN CXL. Common Metre.

A living and a dead faith; collected from several scriptures.

1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin,

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And ſeals our peace with God:
Jeſus and his ſalvation came
By water and by blood.]

HYMN CXLI. Short Metre.

The humiliation and exaltation of Chriſt. Iſa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

1 WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy ſalvation known?
Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews eſteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with ſcorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their ſorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the ſtubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The God of juſtice pleas'd to bruiſe
His beſt beloved Son.

5 "But I'll prolong his days,
"And make his kingdom ſtand;
"My pleaſure," ſaith the God of grace,
"Shall proſper in his hand.

6 "[His joyful ſoul ſhall ſee
"The purchaſe of his pain,
"And by his knowledge juſtify
"The guilty ſons of men.]

7 "[Ten thouſand captive ſlaves,
"Releas'd from death and ſin,

"Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
"And own his pow'r divine.]

3 "[Heav'n shall advance my Son
"To joys that earth deny'd;
"Who saw the follies men had done,
"And bore their sins, and dy'd."]

HYMN CXLII. Short Metre.

The same. Isa. liii. 6—12.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed,
To recompense his pain.

6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
"He shall possess a large reward,
"And hold his honours long."

HYMN CXLIII. Common Metre.

Characters of the children of God; from ſeveral ſcriptures.

1 AS new-born babes deſire the breaſt,
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So ſaints with joy the goſpel taſte,
And by the goſpel live.

2 [With inward guſt their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

3 [Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them ſlaves to luſt;
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the duſt.

4 Not all the chains that tyrants uſe
Shall bind their ſouls to vice;
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce
A thouſand victories.]

5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted ſeed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The ſons of God to ſin.]

6 [Not by the terrors of a ſlave.
Do they perform his will;
But with the nobleſt pow'rs they have
His ſweet commands fulfil.

7 They find acceſs, at ev'ry hour,
To God, within the vail;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.

8 O happy ſouls! O glorious ſtate
Of overflowing grace;

To dwell ſo near their Father's ſeat,
And ſee his lovely face.

9 Lord, I addreſs thy heav'nly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There ſhed thy choiceſt loves abroad,
And make my comforts ſtrong:
Then ſhall I ſay, "My Father God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN CXLIV. Common Metre.

The witneſſing and ſealing Spirit. Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 WHY ſhould the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! deſcend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Doſt thou not dwell in all the ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,
And ſhew my ſins forgiv'n?

3 Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witneſs with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy ſoft wings, celeſtial Dove,
Will ſafe convey me home.

HYMN CXLV. Common Metre.

Chriſt and Aaron; taken from Heb. vii. and ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thouſand glories more
Than the rich gems and poliſh'd gold
The ſons of Aaron wore.

2 They firſt their own burnt-off'rings brought,
To purge themſelves from ſin;
Thy life was pure without a ſpot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 [Freſh blood, as conſtant as the day,
Was on their altar ſpilt;
But thy one off'ring takes away,
Forever, all our guilt.]

4 [Their prieſthood ran through ſev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office ſtands
Eternal as thy days.]

5 [Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears
Before the golden throne.

6 But Chriſt, by his own pow'rful blood,
Aſcends above the ſkies,
And in the preſence of our God
Shews his own ſacrifice.]

7 Jeſus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been ſlain,
And wears his prieſthood ſtill.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my ſoul, thy cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre.

Characters of Chriſt borrowed from inanimate things in ſcripture.

1 [GO, worſhip at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to expreſs
His worth, his glory, or his grace.]

2 [The whole creation can afford
But ſome faint ſhadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Muſt mingle colours not her own.]

3 [Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our ſouls would thus be fed:
That fleſh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

4 [Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offſpring too.]

5 [Is he a roſe? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he aſſume,
The vallies bleſs the rich perfume.]

6 [Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a laſting union join
My ſoul to Chriſt, the living vine!]

7 [Is he the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The ſaints below, and ſaints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

8 [Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of ſin and death:
Theſe waters all my ſoul renew,
And cleanſe my ſpotted garments too.]

9 [Is he a fire? He'll purge my droſs;
But the true gold ſuſtains no loſs;
Like a refiner ſhall he ſit,
And tread the refuſe with his feet.]

10 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Yet the ſweet ſtreams that from him flow,
Attend us all the deſert through.]

11 [Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk, with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]

12 [Is he a door? I'll enter in:
Behold the paſtures large and green;
A paradiſe—divinely fair;
None but the ſheep have freedom there.]

13 [Is he deſign'd a corner-ſtone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

14 [Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majeſty and pow'r;
And ſtill to his moſt holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]

15 [Is he a ſtar? He breaks the night,
Piercing the ſhades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-ſtar.]

16 [Is he a ſun? His beams are grace,
His courſe is joy and righteouſneſs:
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chaſe their clouds, and dry their tears.]

17 [O let me climb thoſe higher ſkies,
Where ſtorms and darkneſs never riſe!
There he diſplays his pow'rs abroad,
And ſhines and reigns th' Incarnate God.]

18 Nor earth, nor ſeas, nor ſun, nor ſtars,
Nor heav'n, his full reſemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN CXLVII. Long Metre.

The names and titles of Chriſt; from ſeveral ſcriptures.

1 ['TIS from the treaſures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art nor nature can ſupply
Sufficient forms of majeſty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminiſh'd rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.]

3 The King of kings, the Lord moſt high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh:
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love;
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
"Light of the world and Life of men;"
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7 At length, the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN CXLVIII. Particular Metre.

The same as the 148th Psalm.

1 [WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word.
Nature nor art
Can e'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining forever bright
With mild and lovely rays.
Th' eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.]

3 The sov'reign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh.
His name is call'd
"The Word of God,"
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
Th' injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar
And tear the prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes:
"Light of the world,
"And Life of men;"
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a friend,
And brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
His awful throne ascends,

And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then ſhall the ſaints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

HYMN CXLIX. Long Metre.

The offices of Chriſt; from ſeveral ſcriptures.

1. JOIN all the names of love and pow'r,
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Or ſet Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But oh, what condeſcending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder ſee
What forms of love he bears to me.

3 [The "Angel of the cov'nant" ſtands
With his commiſſion in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great ſalvation known.]

4 [Great Prophet! let me bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

5 [My bright Example, and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy ſide;
O let me never run aſtray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!

6 I love my Shepherd—he ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul amongſt his ſheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his boſom bears the lambs.]

7 [My Surety undertakes my cauſe,
Anſw'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold my ſoul at freedom ſet,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

8 [Jeſus, my great High Prieſt, has dy'd—
I ſeek no ſacrifice beſide;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

9 [My Advocate appears on high—
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can ſay,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

10 [My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy ſceptre, and thy ſword I ſing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I ſit
A joyful ſubject at thy feet.]

11 [Aſpire, my ſoul, to glorious deeds;
The "Captain of ſalvation" leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obſtruct the way.]

12 [Should death, and hell, and pow'rs unknown
Put all their forms of miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe; for Chriſt diſplays
Salvation in more ſov'reign ways.]

HYMN CL. Particular Metre.

The ſame as the 148th Pſalm.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet
My Saviour forth.

2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condeſcending ways
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder ſee
What forms of love
He bears for me.

3 [Array'd in mortal fleſh,
He, like an angel, ſtands,
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands:
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.]

4 [Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news
Of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.]

5 [Be thou my counſellor,
My patron and my guide;
And through this deſert land
Still keep me near thy ſide.
O let my feet
Ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove nor ſeek
The crooked way!]

6 [I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul among
The thouſands of his ſheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His boſom bears
The tender lambs.]

7 [To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cauſe;
He anſwers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my ſoul
At freedom ſet!
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.]

8 [Jeſus, my great High Prieſt,
Offer'd his blood, and dy'd:
My guilty conſcience ſeeks
No ſacrifice beſide.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]

9 [My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell
Or ſin can ſay,
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.]

10 [My dear almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy ſceptre, and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace I ſing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I ſit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]

11 [Now let my ſoul ariſe,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conqueſt and a crown.
A feeble ſaint
Shall win the day,
Though death and hell
Obſtruct the way.]

12 Should all the hoſts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their moſt dreadful forms
Of rage and miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe;
For Chriſt diſplays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

HYMN I. Long Metre.

A ſong of praiſe to God.

1 NATURE, with all her pow'rs, ſhall ſing
God the Creator and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor ſkies, nor ſeas,
Deny the tribute of their praiſe.

2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye ſeraphs that ſit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and ſpread the ſound
To the creation's utmoſt bound.

3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilſt with our ſouls, and with our voice,
We ſing his honours and our joys.]

4 [To him be ſacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave:
Our lips ſhall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

5 [These Western shores, our native land,
Lie safe in the Almighty's hand:
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.]

6 Raise monumental praises high
To him who thunders through the sky,
And, with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

7 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal Name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]

8 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

9 [Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.]

HYMN II. Common Metre.

The death of a sinner.

1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,

Amongſt abominable fiends;
Herſelf a frighted ghoſt.

4 There endleſs crowds of ſinners lie,
And darkneſs makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen deſpair, they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguiſh and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compaſſion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my ſoul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well inſur'd his love!

HYMN III. Common Metre.

The death and burial of a ſaint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As faſt as time can move?
Nor would we wiſh the hours more ſlow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the ſaints he bleſs'd,
And ſoften'd ev'ry bed:

Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he aroſe, aſcended high,
And ſhew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our ſouls ſhall fly,
At the great riſing day.

6 Then let the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
And bid our kindred riſe:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye ſaints, aſcend the ſkies.

HYMN IV. Long Metre.

Salvation in the croſs.

1 HERE at thy croſs, my dying God,
I lay my ſoul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jeſus! nor ſhall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or ſay,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell ſhall fright my ſoul away,
Should hell with all its legions riſe.

3 Should worlds conſpire to drive me hence,
Moveleſs and firm this heart ſhould lie:
Reſolv'd (for that's my laſt defence)
If I muſt periſh—here to die.

4 But ſpeak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not ſafe beneath thy ſhade?
Thy vengeance will not ſtrike me here;
Nor Satan dare my ſoul invade.

Yes, I'm ſecure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes ſhall loſe their aim:
Hoſanna to my dying God;
And my beſt honours to his name.

HYMN V. Long Metre.

Longing to praiſe Chriſt better.

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the ſharp ſorrows of thy ſoul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by thy croſs;

2 When I behold death, hell, and ſin,
Vanquiſh'd by that dear blood of thine,
And ſee the Man, that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's ſide;

3 My paſſions riſe and ſoar above:
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel ſings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal ſtrains;
And in ſuch humble notes as theſe
Falls far below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute muſt appear,
When we ſhall leave theſe bodies here,
Theſe clogs of clay—and mount on high,
To join the ſongs above the ſky.

HYMN VI. Common Metre.

A morning ſong.

1 ONCE more, my ſoul, the riſing day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the ſkies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the ſound,

Wide as the heav'n, on which he ſits
To turn the ſeaſons round.

3 'Tis he ſupports my mortal frame;
My tongue ſhall ſpeak his praiſe;
My ſins would rouſe his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withſtand:
Thy juſtice might have cruſh'd me dead,
But mercy held thy hand.

5 A thouſand wretched ſouls are fled
Since the laſt ſetting ſun;
And yet thou length'neſt out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilſt I enjoy the light;
Then ſhall my ſun in ſmiles decline,
And bring a pleaſant night.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

An evening ſong.

1 [DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning ſong
Like holy incenſe riſe:
Aſſiſt the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty ſkies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was ſtill my guard;
And ſtill to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy ſtood prepar'd.]

3 Perpetual bleſſings from above
Encompaſs me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for Him who dy'd
To ſave my wretched ſoul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Faſt as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afreſh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to reſt,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breaſt.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

A hymn for morning or evening.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful ſound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thouſand ſnares attend us round,
And yet ſecure we ſtand.

2 That was a moſt amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning reſts our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The riſing morning can't aſſure
That we ſhall end the day;
For death ſtands ready at the door
To ſnatch our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by ſin
To God's revenging law;

We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gaſp we draw.

6 God is our ſun, whoſe daily light
Our joy and ſafety brings;
Our feeble fleſh lies ſafe at night
Beneath his ſhady wings.

HYMN IX. Common Metre.

Godly ſorrow ariſing from the ſufferings of Chriſt.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I?

2 [Thy body ſlain, ſweet Jeſus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While, all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious Suff'rer ſtood!]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's ſin.

5 Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While his dear croſs appears,
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myſelf away;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN X. Common Metre.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 MY ſoul forſakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Baſe as the dirt beneath my feet,
And miſchievous as hell.

2 No longer will I aſk your love,
Nor ſeek your friendſhip more;
The happineſs that I approve
Lies not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this ſpacious earth
That ſuits my large deſire;
To boundleſs joy and ſolid mirth
My nobler thoughts aſpire.

4 [Where pleaſure rolls its living flood,
From ſin and droſs refin'd,
Still ſpringing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the ſphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-ſufficience there,
To make our bliſs complete.]

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There ſits my Saviour, dreſs'd in love,
And there my ſmiling God.

HYMN XI. Long Metre.

The ſame.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful ſea,
And empty as the whiſtling wind.

2 Your ſtreams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black deſpair;
And whilſt I liſten'd to your ſong,
Your ſtreams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchleſs grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyſs;
That drew me from thoſe treach'rous ſeas,
And bade me ſeek ſuperior bliſs.

4 Now to the ſhining realms above
I ſtretch my hands, and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper ſkies!

5 There, from the boſom of my God,
Oceans of endleſs pleaſures roll:
There would I fix my laſt abode,
And drown the ſorrows of my ſoul.

HYMN XII. Common Metre.

Chriſt is the ſubſtance of the Levitical prieſthood.

1 THE true Meſſiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars
Before the riſing dawn.

2 No ſmoking ſweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock ſlain,
Incenſe and ſpice, of coſtly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron muſt lay his robes away,
His mitre and his veſt,
When God himſelf comes down to be
The off'ring and the prieſt.

4 He took our mortal fleſh, to ſhow
The wonders of his love;

For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their ſins,
"For I myſelf have dy'd;"
And then he ſhows his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded ſide.

HYMN XIII. Long Metre.

The creation, preſervation, diſſolution, and reſtoration, of this world.

1 SING to the Lord, who built the ſkies,
The Lord, who rear'd this ſtately frame;
Let all the nations ſound his praiſe,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the ſeas, and fram'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry duſt;
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And put them into motion firſt.

3 Now, from his high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the ſpheres;
He bids the ſhining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the haſty years.

4 Thus ſhall this moving engine laſt,
Till all his ſaints are gather'd in:
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blaſt,
To ſhake it all to duſt again.

5 Yet, when the ſound ſhall tear the ſkies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

HYMN XIV. Short Metre.

The Lord's day; or, delight in ordinances.

WELCOME, ſweet day of reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Here we may ſit, and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

3 One day amidſt the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſurable ſin.

4 My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this;
And ſit and ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

HYMN XV. Long Metre.

The enjoyment of Chriſt; or, delight in worſhip.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour ſee—
I wait a viſit, Lord, from thee!

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure deſire:
Come, my dear Jeſus, from above,
And feed my ſoul with heav'nly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal ſtand
In blooming rows at thy right hand;
And, in ſweet murmurs by their ſide,
Rivers of bliſs perpetual glide.

4 Haſte then, but with a ſmiling face,
And ſpread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taſte of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with ſacred wine.]

5 Bleſs'd Jeſus, what delicious fare!
How ſweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taſte above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine:
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt One,
That eyes have ſeen, or angels known!

HYMN XVI. Long Metre.

Part the ſecond.

1 LORD, what a heav'n of ſaving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our paſſions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name.

2 When I can ſay, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories ſhine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While ſuch a ſcene of ſacred joys,
Our raptur'd eyes and ſouls employs,
Here we could ſit, and gaze away
A long, an everlaſting day.

4 Well, we ſhall quickly paſs the night,
To the fair coaſts of perfect light;
Then ſhall our joyful ſenſes rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 [There ſhall we drink full draughts of bliſs,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees;

Yet now and then, dear Lord, beſtow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we paſs through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us ſee
A glimpſe of love, a glimpſe of thee.]

HYMN XVII. Common Metre.

God's eternity.

1 RISE, riſe, my ſoul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad;
And rouſe up ev'ry tuneful ſound
To praiſe th' Eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty ſkies were ſpread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundleſs years can ne'er decreaſe,
But ſtill maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The preſent and the paſt,
He fills his own immortal Now,
And ſees our ages waſte.

5 The ſea and ſky muſt periſh too,
And vaſt deſtruction come;
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.

6 Well, let the ſea ſhrink all away,
And flames melt down the ſkies,
My God ſhall live an endleſs day,
When old creation dies.

HYMN XVIII. Long Metre.

The miniſtry of angels.

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light,
The King of glory ſpreads his ſeat,
And troops of angels, ſtretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 "Go," ſaith the Lord, "my Gabriel, go,
"Salute the virgin's fruitful womb!
"Make haſte, ye cherubs, down below,
"Sing and proclaim—the Saviour's come."

3 Here a bright ſquadron leaves the ſkies,
And thick around Eliſha ſtands;
Anon a heav'nly ſoldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hoſts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are ſailing to thy coaſts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy ſervants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haſte obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

HYMN XIX. Common Metre.

Our bodies frail, and God our preſerver.

1 LET others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confeſs, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Freſh as the graſs our bodies ſtand,
And flouriſh bright and gay;
A blaſting wind ſweeps o'er the land,
And fades the graſs away.

3 Our life contains a thouſand ſprings,
And dies, if one be gone;
Srange! that a harp of thouſand ſtrings
Should keep in tune ſo long.

4 But 'tis our God ſupports our frame,
The God who built us firſt;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the duſt.

5 [He ſpake—and ſtraight our hearts and brains,
In all their motions, roſe;
"Let blood," ſaid he, "flow round the veins,"
And round the veins it flows.

6 While we have breath, or uſe our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN XX. Common Metre.

Backſlidings and returns; or, the inconſtancy of our love.

1 WHY is my heart ſo far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 [Why ſhould my fooliſh paſſions rove?
Where can ſuch ſweetneſs be,
As I have taſted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

3 When my forgetful ſoul renews
The ſavour of thy grace,
My heart preſumes I cannot loſe
The reliſh all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is paſt,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some ſenſual bait to ſeize my taſte,
And to pollute my joys.

5 [Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtleſs heart,
And thruſt me from thy arms.]

6 Then I repent, and vex my ſoul
That I ſhould leave thee ſo;
Where will thoſe wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

7 [Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief,
But my dear Lord returns again;
He flies to my relief!

8 Seizing my ſoul with ſweet ſurpriſe,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compaſſion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

9 [Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chaſe of falſe delight!
Let me be faſten'd to thy croſs,
Rather than loſe thy ſight.]

10 [Make haſte, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to reſt
On the dear centre of my ſoul,
My God, my Saviour's breaſt!]

HYMN XXI. Long Metre.

A ſong of praiſe to God the Redeemer.

1 LET the old heathens tune their ſong
Of great Diana, and of Jove;
But the ſweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold! a God deſcends and dies,
To ſave my ſoul from gaping hell!

How the black gulf, where Satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3 How juſtice frown'd, and vengeance ſtood,
To drive me down to endleſs pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover! gracious Lord!
To thee be endleſs honours giv'n:
Thy wondrous name ſhall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.

HYMN XXII. Long Metre.

With God is terrible majeſty.

1 TERRIBLE God, who reign'ſt on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withſtand.

2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows ſtruck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance ſunk him down.

3 This Sodom felt—and feels it ſtill—
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
"With endleſs burnings who can dwell,
"Or bear the fury of a God?"

4 Tremble, ye ſinners, and ſubmit;
Throw down your arms before his throne:
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his ſtrong hand ſhall cruſh you down.

5 And ye, bleſs'd ſaints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly ſervants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN XXIII. Long Metre.

The ſight of God and Chriſt in heaven.

1 DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower ſky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where ſolid pleaſures never die,
And fruits immortal feaſt the ſoul.

3 O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There ſits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious through the man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all!

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they ſing;
And ſit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And ſpread the triumphs of their King!

6 When ſhall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I ſhall mount to dwell above;
And ſtand and bow amongſt them there,
And view thy face, and ſing, and love?

HYMN XXIV. Long Metre.

The evil of ſin viſible in the fall of angels and men.

1 WHEN the great Builder arch'd the ſkies,
And form'd all nature with a word;
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praiſe,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2 High in the midſt of all the throng
Satan, a tall arch-angel, ſat;
Amongſt the morning ſtars he ſung,
Till ſin deſtroy'd his heav'nly ſtate.

3 ['Twas ſin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Grov'ling in fire, the rebel lies;
How art thou ſunk in darkneſs down,
Sun of the morning, from the ſkies!]

4 And thus our two firſt parents ſtood,
Till ſin defil'd the happy place:
They loſt their garden, and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

5 [So ſprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,
And ſpread deſtruction all abroad;
Sin, the curs'd name, that in one hour
Spoil'd ſix days labour of a God.]

6 Tremble, my ſoul, and mourn for grief,
That ſuch a foe ſhould ſeize thy breaſt;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
Oh! may he ſlay this treach'rous gueſt.

7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our ſhouts ſhall riſe;
Thine everlaſting arms we ſing,
For ſin, the monſter, bleeds and dies.

HYMN XXV. Common Metre.

Complaining of ſpiritual ſloth.

1 MY drowſy pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo!
Awake, my ſluggiſh ſoul!
Nothing has half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half ſo dull!

2 The little ants for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and ſtrive;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whoſe ſake all nature ſtands,
And ſtars their courſes move;
We, for whoſe guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good;
How careleſs to ſecure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, ſhall we lie ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And ſit and warm our hearts.

6 Then ſhall our active ſpirits move;
Upward our ſouls ſhall riſe:
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly, and take the prize.

HYMN XXVI. Long Metre.

God inviſible.

1 LORD, we are blind, poor mortals, blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
Oh! 'tis beyond a creature's mind,
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the ſky,
The great ETERNAL reigns alone;
Where neither wings, nor ſouls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topleſs throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his ſeat
Of gems incomparably bright;
And lays beneath his ſacred feet
Subſtantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through, and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praiſe thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

HYMN XXVII. Long Metre.

Praiſe ye him, all his angels. Pſalm cxlviii. 2.

1 GOD! the eternal, awful name,
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That ſhakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his ſervants are,
And light ſurrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for ſuch poor worms as we
To ſpeak ſo infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes ſurvey
The beauties of your ſov'reign King.

4 Tell how he ſhews his ſmiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array;
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And ſongs eternal as the day.

5 Speak—for you feel his burning love—
What zeal it ſpreads through all your frame!
That ſacred fire dwells all above,
For we, on earth, have loſt the name.

6 [Sing of his pow'r and juſtice too;
That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquiſh'd Satan and his crew,
When thunder drove them down from bliſs.]

7 What mighty ſtorms of poiſon'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Faſt to the racks of long deſpair!

8 [Shout to your King, ye heav'nly hoſt;
You that beheld the ſinking foe;
Firmly ye ſtood when they were loſt;
Praiſe the rich grace that kept ye ſo.

9 Proclaim his wonders from the ſkies;
Let ev'ry diſtant nation hear;
And, while you ſound his lofty praiſe,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.]

HYMN XXVIII. Common Metre.

Death and eternity.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that us'd to riſe,
Converſe a while with death:
Think how a gaſping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulſe is faint and few:
Then, ſpeechleſs, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But oh, the ſoul, that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, purſue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way!

4 Up to the courts, where angels dwell,
It mounts—triumphing there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite deſpair!

5 And muſt my body faint and die?
And muſt this ſoul remove?
Oh, for ſome guardian-angel nigh,
To bear it ſafe above!

6 Jeſus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked ſoul I truſt;
And my fleſh waits for thy command,
To drop into my duſt.

HYMN XXIX. Common Metre.

Redemption by price and power.

1 JESUS, with all thy ſaints above,
My tongue would bear her part;
Would ſound aloud thy ſaving love,
And ſing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bleſs'd be the Lamb, my deareſt Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming ſword
In his own vital flood;

3 The Lamb that freed my captive ſoul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And ſent the lion down to howl,
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceaſing praiſe,
While angels live to know his name,
Or ſaints to feel his grace.

HYMN XXX. Short Metre.

Heavenly joy on earth.

1 [COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.

2 The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from the place:
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.]

3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
That never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And manages the ſeas.]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There we ſhall ſee his face,
And never, never ſin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

7 Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate,
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 [The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

10 Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN XXXI. Long Metre.

Chriſt's preſence makes death eaſy.

1 WHY ſhould we ſtart and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!

Death is the gate of endleſs joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying ſtrife,
Fright our approaching ſouls away;
Still we ſhrink back again to life,
Fond of our priſon, and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My ſoul ſhould ſtretch her wings in haſte,
Fly, fearleſs, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as ſhe paſs'd.

4 Jeſus can make a dying bed
Feel ſoft as downy pillows are,
While on his breaſt I lean my head,
And breathe my life out ſweetly there.

HYMN XXXII. Common Metre.

Frailty and folly.

1 HOW ſhort and haſty is our life!
How vaſt our ſouls' affairs!
Yet ſenſeleſs mortals vainly ſtrive
To laviſh out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtleſsly along,
Without a moment's ſtay;
Juſt like a ſtory, or a ſong,
We paſs our lives away.

3 God, from on high, invites us home,
But we march heedleſs on;
And, ever haſt'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 How we deſerve the deepeſt hell,
That ſlight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance ſhould we feel,
That break ſuch cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with ſov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And ſee ſalvation nigh.

HYMN XXXIII. Common Metre.

The bleſſed ſociety in heaven.

1 RAISE thee, my ſoul, fly up, and run
Through ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
And ſay, There's nought below the ſun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 [Thus will we mount on ſacred wings,
And tread the courts above:
Nor earth, nor all her mightieſt things,
Shall tempt our meaneſt love.]

3 There, on a high majeſtic throne,
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And ſheds his glorious goodneſs down
On all the bliſsful plains.

4 Bright, like the ſun, the Saviour ſits,
And ſpreads eternal noon;
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidſt thoſe ever-ſhining ſkies,
Behold the ſacred Dove;
While baniſh'd ſin, and ſorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And ſaints and ſeraphs ſing and praiſe
The infinite THREE-ONE.

7 [But, oh, what beams of heav'nly grace
Tranſport them all the while!
Ten thouſand ſmiles from Jeſus' face,
And love in ev'ry ſmile!]

8 Jesus, O when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour, appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there?

HYMN XXXIV. Common Metre.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, fervency of devotion desired.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly, nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN XXXV. Common Metre.

Praise to God for creation and redemption.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raiſe our ſhouts, O God, to thee,
And ſend them to thy throne;
All glory to th' UNITED THREE,
The undivided ONE.

3 'Twas He (and we'll adore his name)
Who form'd us by a word;
'Twas He reſtor'd our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hoſanna! let the earth and ſkies
Repeat the joyful ſound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

HYMN XXXVI. Short Metre.

Chriſt's interceſſion.

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To ſprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If juſtice calls for ſinners' blood,
The Saviour ſhews his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble ſuit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and ſmiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour ſing;
Jeſus, the Prieſt, receives our ſongs,
And bears them to the King.

5 [We bow before his face,
And ſound his glories high:

" Hoſanna to the God of grace,
" Who lays his thunder by.]

6 " On earth thy mercy reigns,
" And triumphs all above ;"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal ſtrains,
To ſpeak immortal love!

7 [How jarring, and how low,
Are all the notes we ſing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our ſongs anew,
And they ſhall pleaſe the King.]

HYMN XXXVII. Common Metre.

The ſame.

1 LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly ſeat,
Where your Redeemer ſtays :
Kind Interceſſor, there he ſits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my ſoul, he dy'd for thee,
And ſhed his vital blood ;
Appeas'd ſtern juſtice on the tree,
And then aroſe to God.

3 Petitions now, and praiſe may riſe,
And ſaints their off'rings bring ;
The Prieſt, with his own ſacrifice,
Preſents them to the King.

4 [Let Papiſts truſt what names they pleaſe,
Their ſaints and angels boaſt ;
We've no ſuch advocates as theſe,
Nor pray to th' heav'nly hoſt.]

5 Jeſus alone ſhall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne ;
He, deareſt Lord, perfumes my ſighs,
And ſweetens ev'ry groan.

6 [Ten thouſand praiſes to the King,
Hoſanna in the high'ſt;
Ten thouſand thanks our ſpirits bring
To God, and to his Chriſt.]

HYMN XXXVIII. Common Metre.

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inſpires the breaſt:
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

2 Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our ſtubborn ſins will fight and reign,
If love be abſent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In ſwift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and ſings,
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings
In the ſweet realms of bliſs.

5 Before we quite forſake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To ſee our ſmiling God.

HYMN XXXIX. Common Metre.

The ſhortneſs and miſery of life.

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days,
Are ſhort and wretched too!
"Evil and few," the patriarch ſays,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but, at beſt, a narrow bound,
That heav'n allows to men;
And pains and ſins run through the round
Of threeſcore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye muſt be ſad and few,
Run on, my days, in haſte;
Moments of ſin, and months of wo,
Ye cannot fly too faſt.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my ſoul,
And call her to the ſkies,
Where years of long ſalvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN XL. Common Metre.

Our comfort in the covenant made with Chriſt.

1 OUR God, how firm his promiſe ſtands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He truſts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my ſoul, theſe ſad complaints,
Since Chriſt and we are one!
Thy God is faithful to his ſaints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his ſmiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n poſſeſs'd;
I praiſe his name for grace receiv'd,
And truſt him for the reſt.

HYMN XLI. Long Metre.

A ſight of God mortifies us to the world.

1 UP to the fields, where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But ſin hangs heavy on my ſoul.

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Chriſt,
Can make this world of guilt remové;
And thou can'ſt bear me where thou fly'ſt,
On thy kind wings, celeſtial Dove!

3 Oh might I once mount up, and ſee
The glories of th' eternal ſkies;
What little things theſe worlds would be,
How deſpicable to my eyes!]

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vaniſh ſoon;
Vaniſh, as though I ſaw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I ſhould perceive the noiſe no more
Than we can hear a ſhaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great ALL IN ALL, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs ſhall bow, and ſing
Thine endleſs grandeur, and thy grace.

HYMN XLII. Common Metre.

Delight in God.

1 MY God, what endleſs pleaſures dwell
Above, at thy right hand!
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces ſtand!

2 The ſwallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upward tow'rd the ſkies,
And tunes her warbling throat:

3 And we, when in thy preſence, Lord,
Do ſhout with joyful tongues;
Or, ſitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feaſt with ſongs.

4 While Jeſus ſhines with quick'ning grace,
We ſing, and mount on high;
But, if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

5 [Juſt as we ſee the loneſome dove
Bemoan her widow'd ſtate,
Wand'ring, ſhe flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

6 Juſt ſo, our thoughts from thing to thing
In reſtleſs circles rove;
Juſt ſo we droop, and hang the wing,
When Jeſus hides his love.]

HYMN XLIII. Long Metre.

Chriſt's ſufferings and glory.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praiſe
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How ſwift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlaſting love!

3 [Down to this baſe, this ſinful earth,
He came to raiſe our nature high;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath—
Jeſus, the God, was born to die.]

4 [Hell, and its lions, roar'd around;
His precious blood the monſters ſpilt;
While weighty ſorrows preſs'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5 Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death,
Th' Almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
And roſe to everlaſting day.

6 Lift up your eyes, ye ſons of light,
Up to his throne of ſhining grace;
See what immortal glories ſit
Round the ſweet beauties of his face!

7 Amongſt a thouſand harps and ſongs,
Jeſus, the God, exalted reigns;
His ſacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains!

HYMN XLIV. Long Metre.

Hell; or, the vengeance of God.

1 WITH holy fear, and humble ſong,
The dreadful God our ſouls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That ſpeaks the terrors of his pow'r.

2 Far, in the deep, where darkneſs dwells,
The land of horror and deſpair,
Juſtice has built a diſmal hell,
And laid her ſtores of vengeance there.

3 [Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dipt in the blood of damned ſouls.

4 There Satan, the firſt ſinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel ſtrives to riſe,
Cruſh'd with the weight of both thy hands.]

5 There guilty ghoſts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could ſcorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my ſoul, and kiſs the Son—
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Elſe your damnation haſtens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

HYMN XLV. Long Metre.

God's condeſcenſion to our worſhip.

1 THY favours, Lord, ſurpriſe our ſouls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canſt thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2 Still might he fill his ſtarry throne,
And pleaſe his ears with Gabriel's ſongs;
But heav'nly Majeſty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues!

3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love ſo infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compaſſion's all divine.

HYMN XLVI. Long Metre.

God's condeſcenſion to human affairs.

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlaſting praiſes fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 [He that can ſhake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod;
His goodneſs, how amazing great!
And what a condeſcending God!

3 God, that muſt ſtoop to view the ſkies,
And bow to ſee what angels do,
Down to the earth he caſts his eyes,
And bends his footſteps downward too.]

4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble ſouls the King of kings
Beſtows his counſels, and his cares.

5 Our ſorrows and our tears we pour
Into the boſom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condeſcenſion to perform;
For worms were never rais'd ſo high
Above their meaneſt fellow-worm.

7 Oh! could our thankful hearts deviſe
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our ſongs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden harps thy praiſe.

HYMN XLVII. Long Metre.

Glory and grace in the perſon of Chriſt.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble ſong!
Awake, my ſoul; awake, my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

2 See, where it ſhines in Jeſus' face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
God, in the perſon of his Son,
Has all his mightieſt works outdone.

3 The ſpacious earth and ſpreading flood
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.

4 But in his looks a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labour of thine hands:
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5 Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jeſus' name:

Ye angels, dwell upon the ſound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face—
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN XLVIII. Common Metre.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too,
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
Where we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our deareſt joys, and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondneſs of a creature's love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN XLIX. Common Metre.

Moſes dying in the embraces of God.

1 DEATH cannot make our ſouls afraid,
If God be with us there;

We may walk through the darkeſt ſhade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moſes did.

3 Might I but climb to Piſgah's top,
And view the promiſ'd land,
My fleſh itſelf would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Claſp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath;
And loſe my life among the charms
Of ſo divine a death.

HYMN L. Long Metre.

Comforts under ſorrows and pains.

1 NOW let the Lord, my Saviour, ſmile,
And ſhew my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains a while,
And in the pleaſure loſe the ſmart.

2 But oh! it ſwells my ſorrows high,
To ſee my bleſſed Jeſus frown;
My ſpirits ſink, my comforts die,
And all the ſprings of life are down.

3 Yet why, my ſoul, why theſe complaints?
Still, while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still, on his heart, he bears his ſaints,
And feels their ſorrows, and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breaſt;
His book of life contains my name:
I'd rather have it there impreſs'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the laſt fire burns all things here,
Thoſe letters ſhall ſecurely ſtand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now ſhall my minutes ſmoothly run,
Whilſt here I wait my Father's will;
My riſing and my ſetting ſun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN LI. Long Metre.

God the Son equal with the Father.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our ſpirits bow before thy ſeat:
To thee we lift a humble thought,
And worſhip at thine awful feet.

2 [Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wiſdom ſways
All nature with a ſov'reign word;
And the bright world of ſtars obeys
The will of their ſuperior Lord.]

3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And, ſmiling, ſit at thy right hand:
Eternal juſtice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4 A thouſand ſeraphs, ſtrong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongſt the ſons of light,
Pretends compariſon with thee?

5 Yet there is one, of human frame,
Jeſus, array'd in fleſh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 [Their glory ſhines with equal beams;
Their eſſence is forever one;
Though they are known by diff'rent names,
THE FATHER GOD, and GOD THE SON.

7 Then let the name of Chriſt, our King,
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praiſe let ev'ry angel ſing,
And all the nations own the Lord.]

HYMN LII. Common Metre.

Death dreadful, or delightful.

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To thoſe that have no God,
When the poor ſoul is forc'd away
To ſeek her laſt abode.

2 In vain to heav'n ſhe lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the ſkies,
To darkneſs, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let ſtubborn ſinners fear;
You muſt be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long FOREVER there!

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flaſhes in your face;
And thou, my ſoul, look downward too,
And ſing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of ſov'reign love,
Who promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy ſpirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and ſome celeſtial band,
To bear my ſoul away.

HYMN LIII. Common Metre.

The pilgrimage of the saints; or, earth and heaven.

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our souls shall tread the desart through
With undiverted feet;
And faith, and flaming zeal, subdue
The terrors that we meet.

5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam:
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]

7 By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Through dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to God,

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 [See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits
To welcome trav'llers home.]

10 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labours of our feet.

11 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12 Eternal glory to the King,
Who brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN LIV. Common Metre.

God's presence is light in darkness.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And he my rising Sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers—*I am his.*

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord!

5 Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

Frail life, and ſucceeding eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!

2 [Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave.]

4 Dangers ſtand thick through all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings!

6 Infinite joy, or endleſs wo,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe
To walk this dang'rous road;
And, if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN LVI. Common Metre.

The misery of being without God in this world; or, vain prosperity.

1 NO! I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod;
Well, they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head;
Away your spirit flies;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are your's,
And my Redeemer's mine!

HYMN LVII. Long Metre.

The pleasures of a good conscience.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half ſo ſwift away!
Their ſouls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as ſummer ev'nings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleaſures grow!
And longing hopes, and cheerful ſmiles,
Sit undiſturb'd upon their brow.]

5 They ſcorn to ſeek our golden toys;
But ſpend the day and ſhare the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys,
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the duſt below;
Almighty grace, renew our ſouls,
And we'll aſpire to glory too.

HYMN LVIII. Common Metre.

The ſhortneſs of life and the goodneſs of God.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how ſwift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a ſhooting ſtar.

2 [The preſent moments juſt appear,
Then ſlide away in haſte;
That we can never ſay—*they're here;*
But only ſay—*they're paſt.*]

3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy laſting favours ſhare;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'ſt the rolling year.

5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!

7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN LIX. Common Metre.

Paradise on earth.

1 GLORY to God, who walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through;
Who tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

2 [Glory to God, who stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desart springs;
And ev'ry sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows!
The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flow'r that blows.

6 Cheerful I feaſt on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleaſures down;
Pleaſures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne!]

7 But; ah! how ſoon my joys decay;
How ſoon my ſins ariſe,
And ſnatch th' heav'nly ſcene away
From theſe lamenting eyes!

8 When ſhall the time, dear Jeſus, when
The ſhining day appear,
That I ſhall leave theſe clouds of ſin,
And guilt and darkneſs here?

9 Up to the fields, above the ſkies,
My haſty feet would go;
There everlaſting flow'rs ariſe,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

HYMN LX. Long Metre.

The truth of God the promiſer; or, the promiſes are our ſecurity.

1 PRAISE, everlaſting praiſe, be paid
To Him who earth's foundation laid:
Praiſe to the God whoſe ſtrong decrees
Sway the creation as he pleaſe.

2 Praiſe to the goodneſs of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as ſtrong as his decrees,
He ſets his kindeſt promiſes.

3 [Firm are the words his prophets give;
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who ſpake, and ſpread the ſkies abroad.

4 Each of them pow'rful as that ſound
That bid the new-made world go round;

And ſtronger than the ſolid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5 Whence then ſhould doubts and fears ariſe?
Why trickling ſorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6 Oh, for a ſtrong, a laſting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith!
T' embrace the meſſage of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7 Then, ſhould the earth's old pillars ſhake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our ſteady ſouls would fear no more
Than ſolid rocks, when billows roar.

8 Our everlaſting hopes ariſe
Above the ruinable ſkies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own court his pow'r ſuſtains.

HYMN LXI. Common Metre.

A thought of death and glory.

1 MY ſoul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb:
This gloomy priſon waits for you,
Whene'er the ſummons come.]

3 Oh! could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their ſtead;
Then would our ſpirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the dead.

4 Then ſhould we ſee the ſaints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our ſouls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we ſhould ſcorn theſe clothes of fleſh,
Theſe fetters and this load,
And long for ev'ning to undreſs,
That we may reſt with God.]

6 We ſhould almoſt forſake our clay
Before the ſummons come,
And pray and wiſh our ſouls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN LXII. Common Metre.

*God the thunderer; or, the laſt judgment and hell.**

1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hoſts,
And thou, O earth, adore:
Let death and hell, through all their coaſts,
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2 His ſounding chariot ſhakes the ſky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his ſtores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His noiſtrils breathe out fiery ſtreams—
And from his awful tongue
A ſov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along!

4 Think, O my ſoul, the dreadful day,
When this incenſed God
Shall rend the ſky, and burn the ſea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

5 What ſhall the wretch, the ſinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord:

* Made in a great ſudden ſtorm of thunder, Auguſt 20th, 1697.

But he ſhall dread the Thund'rer now,
And ſink beneath his word.

6 Tempeſts of angry fire ſhall roll,
To blaſt the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked ſoul
In one eternal ſtorm.

HYMN LXIII. Common Metre.

A funeral thought.

1 HARK! from the tombs, a doleful ſound!
Mine ears, attend the cry—
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
"Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay muſt be your bed,
"In ſpite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wiſe, the rev'rend head
"Muſt lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure!
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our ſouls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying fleſh,
We'll riſe above the ſky.

HYMN LXIV. Long Metre.

God the glory and the defence of Zion.

1 HAPPY the church, thou ſacred place,
The ſeat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are ſtrength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;

Nor ſhall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counſels, and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain deſigns engage;
Againſt his throne in vain they rage;
Like riſing waves, with angry roar,
That daſh, and die upon the ſhore.

4 Then let our ſouls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our ſhield, and God our ſun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he ſheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brighteſt praiſe.

HYMN LXV. Common Metre.

The hope of heaven our ſupport under trials on earth.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth againſt my ſoul engage,
And helliſh darts be hurl'd,
Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

4 There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

HYMN LXVI. Common Metre.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from our's.

3 [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green:
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan, that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN LXVII. Common Metre.

God's eternal dominion.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
Ere ſeas or ſtars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immenſe ſurvey,
From the formation of the ſky,
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands preſent in thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various ſcenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undiſturb'd affairs.

6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praiſe to thee.

HYMN LXVIII. Common Metre.

The humble worſhip of heaven.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to ſee
The place of thine abode!
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy ſeat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy diſtant face,
And 'tis a pleaſing ſight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight!

3 I'd part with all the joys of ſenſe,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleaſure ſprings freſh forever thence,
Unſpeakable, unknown.

4 [There all the heav'nly hoſts are ſeen ;
In ſhining ranks they move ;
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder, and with love.

5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall ;
With joy they ſhrink to NOTHING there,
Before th' eternal ALL.

6 There I would vie with all the hoſt
In duty, and in bliſs ;
While *leſs than nothing* I could boaſt,
And *vanity* confeſs.]

7 The more thy glories ſtrike mine eyes,
The humbler I ſhall lie ;
Thus, while I ſink, my joys ſhall riſe
Unmeaſurably high.

HYMN LXIX. Common Metre.

The faithfulneſs of God in the promiſes.

1 [BEGIN, my tongue, ſome heav'nly theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing ;
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his pow'r abroad ;
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim *ſalvation from the Lord,*
For wretched, dying men ;
His hand has writ the ſacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd, as in eternal braſs,
The mighty promiſe ſhines ;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.]

5 [He that can daſh whole worlds to death,
And make them when he pleaſe;
He ſpeaks—and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is ſtrong
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice that rolls the ſtars along
Speaks all the promiſes.

7 He ſaid—*Let the wide heav'n be ſpread,*
And heav'n was ſtretch'd abroad:
Abrah'm, I'll be thy God, he ſaid,
And he was Abrah'm's God.

8 Oh, might I hear thine heav'nly tongue
But whiſper—*thou art mine!*
Thoſe gentle words ſhould raiſe my ſong
To notes almoſt divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n ſecure!
I'd truſt the all-creating voice,
And faith deſires no more.]

HYMN LXX. Long Metre.

God's dominion over the ſea. Pſ. cvii. 23, &c.

1 GOD of the ſeas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one ſoft word of thy command
Can ſink them, ſilent, in the ſand.

2 If but a Moſes wave thy rod,
The ſea divides and owns its God;
The ſtormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his choſen armies through.

3 The ſcaly ſhoals, amidſt the ſea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meaneſt fiſh that ſwims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praiſe to God.

4 [The larger monſters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep:
By thy permiſſion, ſport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempeſt rears,
Leviathan lies ſtill, and fears;
Anon he lifts his noſtrils high,
And ſpouts the ocean to the ſky.]

6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidſt theſe wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the ſeas,
Bold men refuſe their Maker's praiſe.

7 [What ſcenes of miracles they ſee,
And never tune a ſong to thee!
While on the flood they ſafely ride,
They curſe the hand that ſmooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And ſome drink death among the waves:
Yet the ſurviving crew blaſpheme,
Nor own the God that reſcu'd them.]

9 Oh, for ſome ſignal of thy hand!
Shake all the ſeas, Lord, ſhake the land:
Great Judge, deſcend, leſt men deny
That there's a God who rules the ſky.

From the 70th to the 108th hymn, I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the 1ſt and 3d lines of the ſtanza.

HYMN LXXI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God from all creatures.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice ſhall ſing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that ſhap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;

But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler ſpirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our tongues:
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join th' angelic ſongs.

4 Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour ſhine;
And wheels of nature, roll;
Praiſe him in your unweary'd courſe
Around the ſteady pole.

6 The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN LXXII. Common Metre.

The Lord's-day; or, the reſurrection of Chriſt.

1 BLEST morning, whoſe young dawning rays
Beheld our riſing God;
That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt,
And leave his laſt abode!

2 In the cold priſon of a tomb
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving ſkies had brought
The third th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The ſleeping Conqueror aroſe,
And burſt their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

HYMN LXXIII. Common Metre.

Doubts scattered; or, spiritual joys restored.

1 HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 Oh! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures, all divine—
When Jesus told me—*I was his,*
And my Beloved mine.

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

HYMN LXXIV. Short Metre.

Repentance from a sense of divine goodness; or a complaint of ingratitude.

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a ſtubborn frame
Has ſin reduc'd our mind!
What ſtrange rebellious wretches we,
And God as ſtrangely kind!

3 [On us he bids the ſun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the ſkies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men:
But we, more baſe, more brutiſh things,
Reject his eaſy reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our ſouls afreſh;
Break, ſov'reign grace, theſe hearts of ſtone,
And gives us hearts of fleſh.

6 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks ariſe.

HYMN LXXV. Common Metre.

Spiritual and eternal joy; or, the beatific viſion of Chriſt.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys ſhall riſe,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my ſoul
Shall death itſelf outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my bleſſed Jeſus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeaſur'd ſpace,
I'll ſpend a long eternity
In pleaſure, and in praiſe.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endleſs ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 [Sweet Jeſus! ev'ry ſmile of thine
Shall freſh endearments bring,
And thouſand taſtes of new delight
From all thy graces ſpring.

6 Haſte, my Beloved, fetch my ſoul
Up to thy bleſt abode;
Fly, for my ſpirit longs to ſee
My Saviour, and my God.]

HYMN LXXVI. Common Metre.

The reſurrection and aſcenſion of Chriſt.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who cloth'd himſelf in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

3 See, how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters bleſſings down;
Our Jeſus fills the middle ſeat
Of the celeſtial throne.

5 [Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleſs'd abode;

Sweet be the accents of your ſongs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praiſe.]

HYMN LXXVII. Long Metre.

The Chriſtian warfare.

1 STAND up, my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And gird the goſpel armour on;
March to the gates of endleſs joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe;
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes;
Thy Jeſus nail'd them to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.

3 [What though the prince of darkneſs rage,
And waſte the fury of his ſpite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endleſs night.

4 What though thine inward luſts rebel?
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy ſins, and end the ſtrife.]

5 Then let my ſoul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

6 There ſhall I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the ſkies
Join in my glorious Leader's praiſe.

HYMN LXXVIII. Common Metre.

Redemption by Christ.

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array;
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men;
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honour shall forever be
The bus'ness of our days,
Forever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN LXXIX. Common Metre.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw—and (O! amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above
With joyful haſte he fled,
Enter'd the grave, in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He ſpoil'd the pow'rs of darkneſs thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jeſus has freed our captive ſouls
From everlaſting pains.

5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His curſed projects tries;
We, that were doom'd his endleſs ſlaves,
Are rais'd above the ſkies.]

6 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

7 [Yes, we will praiſe thee, deareſt Lord;
Our ſouls are all on flame;
Hoſanna, round the ſpacious earth,
To thine adored name!

8 Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

HYMN LXXX. Short Metre.

God's awful power and goodneſs.

1 OH! the Almighty Lord!
How matchleſs is his pow'r!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.

2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne!
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he ſhall tread you down.

3 Above the ſkies he reigns,
And with amazing blows,
He deals inſufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlaſting God,
We love to ſpeak thy praiſe;
Thy ſceptre's equal to thy rod,
The ſceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Zion well;
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
Who ſits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bleſs the God of love.

HYMN LXXXI. Common Metre.

Our ſin the cauſe of Chriſt's death.

1 AND now the ſcales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to ſee:
Oh the curs'd deeds my ſins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!

2 Were theſe the traitors, deareſt Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monſters, that ſtain'd thoſe heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore?

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
My deareſt Lord was ſlain;

When juſtice ſeiz'd God's only Son,
And put his ſoul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace!
I'll wound my God no more:
Hence, from my heart, ye ſins, be gone,
For Jeſus I adore.

5 Furniſh me, Lord, with heav'nly arms
From grace's magazine;
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling ſin.

HYMN LXXXII. Common Metre.

Redemption and protection from ſpiritual enemies.

1 ARISE, my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of ſin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my ſtanding more ſecure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlaſting love
Beneath my ſoul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages ſet
My ſlipp'ry footſteps faſt.

4 The city of my bleſs'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark ſtands
To ſhield the ſacred place.

5 Satan may vent his ſharpeſt ſpite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Ariſe, my ſoul; awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleaſure ſing;
Loud hallelujahs ſhall addreſs
My Saviour, and my King.

HYMN LXXXIII. Common Metre.

The paſſion and exaltation of Chriſt.

1 THUS ſaith the Ruler of the ſkies—
"Awake, my dreadful ſword;
"Awake, my wrath, and ſmite the man,
"My fellow," ſaith the Lord.

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And, armed, down ſhe flies;
Jeſus ſubmits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.

3 But, oh! the wiſdom, and the grace,
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to ſave our guilty race,
And yet he riſes too.

4 A perſon ſo divine was he,
Who yielded to be ſlain,
That he could give his ſoul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high;
Let ev'ry nation ſing,
And angels ſound, with endleſs joy,
The Saviour, and the King.

HYMN LXXXIV. Short Metre.

The ſame.

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your nobleſt muſic bring;
'Tis Chriſt, the Everlaſting God,
And Chriſt, the man, we ſing.

2 Tell how he took our fleſh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of ſacred blood,
That hellish monſters ſpilt.

3 [Alas! the cruel ſpear
Went deep into his ſide;
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

4 [The waves of ſwelling grief
Did o'er his boſom roll;
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his ſoul.]

5 Down to the ſhades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he aroſe to live and reign
When death itſelf is dead.

6 No more the bloody ſpear,
The croſs and nails no more;
For hell itſelf ſhakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer ſits
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And ſmiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories ſhine
With uncreated rays,
And bleſs his ſaints' and angels' eyes
To everlaſting days.

HYMN LXXXV. Common Metre.

Sufficiency of pardon.

1 WHY does your face, ye humble ſouls,
Thoſe mournful colours wear?
What doubts are theſe that waſte your faith,
And nouriſh your deſpair?

2 What though your num'rous ſins exceed
The ſtars that fill the ſkies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains riſe?

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation ſwell,
And hath its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

4 See here an endleſs ocean flows
Of never failing grace!
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The ſacred flood increaſe!

5 It riſes high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither ſhore nor bound:
Now, if we ſearch to find our ſins,
Our ſins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that ſwells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Freedom from ſin and miſery in heaven.

1 OUR ſins, alas! how ſtrong they be!
And like a vi'lent ſea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they riſe!
How loud the tempeſts roar!
But death ſhall land our weary ſouls
Safe on the heav'nly ſhore.

3 There, to fulfil his ſweet commands,
Our ſpeedy feet ſhall move;
No ſin ſhall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There ſhall we ſit, and ſing, and tell
The wonders of his grace;
Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And ſmile in every face.

5 Forever his dear ſacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue;
And Jeſus and ſalvation be
The cloſe of every ſong.

HYMN LXXXVII. Common Metre.

The divine glories above our reaſon.

1 HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright
Muſt our Creator be!
Who dwells amidſt the dazzling light
Of vaſt infinity!

2 Our ſoaring ſpirits upward riſe
Tow'rd the celeſtial throne:
Fain would we ſee the bleſſed THREE,
And the Almighty ONE.

3 Our reaſon ſtretches all its wings,
And climbs above the ſkies;
But ſtill how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reaſon lies!

4 [Lord, here we bend our humble ſouls,
And awfully adore:
For the weak pinions of our minds
Can ſtretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely riſe
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the higheſt ſeraph tries
To form an equal ſong.

6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great myſterious King,
While angels ſtrain their nobler pow'rs,
And ſweep th' immortal ſtring.]

HYMN LXXXVIII. Com. Metre.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful ſound!
'Tis pleaſure to our ears;
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in ſorrow, and in ſin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we ariſe by grace divine
To ſee a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

HYMN LXXXIX. Common Metre.

Chriſt's victory over Satan.

1 HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkneſs flies;
His troops ruſh headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the ſkies.

2 There bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the reſcu'd ſheep;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.

3 Hoſanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thouſand ſongs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy vict'ries, and thy deathleſs fame,
Through the wide world ſhall run;
And everlaſting ages ſing
The triumph thou haſt won.

HYMN XC. Common Metre.

Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
Oh! help mine unbelief.

4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength, and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all!

HYMN XCI. Common Metre.

The glory of Christ in heaven.

1 OH, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.

2 Sweet majeſty and awful love
Sit ſmiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble diſtance bow.

3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright ſceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To ſee him wear the crown.

4 Archangels ſound his lofty praiſe
Through ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet;
And lay their higheſt honours down
Submiſſive at his feet.]

5 Thoſe ſoft, thoſe bleſſed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they ſtand,
And all the ſaints adore.

6 His head, the dear majeſtic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories ſhine,
And circle it around!

7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unſeen, adore!
But, when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

8 [Lord! how our ſouls are all on fire
To ſee thy bleſt abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praiſe
To our incarnate God!]

9 And while our faith enjoys the ſight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wiſh thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our ſouls away.

HYMN XCII. Common Metre.

The church ſaved, and her enemies diſappointed; or, deliverance from treaſon.

1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run:
Ye weſtern ſkies, reſound the noiſe
Beyond the riſing ſun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our ſouls admire;
Thee our glad voices ſing;
And join with the celeſtial choir,
To praiſe th' eternal King.

3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And, on the ſtarry ſkies,
Sits ſmiling at the weak deſigns
Thine envious foes deviſe.

4 Thy ſcorn derides their feeble rage
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vaſt confuſion on their plots,
And ſhakes their Babel down.

5 [Their ſecret fires in caverns lay,
And we the ſacrifice;
But gloomy caverns ſtrove in vain
To 'ſcape all-ſearching eyes.

6 Their dark deſigns were all reveal'd;
Their treaſons all betray'd:
Praiſe to the Lord who broke the ſnare
Their curſed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the buſy ſons of hell
Still new rebellions try;
Their ſouls ſhall pine with envious rage,
And vex away, and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r :
Then let us with united ſongs
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN XCIII. Short Metre.

God all, and in all. Pſalm lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 [Thy ſhining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell :
'Tis paradiſe, when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

3 [The ſmilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.]

4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliſs ;
They ſit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jeſus is.]

5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his reſidence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the ſky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy preſence, Lord.

7 Thou art the ſea of love,
Where all my pleaſures roll;
The circle where my paſſions move,
And centre of my ſoul.

8 [To thee my ſpirits fly,
With infinite deſire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jeſus, raiſe me higher.]

HYMN XCIV. Common Metre.

God my only happineſs. Pſalm lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlaſting all!
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the ſkies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deſerves my joys;
There's nothing like my God.]

3 [In vain the bright, the burning ſun,
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy ſweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilſt upon my reſtleſs bed
Amongſt the ſhades I roll,
If my Redeemer ſhews his head,
'Tis morning with my ſoul.]

5 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and ſafe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my ſafety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

7 Were I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own;

Without thy graces and thyſelf,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore;
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

HYMN XCV. Common Metre.

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

1 INFINITE grief! amazing wo!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conſpir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman ſword.

2 Oh! the ſharp pangs of ſmarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and jagged thorns,
His ſacred body tore!

3 But knotty whips, and jagged thorns,
In vain do I accuſe;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more ſpiteful Jews:

4 'Twere you, my ſins, my cruel ſins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the ſpear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltleſs head:
Break, break, my heart—oh, burſt, mine eyes,
And let my ſorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty ſoul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undiſſembled wo!

HYMN XCVI. Common Metre.

Distinguishing love; or, angels punished, and men saved.

1 DOWN headlong from their native skies
The rebel-angels fell,
And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss,
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.

3 Oh, love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must Heav'n's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race?

4 Must angels sink forever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher?

5 Oh, for this love, let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing!

HYMN XCVII. Long Metre.

The same.

1 FROM heav'n the sinning angels fell;
And wrath and darkness chain'd them down;
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown!

2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, Almighty Love,
Our ſouls, ourſelves, our all, we pay:
Millions of tongues ſhall ſound thy praiſe
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

HYMN XCVIII. Common Metre.

Hardneſs of heart complained of.

1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies;
Heavy and cold within my breaſt,
Juſt like a rock of ice!

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, ſits
Upon this flinty throne;
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep,
Beneath this heart of ſtone.

3 How ſeldom do I riſe to God,
Or taſte the joys above!
This mountain preſſes down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When ſmiling mercy courts my ſoul
With all its heav'nly charms,
This ſtubborn, this relentleſs thing,
Would thruſt it from mine arms.

5 Againſt the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have ſtood;
My heart, it ſhakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, ſteep this rock of mine
In thine own crimſon ſea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

HYMN XCIX. Common Metre.

The book of God's decrees.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.

2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them as he please.]

4 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see,
In volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
Oh, may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN C. Long Metre.

The presence of Christ is the life of my soul.

1 HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God, at last, my sov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul, *Depart!*

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly ſtage,
Where ſhall I fly but to thy breaſt?
For I have ſought no other home,
For I have learn'd no other reſt.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without ſome glimpſes of thy face;
And heav'n, without thy preſence there,
Would be a dark and tireſome place.

4 When earthly cares engroſs the day,
And hold my thoughts aſide from thee,
The ſhining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no ev'ning viſit's paid
Between my Saviour and my ſoul,
How dull the night! how ſad the ſhade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This fleſh of mine might learn as ſoon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

7 [Chriſt is my light, my life, my care,
My bleſſed hope, my heav'nly prize;
Dearer than all my paſſions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or mine eyes.

8 The ſtrings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Chriſt my love.]

9 [My God! and can a humble child,
That loves thee with a flame ſo high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10 Impoſſible!—For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart ſo faſt to thee;
And in thy book the promiſe ſtands,
That where thou art, thy friends muſt be.]

HYMN CI. Common Metre.

The world's three chief temptations.

1 WHEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and ſenſual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!

2 [Honour's a puff of noiſy breath;
Yet men expoſe their blood,
And venture everlaſting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilſt others ſtarve the nobler mind,
And feed on ſhining duſt,
They rob the ſerpent of his food,
T' indulge a ſordid luſt.]

4 The pleaſures that allure our ſenſe,
Are dang'rous ſnares to ſouls;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring ſweet,
And daſh'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-ſufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vaſt deſires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6 In vain the world accoſts mine ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliſs ſo dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN CII. Long Metre.

A happy reſurrection.

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But, with a cheerful gaſp, reſign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
Theſe dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my waſting fleſh,
And crumble all my bones to duſt,
My God ſhall raiſe my frame anew,
At the revival of the juſt.

3 Break, ſacred morning, through the ſkies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut ſhort the hours, dear Lord, and come;
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they ſtay!

4 [Our weary ſpirits faint to ſee
The light of thy returning face;
And hear the language of thoſe lips
Where God has ſhed his richeſt grace.]

5 [Haſte, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouſe all the pious ſleeping clay;
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And ſing the triumph of the day.]

HYMN CIII. Common Metre.

Chriſt's commiſſion. John iii. 16, 17.

1 COME, happy ſouls, approach your God,
With new melodious ſongs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.

2 So ſtrange, ſo boundleſs was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father ſent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HYMN CIV. Short Metre.

The same.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,

When Chriſt was ſent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, ſinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrow ceaſe;
Bow to the ſceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy name.

HYMN CV. Common Metre.

Repentance flowing from the patience of God.

1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And dare we yet rebel?
'Tis boundleſs, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would ſink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above
To cruſh our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodneſs cries, *Forbear!*
And ſtraight the thunder ſtays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our ſin,
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to ſee
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye luſts, ſhall ye command;
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN CVI. Common Metre.

Repentance at the croſs.

1 OH, if my ſoul was form'd for wo,
How would I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my ſins, my deareſt Lord
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my ſoul, for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate thoſe luſts of mine
That crucify'd my God;
Thoſe ſins that pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they ſhall die;
My heart has ſo decreed;
Nor will I ſpare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilſt, with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raiſe revenge againſt my ſins,
And ſlay the murd'rers too.

HYMN CVII. Common Metre.

The everlaſting abſence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will ſurely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haſte,
When I muſt ſtand before my Judge,
And paſs the ſolemn teſt.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the ſound, *Depart!*

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 [What, to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly!]

5 Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

6 Jesus, I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Shew me some promise, in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

8 [Give me one kind, assuring word,
To dry my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

HYMN CVIII. Common Metre.

Access to the throne of grace by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face;
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace!

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his fury by.

HYMN CIX. Long Metre.

The darkness of providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence!
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile:
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail, by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below;
Still let us lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

HYMN CX. Short Metre.

Triumph over death, in hope of the reſurrection.

1 AND muſt this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And muſt theſe active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms
Shall but refine this fleſh,
Till my triumphant ſpirit comes,
To put it on afreſh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the ſkies
Looks down, and watches all my duſt,
Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall theſe vile bodies ſhine;
And every ſhape, and every face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 Theſe lively hopes we owe
To Jeſus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And ſing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praiſe
Of theſe our humble ſongs,
Till tunes of nobler ſound we raiſe
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN CXI. Common Metre.

Thankſgiving for victory; or, God's dominion, and our deliverance.

1 ZION rejoice, and Judah ſing,
The Lord aſſumes his throne;
Come, let us own the heav'nly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath,
And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

6 [Still may the King of grace descend
To rule us by his word:
And all the honours we can give,
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

HYMN CXII. Long Metre.

Angels ministering to Christ and saints.

1 GREAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son!!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance and of love.

3 His orders run through all the hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard our native coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shall bid me rise, and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

The same.

1 THE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold;
The servants waiting round his throne,
The ivory and the gold!

2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.

4 And when oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heav'nly form appears,
T' allay his agonies.]

5 Now to the hands of Christ our King,
Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heav'n.

6 Pleasure and praise run through their host,
To see a sinner turn;
That Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 Oh! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN CXIV. Common Metre.

Christ's death, victory, and dominion.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 *'Tis finish'd*, our Immanuel cries;
The dreadful work is done:
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise;
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When, through the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their sev'ral crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN CXV. Common Metre.

God the avenger of his saints; or, his kingdom supreme.

1 HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground
Reigns the Creator, GOD;

Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted ſtate
To him aſcribe their crown;
Render their homage at his feet,
And caſt their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is ſupreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye muſt die like men.

4 Then let the ſov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the juſt;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to duſt.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wiſe,
And think of heav'n with fear;
The meaneſt ſaint that you deſpiſe
Has an avenger there.

HYMN CXVI. Common Metre.

Mercies and thanks.

1 HOW can I ſink with ſuch a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And ſpreads the heav'ns abroad?

2 How can I die while Jeſus lives,
Who roſe, and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my ſoul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands reſign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN CXVII. Long Metre.

Living and dying with God present.

1 I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord;
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n a while.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN CXVIII. Long Metre.

The priesthood of Christ.

1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies;
Revenge! the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels, that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice:
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN CXIX. Common Metre.

The holy scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.

3 [This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes this pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows;
No danger dwells therein.]

5 This is the Judge who ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand!

HYMN CXX. Short Metre.

The law and gospel joined in scripture.

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face;
And, ſmiling from above,
Sends down the goſpel of his grace,
Th' epiſtles of his love.

3 Theſe ſacred words impart
Our Maker's juſt commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treaſur'd here,
And armour of defence.

5 We learn Chriſt crucify'd
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beſide
Will do us little good.]

6 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the ſtatutes of the Lord,
And truſt his promiſes.

7 In vain ſhall Satan rage
Againſt a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy ſhine.

HYMN CXXI. Long Metre.

The law and goſpel diſtinguiſhed.

1 THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the goſpel muſt reveal
Where lies our ſtrength to do his will.

2 The law diſcovers guilt and ſin,
And ſhews how vile our hearts have been:
Only the goſpel can expreſs
Forgiving love, and cleanſing grace.

3 What curſes doth the law denounce
Againſt the man that fails but once!
But in the goſpel Chriſt appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My ſoul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the goſpel gives:
The man that truſts the promiſe, lives.

HYMN CXXII. Long Metre.

Retirement and meditation.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A ſtranger to myſelf and thee;
Amidſt a thouſand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my higheſt love.

2 Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth,
And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth!
Why ſhould I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go!

3 Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe;
One ſov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys reſign.

4 Be earth, with all her ſcenes, withdrawn;
Let noiſe and vanity be gone:
In ſecret ſilence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

HYMN CXXIII. Long Metre.

The benefit of public ordinances.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our ſouls retreat;
We leave this worthleſs world afar,
And wait and worſhip near thy ſeat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We ſee thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3 While here, our various wants we mourn;
United groans aſcend on high;
And prayers produce a quick return
Of bleſſings in variety.

4 [If Satan rage, and ſin grow ſtrong,
Here we receive ſome cheering word;
We gird the goſpel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our ſpirit faints and dies,
(Our conſcience gall'd with inward ſtings)
Here doth the righteous Sun ariſe,
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

6 Father! my ſoul would ſtill abide
Within thy temple, near thy ſide;
But if my feet muſt hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN CXXIV. Common Metre.

Moſes, Aaron, and Joſhua.

1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or ſent to men by Moſes' hands,
Can bring us ſafe to heav'n.

2 'Tis not the blood that Aaron ſpilt,
Nor ſmoke of ſweeteſt ſmell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or ſave our ſouls from hell.

3 Aaron the prieſt reſigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the deſart yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder ſide,
The tribes of Iſrael ſtand,
While Moſes bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

5 Iſrael, rejoice, now Joſhua* leads!
He'll bring your tribes to reſt;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the prieſt.

HYMN CXXV. Long Metre.

Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.

1 LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To ſouls that mourn the ſins they've done;
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Wo to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The ſtubborn ſin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies:
He ſeals the curſe on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN CXXVI. Common Metre.

God glorified in the goſpel.

1 THE Lord, deſcending from above,
Invites his children near;
While pow'r, and truth, and boundleſs love
Diſplay their glories here.

2 Here, in the goſpel's wondrous frame,
Freſh wiſdom we purſue;

* Joſhua *the ſame with* Jeſus, *and ſignifies a Saviour.*

A thouſand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in faireſt lines;
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wiſdom through all the myſt'ry ſhines,
And ſhines in Jeſus' face.

4 The law its beſt obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging juſtice ſhows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But ſtill the luſtre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole ſcene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN CXXVII. Long Metre.

Circumciſion and baptiſm.

[Written only for thoſe who practiſe the baptiſm of infants.]

1 THUS did the ſons of Abrah'm paſs
Under the bloody ſeal of grace!
The young diſciples bore the yoke,
Till Chriſt the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jeſus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;
He ſeals to ſaints his glorious grace,
Nor does forbid their infant race.

3 Their ſeed is ſprinkled with his blood,
Their children ſet apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring ſhed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry ſaint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praiſe.

HYMN CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Corrupt nature from Adam.

1 BLEST with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, ſtood,
Till he debas'd his ſoul to ſenſe,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a ſenſual race,
To ſinful joys inclin'd;
Reaſon has loſt its native place,
And fleſh enſlaves the mind.

3 While fleſh, and ſenſe, and paſſion reigns,
Sin is the ſweeteſt good;
We fancy muſic in our chains,
And ſo forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs reſtore;
Inſpire us with a heav'nly flame,
And fleſh ſhall reign no more!

5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the ſecond Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN CXXIX. Long Metre.

We walk by faith, not by ſight.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deſarts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heav'n, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of ſight ſhe well ſupplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into diſtant worlds ſhe pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the deſart through,
While faith inſpires a heav'nly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempeſts blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abrah'm, by divine command,
Left his own houſe to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN CXXX. Common Metre.

The new creation.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories ſhew:
"Behold I ſit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.

2 "Nature and ſin are paſs'd away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay;
"See the new world ariſe.

3 "I'll be a Sun of righteouſneſs
"To the new heav'ns I make;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glories ſhall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer! ſet me free
From my old ſtate of ſin;
Oh, make my ſoul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afreſh;
Give me new paſſions, joys and fears,
And turn the ſtone to fleſh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From ſin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made,
I would forever dwell.

HYMN CXXXI. Long Metre.

The excellency of the Christian religion.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 [Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN CXXXII. Common Metre.

The offices of Christ.

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High-Prieſt above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How ſweet are his commands!
He guards our ſouls from hell and ſin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hoſanna to his glorious name,
Who ſaves by different ways;
His mercies lay a ſov'reign claim
To our immortal praiſe.

HYMN CXXXIII. Long Metre.

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confeſs,
And ſing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our bleſſings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our ſhades and darkneſs turn to day:
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning ſin;
Do our imperious luſts ſubdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conſcience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the ſtormy wind,
And calm the ſurges of the mind.

HYMN CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Circumciſion aboliſhed.

1 THE promiſe was divinely free,
Extenſive was the grace;

"I will the God of Abrah'm be,
"And of his num'rous race."

2 He ſaid—and with a bloody ſeal,
Confirm'd the words he ſpoke;
Long did the ſons of Abrah'm feel
The ſharp and painful yoke.

3 Till God's own Son, deſcending low,
Gave his own fleſh to bleed;
And Gentiles taſte the bleſſings now,
From the hard bondage freed.

4 The God of Abrah'm claims our praiſe;
His promiſes endure;
And Chriſt the Lord, in gentler ways,
Makes the ſalvation ſure.

HYMN CXXXV. Long Metre.

Types and prophecies of Chriſt.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd ſeed!
Behold the great Meſſiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the ſuperior room!

2 Abrah'm, the ſaint, rejoic'd of old,
When viſions of the Lord he ſaw;
Moſes, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witneſs to his name,
Obtain'd their chief deſign, and ceas'd;
The incenſe, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the prieſt.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their bleſſings on his head;
Jeſus, we worſhip at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd ſeed.

HYMN CXXXVI. Long Metre.

Miracles at the birth of Christ.

1 THE King of glory ſends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hoſts declare his birth!

2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet;
An unknown ſtar aroſe and led
The eaſtern ſages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conſpire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the ſacred fire,
And bleſs'd the babe, and own'd his name.

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaſpheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with ſcorn;
Our ſouls adore th' eternal God,
Who condeſcended to be born.

HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre.

Miracles in the life, death, and reſurrection of Chriſt.

1 BEHOLD the blind their ſight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb ſpeak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bleſs his name!

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And ſeal the miſſion of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cauſe,
While he hangs bleeding on the croſs.

3 He dies! the heav'ns in mourning ſtood;
He riſes! and appears a God:
Behold the Lord aſcending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to thoſe hands my ſoul reſign,
Which bear credentials ſo divine.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

The power of the goſpel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here reſolves to ſhew
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wiſdom find,
To heal diſeaſes of the mind;
This ſov'reign balm, whoſe virtues can
Reſtore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 The goſpel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afreſh;
And hearts of ſtone are turn'd to fleſh.

4 [Where Satan reign'd in ſhades of night,
The goſpel ſtrikes a heav'nly light;
Our luſts its wondrous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry ſouls.

5 Lions and beaſts of ſavage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world eſteems it ſtrange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6 May but this grace my ſoul renew,
Let ſinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that ſaves me, does engage
A ſure defence from all their rage.

HYMN CXXXIX. Long Metre.

The example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness, so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desart thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN CXL. Common Metre.

The examples of Christ and the saints.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb;
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footſteps that he trod,
(His zeal inſpir'd their breaſt)
And following their incarnate God,
Poſſeſs'd the promis'd reſt.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praiſe,
For his own pattern giv'n;
While the long cloud of witneſſes
Shows the ſame path to heav'n.

HYMN CXLI. Common Metre.

Faith aſſiſted by ſenſe; or, preaching, baptiſm, and the Lord's ſupper.

1 MY Saviour God, my ſov'reign Prince
Reigns far above the ſkies;
But brings his graces down to ſenſe,
And helps my faith to riſe.

2 Mine eyes and ears ſhall bleſs his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taſte ſhall do the ſame,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptiſmal water is deſign'd
To ſeal his cleanſing grace;
While, at his feaſt of bread and wine,
He gives his ſaints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my fleſh ſo clean,
As, by his Spirit and his blood,
He'll waſh my ſoul from ſin.

5 Not choiceſt meats, nor nobleſt wines,
So much my heart refreſh,
As when my faith goes through the ſigns,
And feeds upon his fleſh.

6 I love the Lord, who ſtoops ſo low,
To give his word a ſeal;
But the rich grace his hands beſtow
Exceeds the figures ſtill.

HYMN CXLII. Short Metre.

Faith in Chriſt our ſacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beaſts,
On Jewiſh altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

2 But Chriſt, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

4 My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

HYMN CXLIII. Common Metre.

Fleſh and Spirit.

1 WHAT diff'rent powers of grace and ſin
Attend our mortal ſtate!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain and groan and die,
While ſin and Satan reign;
Now raiſe my ſongs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkneſs ſtruggles with the light,
Till perfect day ariſe;
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the fleſh and Spirit ſtrive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I ſhall quit this mortal life,
And ſin forever ceaſe.

HYMN CXLIV. Long Metre.

The effuſion of the Spirit; or, the ſucceſs of the Goſpel.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine diſciples met;
Whilſt on their heads the Spirit came,
And ſat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to give, and pow'r to ſave!
Furniſh'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Inſtead of ſhields, and ſpears, and ſwords.

3 Thus arm'd, he ſent the champions forth,
From eaſt to weſt, from ſouth to north;
"Go, and aſſert your Saviour's cauſe;
"Go, ſpread the myſt'ry of his croſs."

4 Theſe weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our ſtubborn paſſions bow,
And lay the proudeſt rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by theſe heav'nly arms ſubdu'd;

While Satan rages at his loſs,
And hates the doctrine of the croſs.

6 Great King of grace, my heart ſubdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And ſing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN CXLV. Common Metre.

Sight through a glaſs, and face to face.

1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is ſeen;
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glaſs between.

2 Oh, that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to ſight!
I ſhall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3 Haſte, my Beloved, and remove
Theſe interpoſing days;
Then ſhall my paſſions all be love,
And all my powers be praiſe.

HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre.

The vanity of creatures; or, no reſt on earth.

1 MAN has a ſoul of vaſt deſires;
He burns within with reſtleſs fires;
Toſs'd to and fro, his paſſions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some ſolid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleaſures—but we feel
The inward thirſt and torment ſtill.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We ſhift from ſide to ſide, by turns;

And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God! ſubdue this vicious thirſt,
This love to vanity and duſt;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our ſouls with joys refin'd.

HYMN CLXVII. Common Metre.

The creation of the world. Gen. i.

1 "NOW let a ſpacious world ariſe,"
Said the Creator Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and ſkies
Roſe at his ſov'reign word.

2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land;
He call'd the light—the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds aſcend on high;
The clouds aſcend, and bear
A wat'ry treaſure to the ſky,
And float on ſofter air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling ſeas together flow,
And leave the ſolid land.

5 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bleſs the earth,
Or ſun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper ſkies;
Behold the ſun appears;
The moon and ſtars in order riſe,
To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' Almighty King
Did vital beings frame;
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fiſh of ev'ry name.]

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth;
And grazing beaſts, of various form,
Roſe from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was form'd of equal clay,
Though ſov'reign of the reſt,
Deſign'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bleſt.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye,
The young creation ſtood;
He ſaw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature ſtands,
Thy praiſe ſhall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted ſong.

HYMN CXLVIII. Common Metre.

God reconciled in Chriſt.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jeſus, and my God!
Who can reſiſt thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father ſmiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human fleſh I ſee,
My thoughts no comfort find;

The holy, juſt and ſacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my ſlaviſh fear,
His grace removes my ſins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wiſdom boaſt,
I love th' incarnate myſtery,
And there I fix my truſt.

HYMN CXLIX. Common Metre.

Honour to magiſtrates; or, government from God.

1 ETERNAL Sov'reign of the ſky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy Majeſty
Our firſt obedience owe.

2 Our ſouls adore thy throne ſupreme,
And bleſs thy providence,
For magiſtrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 [The rulers of theſe States ſhall ſhine
With rays above the reſt,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make a nation bleſs'd.]

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations ſtand,
While virtue finds reward;
And ſinners periſh from the land,
By juſtice and the ſword.

5 Let Ceſar's due be ever paid
To Ceſar and his throne;
But conſciences and ſouls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

HYMN CL. Common Metre.

The deceitfulneſs of ſin.

1 SIN has a thouſand treach'rous arts
To practiſe on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks ſhe tempts our hearts,
But leaves a ſting behind.

2 With names of virtue ſhe deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedleſs wretch believes,
She makes his fetters ſtrong.

3 She pleads for all the joys ſhe brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the ſoul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to ſenſe.

4 So, on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poiſon there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN CLI. Long Metre.

Prophecy and inſpiration.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets ſpoke his word
His Spirit did their tongues inſpire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrough
Confirm'd the meſſages they brought;
The prophet's pen ſucceeds his breath,
To ſave the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleaſure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I ſee,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4 Let the falſe raptures of the mind
Be loſt, and vaniſh in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope ſecure;
This is thy word, and muſt endure.

HYMN CLII. Common Metre.

Sinai and Sion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempeſt, fire and ſmoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai ſpoke:

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And ſpread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable hoſt
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the ſpirits of the juſt,
Whoſe faith is turn'd to ſight!

4 Behold the bleſt aſſembly there,
Whoſe names are writ in heav'n;
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vileſt ſins forgiv'n.

5 The ſaints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Chriſt, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In ſuch ſociety as this
My weary ſoul would reſt:
The man that dwells where Jeſus is,
Muſt be forever bleſt.

HYMN CLIII. Common Metre.

The diſtemper, folly, and madneſs of ſin.

1 SIN, like a venomous diſeaſe,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is ſov'reign grace,
And the phyſician, God.

2 Our beauty and our ſtrength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Chriſt the Lord recals the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madneſs by nature reigns within;
The paſſions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son with ſkill divine
The inward fire aſſuage.

4 [We lick the duſt, we graſp the wind,
And ſolid good deſpiſe:
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jeſus makes us wiſe.]

5 We give our ſouls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And ruſh with fury down to hell;
But Heav'n prevents the fall.

6 [The man poſſeſs'd among the tombs,
Cuts his own fleſh, and cries:
He foams and raves, till Jeſus comes,
And the foul ſpirit flies.]

HYMN CLIV. Long Metre.

Self-righteouſneſs inſufficient.

1 "WHERE are the mourners, ſaith the Lord,
"That wait and tremble at my word?
"That walk in darkneſs all the day?
"Come, make my name your truſt and ſtay.

2 " [No works nor duties of your own
" Can for the ſmalleſt ſin atone:
" The robes that nature may provide,
" Will not your leaſt pollution hide.

3 " The ſofteſt couch that nature knows
" Can give the conſcience no repoſe:
" Look to my righteouſneſs, and live;
" Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 " Ye ſons of pride, that kindle coals
" With your own hands, to warm your ſouls,
" Walk in the light of your own fire,
" Enjoy the ſparks that ye deſire;

5 " This is your portion at my hands;
" Hell waits you with her iron bands;
" Ye ſhall lie down with ſorrow there,
" In death, and darkneſs, and deſpair."

HYMN CLV. Common Metre.

Chriſt our Paſſover.

1 LO, the deſtroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's ſtubborn land!
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2 He paſs'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine!
He ſaw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bleſs'd the peaceful ſign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb muſt bleed,
To break th' Egyptian yoke:
Thus Iſrael is from bondage freed,
And 'ſcapes the angel's ſtroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were ſprinkled too
With blood ſo rich as thine,

Juſtice no longer would purſue
This guilty ſoul of mine.

5 Jeſus our Paſſover was ſlain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging ſword.

HYMN CLVI. Common Metre.

Preſumption and deſpair; or Satan's various temptations.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms;
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The ſerpent takes a thouſand forms
To cheat our ſouls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams
Or kills with ſlaviſh fear;
And holds us ſtill in wide extremes,
Preſumption, or deſpair.

3 Now he perſuades, "how eaſy 'tis
"To walk the road to heav'n;"
Anon, he ſwells our ſins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

4 [He bids young ſinners "yet forbear
"To think of God, or death;
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "they *muſt* die,
"And 'tis too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have loſt their day."]

6 Thus he ſupports his cruel throne
By miſchief and deceit,
And drags the ſons of Adam down
To darkneſs and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut ſhort his pow'r;
Let him in darkneſs dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN CLVII. Common Metre.

The ſame.

1 NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to deſtroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye ſons of God, oppoſe his rage,
Reſiſt, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our deareſt Lord engage,
And vanquiſh him alone.

3 Now he appears almoſt divine,
Like innocence and love;
But the old ſerpent lurks within,
When he aſſumes the dove.

4 Fly from the falſe deceiver's tongue,
Ye ſons of Adam, fly;
Our parents found the ſnare too ſtrong,
Nor ſhould the children try.

HYMN CLVIII. Long Metre.

Few ſaved; or, the almoſt chriſtian, the hypocrite and apoſtate.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thouſands walk together there;
But wiſdom ſhews a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyſelf, and take thy croſs,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;

Nature muſt count her gold but droſs,
If ſhe would gain this heav'nly land.

3 The fearful ſoul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but eſteem'd *almoſt* a ſaint,
And makes his own deſtruction ſure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which falſe apoſtates never knew.

HYMN CLIX. Common Metre.

An unconverted ſtate; or, converting grace.

1 GREAT King of glory, and of grace,
We own with humble ſhame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our firſt father's name!

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poiſon reigns within,
Makes us averſe to all that's good,
And willing ſlaves to ſin.

3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engag'd in the old ſerpent's cauſe,
Againſt our Maker's face.]

4 We live eſtrang'd afar from God,
And love the diſtance well;
With haſte we run the dang'rous road,
That leads to death and hell.

5 And can ſuch rebels be reſtor'd?
Such natures made divine?
Let ſinners ſee thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

6 We raiſe our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit ſends
To bring rebellious ſtrangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN CLX. Long Metre.

Cuſtom in ſin.

1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the ſpots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers, and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian ſlaves
Waſh out the darkneſs of their ſkin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old tranſgreſſors ceaſe to ſin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the leaſt control;
None but a power divinely ſtrong
Can turn the current of the ſoul.

4 Great God! I own thy pow'r divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bleſs
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN CLXI. Common Metre.

Chriſtian virtues; or, the difficulty of converſion.

1 STRAIGHT is the way, the door is ſtraight,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds miſtake and die.

2 Beloved *ſelf* muſt be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Paſſion ſuppreſs'd, and patience try'd,
And vain deſires ſubdu'd.

3 [Fleſh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Fleſh muſt be humbled, pride abas'd,
Leſt they deſtroy our ſouls.]

4 The love of gold be baniſh'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry ſenſe,
In ſweet ſubjection lie.

5 The tongue, that moſt unruly pow'r,
Requires a ſtrong reſtraint:
We muſt be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord! can a feeble, helpleſs worm
Fulfil a taſk ſo hard!
Thy grace muſt all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN CLXII. Common Metre.

Meditation of heaven; or, the joys of faith.

1 MY thoughts ſurmount theſe lower ſkies,
And look within the veil;
There ſprings of endleſs pleaſure riſe,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with ſweet delight,
The bleſſed *Three* in *One*;
And ſtrong affections fix my ſight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promiſe ſtands forever firm,
His grace ſhall ne'er depart:
He binds my name upon his arm,
And ſeals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How ſhort our ſorrows are!
When with eternal future things,
The preſent we compare.

5 I would not be a ſtranger ſtill
To that celeſtial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

HYMN CLXIII. Common Metre.

Complaint of deſertion and temptation.

1 DEAR Lord, behold our ſore diſtreſs;
Our ſins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,
And let thy foes be ſlain.

2 [The lion, with his dreadful roar,
Affrights thy feeble ſheep:
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.

3 Muſt we indulge a long deſpair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear?
Nor tears affect thine eye?]

4 If thou deſpiſe a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An Advocate ſo near the throne,
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's pow'rful ſword,
To ſlay our deadly foes:
Our ſins ſhall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppoſe.

6 How boundleſs is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteouſneſs,
His Spirit is our ſtrength.

HYMN CLXIV. Common Metre.

The end of the world.

1 WHY ſhould this earth delight us ſo?
Why ſhould we fix our eyes
On theſe low grounds, where ſorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleaſure dies?

2 While time his ſharpeſt teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the ſtars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature ſhall be diſſolv'd and die—
The ſun muſt end his race:
The earth and ſea forever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning riſe,
When the laſt trumpet ſound,
And call the nations to the ſkies
From underneath the ground?

HYMN CLXV. Common Metre.

Unfruitfulneſs, ignorance, and unſanctified affections.

1 LONG have I ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation, Lord;
But ſtill how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almoſt in vain:
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And bleſſings of thy throne!]

4 [How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

5 Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 [Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN CLXVI. Common Metre.

The divine perfections.

1 HOW shall I praise th' eternal God!
That Infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 [The great Invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

4 [Speak we of strength? His arm is strong,
To save, or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

5 [He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;

Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promiſes.]

6 [Sinners before his preſence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealouſy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7 Juſtice, upon a dreadful throne,
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy ſends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my ſoul, immortal King,
Speak ſome forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to ſing
The glories of my Lord.

HYMN CLXVII. Long Metre.

The divine perfections.

1 GREAT God! thy glories ſhall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips, in ſongs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 [Earth and the ſtars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

3 [His ſov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he command who dare oppoſe?
With ſtrength he girds himſelf around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

4 [Who ſhall pretend to teach him ſkill?
Or guide the counſels of his will?
His wiſdom, like a ſea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

5 [His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealouſy;
He hates the ſons of pride, and ſheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

6 [The beamings of his piercing ſight
Bring dark hypocriſy to light;
Death and deſtruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

7 [Th' eternal law before him ſtands;
His juſtice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the ſceptre, or the ſword.]

8 [His mercy, like a boundleſs ſea,
Waſhes our load of guilt away,
While his own Son came down and dy'd
T' engage his juſtice on our ſide.]

9 [Each of his words demands my faith,
My ſoul can reſt on all he ſaith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largeſt promiſe of his lips.]

10 Oh, tell me, with a gentle voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brighteſt honours of thy name.

HYMN CLXVIII. Long Metre.

The ſame.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high—
His robes are light and majeſty;
His glory ſhines with beams ſo bright,
No mortal can ſuſtain the ſight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His juſtice guards his holy law;

His love reveals a ſmiling face,
His truth and promiſe ſeal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wiſdom ſhines,
And baffles Satan's deep deſigns;
His pow'r is ſov'reign to fulfil
The nobleſt counſels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord deſcend
To be my Father and my friend?
Then let my ſongs with angels join;
Heav'n is ſecure, if God be mine.

HYMN CLXIX. Particular Metre.

The ſame.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he aſſumes
Are light and majeſty:
His glories ſhine
With beams ſo bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the ſight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and juſtice ſtand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love
Reſolves to bleſs,
His truth confirms
And ſeals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surpriſing wiſdom ſhines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd deſigns;

Strong is his arm,
And ſhall fulfil
His great decrees,
His ſov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condeſcend?
And will he write his name,
"My Father and my friend?"
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my pow'rs
And praiſe the Lord.

HYMN CLXX. Long Metre.

God incomprehenſible and ſovereign.

1 [CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largeſt ſtretch of thought
Meaſure and ſearch his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
And all the ſhining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wiſe:
Born, like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And ſmells and ſnuffs the empty wind.]

4 God is a King, of pow'r unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he reſolve, who dare oppoſe,
Or aſk him why, or what he does?

5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempeſt of the ſoul:

When he ſhuts up in long deſpair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

6 He frowns, and darkneſs veils the moon,
The fainting ſun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's ſtarry roof
Tremble and ſtart at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked ſerpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And ſmites the ſons of pride to death.

8 Theſe are a portion of his ways:
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?
Who can endure his light, or ſtand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

HYMNS
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN I. Long Metre.

The Lord's Supper inſtituted. 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell aroſe
Againſt the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful ſcene began,
He took the bread, and bleſs'd and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he ſpake!

3 "This is my body, broke for ſin;
"Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and bleſs'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 [For us his fleſh with nails was torn,
He bore the ſcourge, he felt the thorn;
And juſtice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our ſtead.

5 For us his vital blood was ſpilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;

When, for black crimes of biggeſt ſize,
He gave his ſoul a ſacrifice.]

6 "Do this," he cry'd, "till time ſhall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
"Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed Lord."

7 [Jeſus! thy feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhew thy death, we ſing thy name,
Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The marriage ſupper of the Lamb.]

HYMN II. Short Metre.

Communion with Chriſt and with ſaints. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

1 JESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his fleſh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchleſs grace
Of our deſcending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'reſt in his death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Chriſt and his members one!
We the young children of his love,
And he the firſt-born Son.

5 We are but ſev'ral parts
Of the ſame broken bread;
One body with its ſev'ral limbs,
But Jeſus is the Head.

6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe:
Pleaſure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

HYMN III. Common Metre.

The new covenant ſealed.

1 "THE promiſe of my Father's love
"Shall ſtand forever good:"
He ſaid—and gave his ſoul to death,
And ſeal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I ſet my worthleſs name;
I ſeal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and ſtrength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory ſhall be mine;
My life and ſoul, my heart and fleſh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jeſus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bleſs'd us in his will,
And to his teſtament of love
Made his own life the ſeal.

HYMN IV. Common Metre.

Chriſt's dying love; or, our pardon bought at a dear price.

1 HOW condeſcending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 [When juſtice, by our ſins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful ſword,
He gave his ſoul up to the ſtroke,
Without a murm'ring word.]

3 [He ſunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raiſe us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand beſtows,
But coſt his heart a groan.]

4 This was compaſſion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is ſtill as great:
Well he remembers Calvary;
Nor let his ſaints forget.

6 [Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And ſee the ſorrows of his ſoul
Bleed through his wounded ſide.]

7 [Here we receive repeated ſeals
Of Jeſus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One ſoft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN V. Common Metre.

Chriſt the Bread of Life. John vi. 31, 35, 39.

1 LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis He our ſouls hath fed:
Thou art the living ſtream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 [The manna came from lower ſkies,
But Jeſus from above;
Where the freſh ſprings of pleaſure riſe,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at laſt,
Who ate that heav'nly bread;
But theſe proviſions which we taſte,
Can raiſe us from the dead.]

4 Bleſs'd be the Lord, who gives his fleſh
To nouriſh dying men,
And often ſpreads his table freſh,
Leſt we ſhould faint again.

5 Our ſouls ſhall draw their heav'nly breath,
Whilſt Jeſus finds ſupplies;
Nor ſhall our graces ſink to death,
For Jeſus never dies.

6 [Daily our mortal fleſh decays,
But Chriſt, our life, ſhall come;
His unreſiſted pow'r ſhall raiſe
Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN VI. Long Metre.

The memorial of our abſent Lord. John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the ſkies,
Where our weak ſenſes reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thruſt our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refreſh our minds, he gave
Theſe kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table ſpread
With his own fleſh and dying blood;

We on the rich proviſion feed,
And taſte the wine, and bleſs our God.

4 Let ſinful ſweets be all forgot,
And earth grow leſs in our eſteem;
Chriſt and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 Whilſt he is abſent from our ſight,
'Tis to prepare our ſouls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live forever near his face.

6 [Our eyes look upward to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord ſhall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing ſpirits home.]

HYMN VII. Long Metre.

Crucifixion to the world by the croſs of Chriſt. Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wondrous croſs
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the death of Chriſt, my God:
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet?
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimſon, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall:
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all!

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

The tree of life.

1 COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye ſaints on high, around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 While once upon this lower ground,
Weary and faint ye ſtood,
What dear refreſhment here ye found
From this immortal food!

3 The tree of life, that near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever-ſmiling boughs.

4 [Hov'ring among the leaves, there ſtands
The ſweet celeſtial Dove;
And Jeſus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

5 ['Tis a young heav'n of ſtrange delight
While in his ſhade we ſit;
His fruit is pleaſing to the ſight,
And to the taſte as ſweet.

6 New life it ſpreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a ſting behind.]

7 Now let the flaming weapon ſtand,
And guard all Eden's trees;

There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruit as these.

8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sov'reign pow'r
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN IX. Short Metre.

The spirit, the water, and the blood. 1 John v. 6.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the curs'd tree,
In dying pangs he lies,

Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants ſupplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water, and by blood;
And when the Spirit ſpeaks the ſame,
We feel his witneſs good.

9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And ſeal my Saviour's love.

10 [Lord, cleanſe my ſoul from ſin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witneſs to my heart.]

HYMN X. Long Metre.

Chriſt crucified, the wiſdom and power of God.

1 NATURE with open volume ſtands,
To ſpread her Maker's praiſe abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews ſomething worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that reſcu'd man
His brighteſt form of glory ſhines;
Here, on the croſs, 'tis faireſt drawn
In precious blood, and crimſon lines.

3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can gueſs, nor reaſon prove,
Which of the letters beſt is writ,
The pow'r, the wiſdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmoſt heart,
Where grace and vengeance ſtrangely join;
Piercing his Son with ſharpeſt ſmart,
To make the purchas'd pleaſures mine.

5 Oh, the ſweet wonders of that croſs,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding ſide.

6 I would forever ſpeak his name,
In ſounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praiſe the Lamb,
And worſhip at his Father's throne.

HYMN XI. Common Metre.

Pardon brought to our ſenſes.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place,
Where Jeſus ſpreads the ſacred feaſt
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And ſweeteſt glories ſhine;
There Jeſus ſays that "I am his,
"And my Beloved's mine."

3 "Here," ſays the kind redeeming Lord,
And ſhews his wounded ſide,
"See here the ſpring of all your joys,
"That open'd when I dy'd!"

4 [He ſmiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain:
"All this," he ſays, "I bore for thee,"
And then he ſmiles again.]

5 What ſhall we pay our Heav'nly King
For grace ſo vaſt as this!
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And ſeals it with a kiſs.

6 [Let ſuch amazing loves as theſe
Be ſounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

7 [To Him who wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN XII. Long Metre.

The gospel feast. Luke xiv. 16, &c.

1 [HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame;
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But, at the gospel call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

5 What shall we pay th' Eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us, wand'rers, back to God?

6 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To Him who ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

HYMN XIII. Common Metre.

Divine love making a feaſt, and calling in the gueſts.
Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW ſweet and awful is the place,
With Chriſt within the doors,
While everlaſting love diſplays
The choiceſt of her ſtores!

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With ſoft compaſſion rolls;
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
Is food for dying ſouls.

3 While all our hearts, and all our ſongs,
Join to admire the feaſt,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a gueſt?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room,
"When thouſands make a wretched choice,
"And rather ſtarve than come?"

5 'Twas the ſame love that ſpread the feaſt,
That ſweetly forc'd us in;
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.

6 [Pity the nations, O our God;
Conſtrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the ſtrangers home.

7 We long to ſee thy churches full,
That all the choſen race
May with one voice, and heart, and ſoul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

HYMN XIV. Long Metre.

The ſong of Simeon; Luke ii. 28; *or, a ſight of Chriſt makes death eaſy.*

1 NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wiſh to die, as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips ſhould learn that joyful ſong,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;
"Our ſouls ſtill waiting to be gone,
"And at thy word depart in peace.

3 "Here we have ſeen thy face, O Lord,
"And view'd ſalvation with our eyes,
"Taſted and felt the living Word,
"The bread deſcending from the ſkies.

4 "Thou haſt prepar'd this dying Lamb,
"Haſt ſet his blood before our face,
"To teach the terrors of thy name,
"And ſhew the wonders of thy grace.

5 "He is our light; our morning-ſtar
"Shall ſhine on nations yet unknown;
"The glory of thine Iſr'el here,
"And joy of ſpirits near thy throne."

HYMN XV. Common Metre.

Our Lord Jeſus at his own table.

1 THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he ſpread his royal board,
And bleſs'd the food, and ſung!

2 Happy the men that eat this bread,
But doubly bleſs'd was he
Who gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on Thee.

3 By faith the ſame delights we taſte
As that great fav'rite did,
And ſit and lean on Jeſus' breaſt,
And take the heav'nly bread.

4 Down from the palace of the ſkies,
Hither the King deſcends!
"Come, my beloved, eat (he cries)
"And drink ſalvation, friends.

5 "My fleſh is food and phyſic too,
"A balm for all your pains:
"And the red ſtreams of pardon flow
"From theſe my pierced veins."

6 Hoſanna to his bounteous love,
For ſuch a feaſt below!
And yet he feeds his ſaints above
With nobler bleſſings too.

7 [Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our ſouls to reſt!
Then we ſhall need theſe types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feaſt.]

HYMN XVI. Common Metre.

The agonies of Chriſt.

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our ſuff'rings are not worth a thought,
Lord, when compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we ſee
The bleeding Prince of love;

Each of us hopes he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew,
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!

5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns shall sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

HYMN XVII. Short Metre.

Incomparable food; or, the flesh and blood of Christ.

1 WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds,
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine,
For this immortal food.

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things;
Earth hath no dainties half ſo ſweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam ſought,
And ſearch'd his garden round,
For there was no ſuch bleſſed fruit
In all that happy ground.

5 Th' angelic hoſt above
Can never taſte this food;
They feaſt upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us th' almighty Lord
Beſtows this matchleſs grace;
And meets us with ſome cheering word,
With pleaſure in his face.

7 Come, all ye drooping ſaints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your ſad complaints,
And tune your voice to ſing.

8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Chriſt:
Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'ſt.

HYMN XVIII. Long Metre.

The ſame.

1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet!
Thy table is divinely ſtor'd!
Thy ſacred fleſh our ſouls have eat,
'Tis living bread—we thank thee, Lord!

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord! 'tis gen'rous wine,

Mingled with love; the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no ſuch ſweetneſs found,
For the Lamb's fleſh is heav'nly food;
In vain we ſearch the globe around
For bread ſo fine, or wine ſo good.

4 Carnal proviſions can at beſt
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taſte
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Joy to the Maſter of the feaſt;
His name our ſouls forever bleſs;
To God the King, and God the Prieſt,
A loud hoſanna round the place.

HYMN XIX. Long Metre.

Glory in the croſs; or, not aſhamed of Chriſt crucified.

1 AT thy command, our deareſt Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feaſt:
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own fleſh feeds ev'ry gueſt.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And truſts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it ſhame,
And fling their ſcandals on thy cauſe;
We come to boaſt our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in the croſs.

4 With joy we tell the ſcoffing age,
He who was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmoſt rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN XX. Common Metre.

The provisions for the table of our Lord; or, the tree of life, and river of love.

1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.

2 [The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.

3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming, for our use,
In rivulets of love.]

4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art;
The pleasure's well refin'd;
They spread new life through ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints, that taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

6 A thousand glories to the God
Who gives such joy as this!
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

HYMN XXI. Common Metre.

The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin, and death and hell.

1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;

And join the ſongs above the ſky,
Where pleaſure never dies.

2 Jeſus, the God, who fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
Who roſe, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell:]

3 [Jeſus, the God, invites us here,
To this triumphal feaſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down
For each redeemed gueſt.]

4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his ſmiles appear!
And, oh! what melting words he ſays
To ev'ry humble ear!

5 "For you, the children of my love,
"It was for you I dy'd:
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my ſide.

6 "Theſe are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your ſouls
"From miſery and chains.

7 ["Juſtice unſheath'd its fiery ſword,
"And plung'd it in my heart;
"Infinite pangs for you I bore,
"And moſt tormenting ſmart.

8 "When hell, and all its ſpiteful pow'rs,
"Stood dreadful in my way,
"To reſcue thoſe dear lives of yours,
"I gave my own away.

9 "But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
"I ruin'd Satan's throne;
"High on my croſs I hung, and ſpy'd
"The monſter tumbling down.

10 "Now you muſt triumph at my feaſt,
"And taſte my fleſh, my blood,
"And live eternal ages bleſs'd,
"For 'tis immortal food."

11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours ſo divine?
We would devote our hearts away,
To be forever thine.]

12 We give thee, Lord, our higheſt praiſe,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes ſo infinite as theſe
Exceed our nobleſt ſongs.

HYMN XXII. Long Metre.

The compaſſion of a dying Chriſt.

1 OUR ſpirits join t'adore the Lamb:
O that our feeble lips could move
In ſtrains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heav'n reſigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ranſom guilty worms from death!

3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'ning ſet us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his croſs,
And nail'd the curſes to the tree.]

4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more:
From all his wounds new bleſſings flow,
A ſea of joy without a ſhore.

5 Here we have waſh'd our deepeſt ſtains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood:

Bleſs'd fountain! ſpringing from the veins
Of Jeſus, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices ſtrive
To ſpeak compaſſion ſo divine;
Had we a thouſand lives to give,
A thouſand lives ſhould all be thine.

HYMN XXIII. Common Metre.

Grace and glory by the death of Chriſt.

1 [SITTING around our Father's board,
We raiſe our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our ſins to death.]

2 We ſee the blood of Jeſus ſhed,
Whence all our pardons riſe;
The ſinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the ſacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy ſhameful croſs,
Procure us heav'nly crowns:
Our higheſt gain ſprings from thy loſs;
Our healing, from thy wounds.

4 Oh! 'tis impoſſible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal ſuff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN XXIV. Common Metre.

Pardon and ſtrength from Chriſt.

1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To ſee thy glories ſhine;
The Lord will his own table bleſs,
And make the feaſt divine.

2 We touch, we taſte the heav'nly bread;
We drink the ſacred cup:
With outward forms our ſenſe is fed,
Our ſouls rejoice in hope.

3 We ſhall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dreſs'd in the garments of his Son,
And ſprinkled with his blood.

4 We ſhall be ſtrong to run the race,
And climb the upper ſky;
Chriſt will provide our ſouls with grace,
He bought a large ſupply.

5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feaſt;
We love the mem'ry of his name
More than the wine we taſte.

HYMN XXV. Common Metre.

Divine glories and grace.

1 HOW are thy glories here diſplay'd,
Great God, how bright they ſhine,
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

2 Here thy revenging juſtice ſtands
And pleads its dreadful cauſe;
Here ſaving mercy ſpreads her hands,
Like Jeſus on the croſs.

3 Thy ſaints attend, with ev'ry grace,
On this great ſacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting poſture ſits,
To heav'n directs her ſight;
Here ev'ry warmer paſſion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And riſing ſin deſtroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to ſight;
Let ſin forever die;
Then ſhall our ſouls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

I CANNOT perſuade myſelf to put a full period to theſe divine Hymns, until I have addreſſed a ſpecial SONG OF GLORY to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in the Engliſh nation from the Roman church; and though there may be ſome exceſſes of ſuperſtitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought ſome unhappy prejudices in weaker Chriſtians, yet I believe it ſtill to be one of the nobleſt parts of Chriſtian worſhip. The ſubject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jeſus Chriſt has ſo clearly revealed unto men, and is ſo neceſſary to true Chriſtianity. The action is praiſe, which is one of the moſt complete and exalted parts of heavenly worſhip. I have caſt the ſong into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain verſion, or a larger paraphraſe, to be ſung either alone, or at the concluſion of another Hymn. I have alſo added a few Hoſannas, or aſcriptions of ſalvation to Chriſt, in the ſame manner, and for the ſame end.

DOXOLOGIES.

XXVI. First Long Metre.

A Song of Praise to the ever-blessed TRINITY, GOD *the* FATHER, SON, *and* SPIRIT.

1 BLESS'D be the Father, and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God!
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and wo,
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

XXVII. First Common Metre.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his fav'rites, to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God who reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

XXVIII. First Short Metre.

1 LET God the Father live
Forever on our tongues:
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within!

5 To the great One in Three,
That ſeals this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

XXIX. Second Long Metre.

1 GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whoſe name has myſteries unknown;
In eſſence One, in perſon Three;
A ſocial nature, yet alone.

2 When all our nobleſt pow'rs are join'd
The honours of thy name to raiſe,
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praiſe.

XXX. Second Common Metre.

1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our ſouls from death,
Who ſaves by his REDEEMING WORD,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praiſe the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let ſaints and angels join.

XXXI. Second Short Metre.

1 LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love and fear;

To God the Saviour pay the ſame,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of Lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thine eternal love,
And Spirit of thy pow'r.

XXXII. Third Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praiſe and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

XXXIII. *Or thus:*

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love:
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praiſe the heav'nly Dove.

XXXIV. Third Common Metre.

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or ſaints to love the Lord.

XXXV. *Or thus:*

HONOUR to the Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

XXXVI. Third Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

XXXVII. *Or thus:*

GIVE to the Father praise;
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

XXXVIII. Particular Metre.

A Song of Praise to the blessed TRINITY.

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting wo;
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails,
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

XXXIX. Particular Metre.

1 TO Him who chose us first,
Before the world began,
To Him who bore the curse
To save rebellious man:

To him who form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endleſs praiſe
And glory due.

2 The Father's love ſhall run
Through our immortal ſongs;
We bring to God the Son
Hoſannas on our tongues:
Our lips addreſs
The Spirit's name
With equal praiſe,
And zeal the ſame.

3 Let ev'ry ſaint above,
And angels round the throne,
Forever bleſs and love
The ſacred Three in One.
Thus heav'n ſhall raiſe
His honours high,
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

XL. Particular Metre.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raiſe;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praiſe:
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we ſing.

XLI. *Or thus:*

TO our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three myſteries in one,
Salvation, pow'r,
And praiſe be giv'n,
By all on earth,
And all in heav'n.

The *HOSANNA*; or, Salvation aſcribed to CHRIST.

XLII. Long Metre.

1 HOSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a ſuperior throne:
We bleſs the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings ſalvation down to earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Zion ſing
The growing glories of her King.

XLIII. Common Metre.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of grace:
Zion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to ſing.

2 Hoſanna to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord,
With bleſſings on his name.

XLIV. Short Metre.

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Chriſt th' anointed King
Be endleſs bleſſings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory ſing,
Who made our peace with Heav'n.

XLV. Particular Metre.

1 HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high;
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and ſea, and ſky,
His wondrous love proclaim:
Upon his head
Shall honours reſt,
And ev'ry age
Pronounce him bleſs'd.

*

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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William Bell Junr

November 23rd 1817